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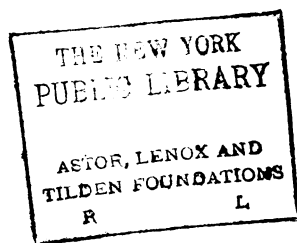
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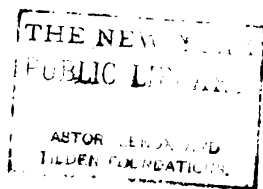


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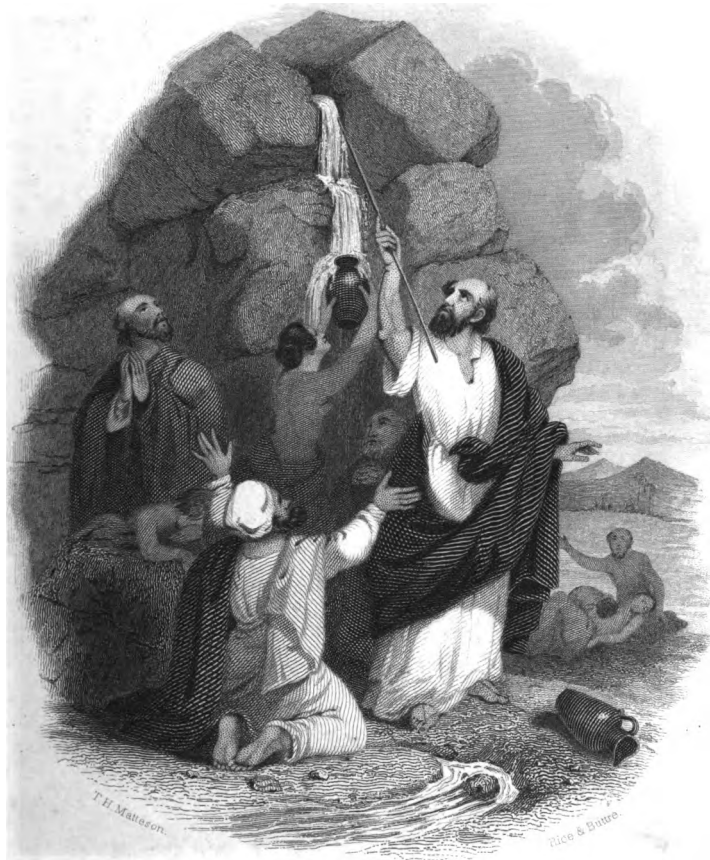
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THE
 OLD TALLEY OF THE
 1843.



EDITED BY
 JAMES L. RIDGELY, PRINCIPAL EDITOR.

NEW-YORK:

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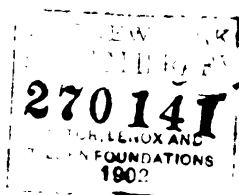
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THE
ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING,
— —
FOR
1848:
—

EDITED BY
JAMES L. RIDGELY
AND
PASCHAL DONALDSON.

New York:
PUBLISHED BY EDWARD WALKER,
114 FULTON STREET.

MDCCCXLVIII.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847,
By EDWARD WALKER,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and
for the Southern District of New York.

STEREOTYPED BY REDFIELD & SAVAGE,
13 Chambers Street, N. Y.
R. CRAIGHEAD, PRINTER.

PREFACE.

THE reader has been already advised that the "ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING," since its last publication, has passed from the hands of those by whose enterprise and energy it has been heretofore conducted. The present volume, being the sixth annual issue since its origination, presents itself under new auspices ; and, although the "OFFERING" has parted company with its former publishers, it yet retains, in the person of one of its editors, the experience of its founder in catering for the literary appetite of its many and valued friends. Brother E. WALKER, its proprietor, is an Odd-Fellow, and a gentleman of deserved merit : he enters upon this new field of enterprise, after a thorough survey of its length and breadth, and in view of the prospect which it presents, lends to the work that pride, enthusiasm of character, and liberality, for which he is proverbial wherever known, and which have justly acquired for him a high rank among the tasteful and successful publishers of New York.

Of the editorial management of the "OFFERING," it does not become us to speak. Thus much we may say, however, without hesitation : the present volume will be found in all respects equal to its predecessors in the "inner man," and far superior in its mechanical execution. Its contents will bespeak for themselves a proper commendation ; and it would be as idle on our part as it would be ungracious, to detain the reader by an

analysis of the subjects treated, or by an editorial disquisition upon their relative merits. There is no sentiment written in this book which may offend the most fastidious taste ; and all its contributions, whether of story, essay, or rhythm, will be found to have for their aim the moral improvement and elevation of human nature ; a desideratum to be attained at least by the force of kindred principles, if not wholly to be superinduced by the agency of Odd-Fellowship.

In this book our mothers, our sisters, our daughters, and our choicest female friends, will find, reflected from its every page, the pure sentiments and counsels of their own virtuous hearts ; and while its morals cannot fail to tighten the cords of their affection for the good, the right, and the true, they will serve to strengthen their confidence in the capacity and value of Odd-Fellowship as a minister of good among men.

As an earnest of the taste and liberality of the publisher of this volume, it is embellished with twelve appropriate engravings ; the designs for, and execution of which, are by artists already justly distinguished in their professions : two of these engravings are by Bro. BENSON J. LOSSING, a gentleman well known, not only as an artist, but as an author. Altogether, we venture the opinion that our brethren will esteem the sixth annual "OFFERING" as in all respects worthy a liberal patronage.

THE EDITORS.

AUGUST 1, 1847.

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EMBELLISHMENTS. ✓

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THE

ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING.

THE SMITING OF HOREB.

BY P. G. BENSON J. LOSSING.

BRIGHT rose the sun upon the plain of Rephidim. Amid the long shadows of the early morning, cast by the rough battlements of Sinai, the wearied, thirsting, murmuring children of Israel were encamped. The bread of heaven, like hoar frost, was scattered abundantly around their tents, but not even an exhalation arose from the dry earth, to touch with friendly moisture their parched lips; not a cloud in the glowing heavens gave promise of a blessing.

Thirst, intense and abiding, pervaded that vast multitude, and sealed every fountain of gratitude in their hearts—dried up every gushing well-spring of their spiritual nature. Their moral nature was scathed by the fiery scourge, and became a blasted desert, where no green herb of gratitude flourished—where all was gloomy desolation—a “place for dragons.” The daily miracle of mercy that whitened the plain, met no responsive thankfulness from those feverish lips. In the extremity of their distress, they yearned for the “flesh-pots of Egypt,” and willingly courted the lash of the

taskmaster by the margin of the Great River. Rebellion, at first fearful and sullen, became fearless and clamorous, and the people demanded of their great Leader, "Give us water, that we may drink. Wherefore is it that thou hast brought us up out of Egypt to kill us, and our children, and our cattle with thirst?"

Present misery, like an incubus, rested upon the hearts of the congregation, and shut out from their minds the return of pleasant memories freighted with joy and hope. In their ardent longings for relief, they quite forgot the many manifestations of the hand of God, so frequently and potently put forth in their behalf. They remembered not the plague after plague that fell upon their cruel masters, until fear caused the severance of their bonds, and the dread of more direful calamities softened the proud heart of the reigning Pharaoh, and bade him let them depart for a land of liberty—to their inheritance, promised to Abraham. They remembered not how the waters of the sea parted and fled at their approach, and dry land, like a trodden highway, spread out before them, in the midst of the great deep; nor how the hosts of Egypt, that like a swarm of locusts pursued to devour them, were swallowed up forever by the uniting flood. The holy, grateful response to the song of Moses had left their hearts, and died upon their lips; and they remembered not that rehearsal of deliverances, nor the prophetic promises of future felicity. They could no longer sing, even in grateful remembrance, that glorious anthem, chanted upon the brink of the waters, where the Lord "triumphed gloriously"—where "the horse and his rider" were

“thrown into the sea.” They no longer cried, “Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? Thou, in thy mercy, hath led forth the people which thou hast redeemed; thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy holy habitation.”

They remembered not the glorious promises, impressed with God’s covenant seal: “The people shall hear and be afraid; sorrow shall take hold on the inhabitants of Palestina. Then the dukes of Edom shall be amazed, the mighty men of Moab; trembling shall take hold upon them; all the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away. Fear and dread shall fall upon them; by the greatness of thine arm, they shall be as still as a stone; till thy people pass over, O Lord, till the people pass over, which thou hast purchased. Thou shalt bring them in and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in; in the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established. The Lord shall reign forever and ever.” The sweet voices of Miriam and “all the women,” and the music of the timbrels, and the graces of the joyous dance, were lost to their remembrance. Even the recollection of the sweetening of the waters of Marah, when, as now, thirst awakened murmurings in their hearts, and gave sinful utterings of discontent to their lips, was too feeble to quiet the rising rebellion; and they threatened their meek Instrument of deliverance with death, unless he returned with them to the land of fatness, albeit it was to a “house of bondage.”

Deep was the anguish of that man of God, when he

saw and heard the ingratitude of the people, who, in their blindness, forgot the mercies of Jehovah, felt not his presence, and chid Moses for the Lord's chastisements. "Who am I," cried he, "that ye murmur against me? is it not the Lord's doings?" But the people murmured still the more, and the Liberator prostrated himself before the Visible Presence, imploring instruction; for the multitude were about to stone him. Then a voice came forth from the cloud that rested before them, audible only to the ears of the meek suppliant: "Go on before the people, and take with thee of the elders of Israel: and thy rod, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thine hand and go. Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink." When the host of Israel heard, but could not understand, the voice from the cloud, and saw Moses take that potent rod in his hand—that rod which had instrumentally wrought such mighty things in Egypt—that put to confusion the arts of Jannes and Jambres, and smote into bloodiness the waters of the Nile—and when they saw the elders of the congregation reverently obeying the commands of their leader, and turning their faces toward Horeb, their murmurings ceased, and they trembled with fear; for the remembrance of Jehovah and his mighty power was again awakened in their minds. They watched in anxious silence that venerable procession as it defiled among their numerous tents, and stretched across the burning plain toward the adjacent mountain, the symbol of the Lord's presence going be-

fore them. At length it rested, and while the elders bowed their heads reverently to the Earth, and the distant multitude with straining eyes looked on with silent wonder, Moses, in confident reliance upon the promises of the Almighty, lifted high his symbol of power and smote the huge rock. The gush of waters broke musically upon the ears of the prostrate elders. With unspeakable joy they sprang to their feet, and with eyes brimming with the tears of gratitude, they beheld the glorious apparition of living waters pouring from the hard rock with unceasing exuberance.

Nature first claimed their homage, and their parched lips were soon deep immersed in the miraculous river. The fountains of grateful love and adoration for Jehovah's mercies were opened in their hearts, and songs of praise welled up, from the deepest springs, to their lips, and went forth upon the zephyrs. The great congregation heard with joy the distant murmuring of the anthem, for it was an earnest of deliverance nigh. But when, with keen perception, they saw the flood leaping from the mountain, and, sparkling in the rays of the setting sun, come flowing across the plain in a broad channel toward the camp, a shout of unbounded delight arose from that vast multitude, as they went forth in haste to receive the blessing. The fear of the Lord then fell upon the congregation because of their ungrateful murmurings and unholy chidings. They bowed their heads with shame and deep humiliation, when, amid the gathering gloom of the evening twilight, the voice of Moses was heard praising God for the mightiness of his strength, and the plenitude of his mercies :

and fear and dread of future retribution pervaded the guilty assembly when that voice pronounced the fearful sentence of remembrance of their grievous offence : he "called the name of the place Massah and Meribah, because of the chiding of the children of Israel, and because they tempted the Lord, saying, Is the Lord among us or not?"

Beautifully typical was this event of the glorious manifestations of Christian benevolence, then embryotic. It shadowed in dim prospective the smiting of the Rock of ages upon Calvary, whence blessings innumerable should flow forth in healing streams among the nations, to slake their thirst for the Good and True, and to cleanse them from the defilements of the wilderness of Humanity, where bitter antagonisms and disloyal murmurings make it truly a vale of Misery.

"Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," is the magic wand of the true philanthropist, potent with the spiritual strength of the Most High. How powerfully it smites the stony heart of the world's selfishness, and brings forth the gushing streams of kindness and sympathy and brotherly love, which shall flow on with ceaseless increment of volume, until "one law shall bind all nations, kindred, and tongues, and that law shall be the law of **UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD!**"

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

TOO LATE, OR THE FORTUNED UNFORTUNATE.

BY P. G. THOMAS AUSTIN.

HENRY ESPENSCHILD was born of wealthy parents, brought up in the city of Boston, and being an only son, he received as good an education as wealth and the solicitude of a kind and affectionate mother could bestow. To her he was all that she could desire; and being naturally generous and noble-hearted, he well repaid her for all her attention and care. But by the time he reached his twenty-first year, he was called upon to bear the severe affliction of following her mortal remains to the tomb.

His father was the possessor of great wealth—the result of his own industry and economy. Like many others of fortune's favored few, he believed—indeed was positive—that the same road to wealth was open to all that had been to him; and all that was necessary to reach the shrine of the god of Mammon was the will to undertake the selfish and sordid pilgrimage. To him it never occurred that peculiar dispositions, tastes, and desires—and these generally not of the highest order—are necessary to the acquisition of wealth; and that in most cases those who are in possession of the finer feelings of humanity, and of the highest moral principles,

possess almost every qualification but that of money-making.

But the elder Henry Espenschild believed that prosperity was within the reach of all ; hence, in his view, poverty was a crime, and misfortune an event that could not be tolerated. He was naturally of an unforgiving disposition, stern and inflexible in his purpose, and severe and exacting where it was in his power. With such a father, it was not probable that the son—who inherited none of his father's disposition, and who had been accustomed to the tender regards of a kind mother—could long agree. Between father and son no confidence existed. The former was cold, reserved, and forbidding : the latter was affectionate and warm-hearted.

At the expiration of one year from the decease of his mother, he was informed by his father that the time had come when he was old enough to take care of himself ; that he must no longer depend upon him for his means of support ; that the whole world was before his son as it had been before him when he commenced ; that every one ought to make his own fortune ; that to give him a good start he would present him with twenty thousand dollars to commence the world with ; and that never, during his life, under any circumstances, would he give him more.

Thus was a large sum of money placed at the disposal of one entirely inexperienced in the knowledge of human character. To one whose judgment had been matured by a few years of age, and mind strengthened by the trials of the school of adversity, it might have been of inestimable value ; but to place a fortune in the hands of one who knew not its value, was, to say the

least, exceedingly injudicious, and was calculated to inflict a great injury upon its possessor, rather than a blessing; particularly in this country, where fortunes are not hedged about by the unnaturally restrictive and aristocratic classifications of society, and dammed up by the unjust laws of primogeniture.

Had this young man been thrown upon his own resources to carve his fortune out of the discordant elements of the world's material, the chances of ultimate success might have been all in his favor. But as it was, he was altogether unfit for the possession of so large a sum of money, and in the end, as will be seen, it proved his ruin.

Being wholly without restraint, he contracted several acquaintances of his own standing in society, as far as wealth was concerned. As it seldom happens that young men are particular as to the moral principles of their acquaintances, so in his case, some of his associates were men who were in the habit of frequenting the gaming-table, and indulging too freely in the use of the intoxicating cup. He also, to complete his happiness, as he thought, married an amiable and highly accomplished lady, of his own age, beautiful in form and feature, of a mind exceedingly sensitive to the least wrong, and of fine moral principles, who was to him a wife, in deed and in truth. For a while they lived happily together; and under her influence he resisted every attack made on his integrity and virtue. But alas! he was eventually led to stake a small sum upon the uncertain throw of the dice, and won. Well satisfied with this his first effort, he tried again, and a "course of good

luck" attended his gamblings. He shortly became an adept in the use of cards and ventured small sums, then larger, and while the excitement continued, the desire increased; and playing with various success, he shortly risked hundreds. Then the excitement became intense—hundreds became thousands—and then all—character, social obligations, moral principles, and future well-being—were centred on the cards and the dice-box. To have made the attempt to arrest him in his mad career would have been about as useless as attempting to arrest the tide of our noble Hudson with a sheaf of straw.

Thus, like a mariner carelessly sailing on the outer circle of Maelstrom's whirlpool; whose vessel, with sails set, dashes and bounds joyously—as it were—over the crest of the transparent wave, till by imperceptible degrees it is drawn within the influence of its awful circles,—then, oh then! if the warning voice be heeded, he may, by a vigorous effort, get from beyond their influence, and save himself from the devouring vortex. But, if the warning voice be unheeded, he goes along all silently and smoothly, as though a haven of bliss were at the end of his voyage. Every revolving circle decreases the circumference of the succeeding one, and draws him nearer the centre, until he is driven round amid portentous silence, from which no power short of Omnipotence can now save him; and at length he is tremblingly suspended, for a brief space, over the awful gulf, to let him see his true condition, and torture him with the reflection of the ease with which he had been brought to his perilous situation; and of his bright and

happy destiny, had he but lent a listening ear to the warnings which he had rejected. And then, after this dreadful suspense and agony, this momentary equipoise, with a cry of pity, and a shriek of terror, his vessel is whirled round and round with a fearful velocity, the waters close upon him, and he is gone! and nothing more is heard but the mournful sound of the revolving surge, moaning his funeral requiem.

But to return. With his companions he forgot the instructions and pious admonitions of his deceased parent, and gave way, unrestrainedly, to his newly-formed habits, and to a great extent, to the licentious habits of a son of Bacchus. His wife remonstrated, but he tried to deceive her, by representing himself not really so bad as he was. Affection's eyes, however, are far-seeing. Long and patiently did she endure the agony of her heart alone! and long and patiently did she labor with him to bring him back to the path of rectitude! She spoke of her grief, of the condition to which he must reduce her if he did not change; of his naturally high talents; and of the vortex of ruin to which he himself was tending. This, urged as it was by his wife, who, in spite of his faults, he dearly loved, together with a fit of sickness—the result of his licentious habits—which followed soon after, somewhat restored him to reason.

This fit of sickness led him to reflection, and the moments were improved in reviewing his past life—the early training he had received, the brilliant prospects that had been before him but two short years before, and the fine fortune of which he had suffered his gambling

acquaintances to rob him. Now all were nearly gone. He wept tears of bitter sorrow, and vowed that, if his Maker should spare him, he would lead a new life. At the thought of becoming again a respectable and sober man, bright and alluring prospects started up to his imagination, the future was full of hope, the former elasticity of his spirits returned, and for a short period he was under the direction and influence of a guardian angel.

And this is the nature of man! So strangely is he constituted, and with such mysterious external and internal influences is he surrounded, that, nevertheless, for the depths of vice and misery to which he may have fallen, some kindly influence exerted over him by those he had formerly loved, or some idea heard in a careless manner when his mind was not in a proper mood to appreciate it, or perhaps affliction of the body or mind, oftentimes develops a train of pleasing reflections, that become, as it were, the talismanic keys which unlock the hidden avenues of the human heart, and probe those deep fountains of love, contained within every breast, although overgrown as they may be by the rank and noxious weeds of vice and intemperance. The secret springs of his higher nature being thus reached, they well up in streams of repentance for past misdeeds, of firm resolves of reformation, of pleasing reflection, and delightful anticipation.

For a few weeks after his sickness, he was an upright man, and a husband. But his old companions again crowded around him, determined not to leave him till they had robbed him of his last dollar. They once more drew

him to his old haunts of vice, where he soon forgo^t the good impressions of his sick bed, and plunged again into the depths of his former depravity.

Had any one hinted at the time when Henry Espenschild became the possessor of twenty thousand dollars, that it would become the means of his ruin, he would have considered such an individual insane; and doubtless had he been driven into the world penniless, his complaints would have been loud and many at his *unfortunate* situation.

The last remnant of a fine fortune was quickly dissipated; and at the end of about two years and a half, Henry Espenschild found himself penniless; and when his fortune was gone, his companions, true to their colors, took their departure also. But during the melting of his fortune, he had contracted habits of which he found it almost impossible to divest himself. The monster of grief and agony had him in his iron clutches, and ruled him with the rod of a tyrant.

Amid all this, his wife did not complain. She bore her troubles alone. She held on to the cherished hope, that one day he would see the evil of his life, and reform. This was the anchor to her affections, and this an event that she ardently desired and prayed for.

They were now reduced to the necessity of living in a very humble dwelling, and sacrificing the best portion of their furniture to find them in daily necessities.

Their true situation may be seen from the following letter, which he sent to a former friend, asking him a pecuniary favor:—

“DEAR S——. Will you favor me with the loan of

one hundred dollars? I am in great need. I need not explain to you the cause of this application. I fear that you are too well acquainted with the whole matter. This is the first favor I ever asked of any person, and I intend it shall be the last. Were it not for my family, I would not make such a request of you now. Of my present abilities to refund the above sum, I have none; but you know my expectations. I might have made this application to my father, but I know his nature well; and a refusal on his part would forever seal a bond of separation between us. To you, therefore, I apply under my present circumstances, knowing that your charity for me will cover a multitude of sins; and God knows I have a *multitude* to cover. That I have greatly erred, to you I will not deny. I have nothing to urge in justification or extenuation. In my reflecting moments, I often think of my own wretched condition. But upon the back of every good reflection, my old desires return. Thus I go, and have gone; sinning and repenting, repenting and sinning, until you now see me just what I am: a man too poor to live without labor; too proud to be placed in dependent circumstances upon others; too well-educated to be ignorant of my own condition, of the light in which I am viewed by the world, and of the claims of my family; with sensibility enough to make me extremely wretched; and not bad enough to deceive a friend.

“This is a true picture of my condition, and yet I scorn to receive pity, or be the recipient of another’s favor. I *will make* the endeavor to live by my own exertions. I can think of but one way at present, and

that is by the use of my pen. Literary productions, except those read from the pulpit, I am aware, are rather at a discount, and of all kinds of labor are the poorest paid. Nevertheless, this is the only way I can think of just now, to keep those from want who are depending upon me. For myself, I care nothing. Life is divested of its charms. I have nothing except my dear wife and boy to make it desirable.

“As soon as you have read this letter, please destroy it, out of the former respect you once cherished for your old friend

“HENRY E.”

This letter was instantly answered by his friend, with a request, that if at any time he should need a similar favor, he would never hesitate to apply to him, as in all such cases, he should consider himself the obliged party; and ended by advising him, in a manner delicate as possible, in reference to his future course.

Upon the receipt of this letter, he left his natal city, and came, with his wife and son, to New York; where he earned a miserable livelihood, by writing for newspapers and magazines.

His friend frequently visited him while in this city, and proffered his assistance, yet upon no conditions could he be induced to accept it. At length, finding all efforts with the husband unavailing, he found means, perhaps imprudently, to benefit him through the wife, who was not so punctilious in this matter; necessity compelled her to accept the proffered assistance of her husband's friend. This, as a matter of course, brought about a closer intimacy with the family, which led the husband to suspect that the familiarity existing between

his wife and friend was closer than the bonds of friendship strictly warranted. The fact was, the "green-eyed monster" had taken possession of the unhappy man, and rendered his life miserable. To the jealous, "trifles light as air are confirmations strong," and acts, which at other times, and under other circumstances, would have been looked upon as simple acts of friendship, were now tortured into foul criminality. He charged his suspicions upon his wife. The shock which such a cruel charge occasioned, was rather too much for her to bear, and for the moment deprived her of utterance, of sight, and hearing. Reason tottered upon its throne, and well nigh shattered the frail tenement. But when she so far mastered her feelings as to speak, she gave way to a flood of tears, and protested her innocence. "I take God to witness," said she, "the truth of what I say. Oh, Henry! what shall I do? you have charged me wrongfully with a great crime. Oh God! and of such a nature too! You do not know what I have endured through your misconduct. You know not the strength of a woman's feelings, of a woman's love; you cannot sympathize with me. I am wretched, desolate, miserable, and forsaken. What will become of me? Oh, whither shall I fly? Where is my child, my sweet boy?" she groaned, and fell on the floor senseless. The dew of agony was on her brow; cold and white, yet beautiful, were the features of that inanimate form. Her husband became alarmed, and ran for assistance. It was some time before they succeeded in restoring her to consciousness, and when they did it was only to awake her to wretched-

ness. He endeavored to sooth her, by declaring the groundlessness of his suspicions, and of his full belief in her innocence. This partially tranquillized her feelings; but a wound had been made that could not be nealed. After such a scene as this, the visits of his friend were of course discontinued. But that perfect confidence, that perfect understanding, that unity of heart and desire, which alone can render the married life happy, were destroyed: unhappiness now existed between them. Her mind became more sensitive, and his more unsettled and miserable. As all persons who are suffering from the stings of conscience, arising from a consciousness of the wrongs they have inflicted upon others, are ever ready to suspect, censure, and abuse, those whom they have injured, so in his case, he was angry without provocation, and censured without cause. This kind of life was, to both parties, unhappy. To rid himself of his troubles, as he thought, he left his wife and son, and took passage in the first packet-ship for the city of London.

No word of censure escaped his wife's lips. The chords of her highest affections were now strained to their utmost tension. The heart that had endured almost everything was now nearly broken. The deed was done—the tragedy well nigh completed. Poor human nature could endure no more. From that hour she gradually sunk away. The feeble lamp was fast decaying. Life was ebbing away. She fed upon her internal grief, which the more it was indulged the more intense it became; yet no word of complaint against the author of her troubles escaped her lips. All she

seemed to care for was her son ; and when she thought of his orphan condition she grieved the more. Still her faith was strong in the everlasting promises. She believed that "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" would protect and comfort her innocent boy.

The invitation of her brother to reside with him, she accepted. But alas ! where were her affections ? Where were her anchor and hope ? They were beyond this vale of suffering and tears. She told her brother that she would go with him to die, that her body might be with him, yet her affections were centred on a brighter and more glorious world than this.

Shortly after her arrival at her brother's residence in the state of Massachusetts, she was confined to her bed, from which she never more rose. The brightness of the eye told of the ravages of the insidious monster of consumption within ; and calmly and peacefully did she wait, yea, long for the moment, when her spirit could be at rest.

One evening, after a day of much suffering, she beckoned her brother to her bedside. "Oh, George !" she faintly articulated, "I am dying. I have one or two requests to make, which if you will promise me to perform, I have not a wish ungratified, nor a desire unfulfilled, but shall rejoice to be away from a world that has been to me a scene of sorrow and suffering. No one but He before whom I shall shortly appear, knows what I have endured. I have done all that I could to perform the duties of a wife and a mother. And now," she continued, "will you promise me to take my dear boy and love him for my sake ? Let him know, as soon as he

can understand you, that the last prayer of his mother was that he should shun the evil deeds of his father, and never touch, taste, or handle, the wine-cup, nor touch cards or the dice-box. Let him know these have sent me to a premature grave. My other request is, that should you ever see Henry, you will tell him that I always loved him; that to him I have ever been faithful; that never at any time did I wrong him in thought, word, or deed; and that I fully believe he has been—since the hour he was cursed with that fatal gift of his father—the victim of circumstances, and the dupe of designing men. Tell him that I died loving and forgiving him, and that with my latest breath I prayed for his future welfare.” Here she could say no more. Choked with tears, her brother willingly promised to perform all that she requested. She sunk her head back in a swoon, apparently lifeless. But the moment of dissolution had not yet arrived. . . . Sweet sufferer, you will soon have sighed your last sigh! soon have breathed your last wish! . . . Oh, tread softly near that chamber of death! Angels are there waiting for a sister-spirit! Let no noise disturb her heavenly slumber! Let not a word escape the lips!—every voice be hushed!—a solemn silence reign around! A spirit is departing to its last and happy home! Heaven’s gates are open to receive that pure spirit now fluttering on the confines of the heavenly world! Oh, God! may our last end be happy as hers!

Her swoon lasted about three quarters of an hour, when she somewhat revived, and looking round, she faintly whispered to her weeping family: “Oh! I have

had such a happy dream ! I thought I was in a bright and beautiful place, that I was walking in a path bordered with flowers, and there I saw my husband with my dear boy. He came to me smilingly, and said, ‘ Matilda, this is now our home. Here we will live and be happy. My father has given me this beautiful garden, in which you and I, and our dear boy, are to live, where we will be happy, and where I will never leave you.’ He then advanced toward me and gave me a sweet kiss, and a kind embrace, and I awoke. Oh, why did I awake ? George, tell Henry . . . Oh, there he comes ! there ! he is bringing me my dear boy ! How beautiful this room appears ! Angels are beckoning me to come to them. How beautiful ! my sweet” . . . These were her last words. She closed her eyes, and without a struggle or groan, her spirit returned to Him who gave it.

When Henry E. arrived in London he was very much reduced in his circumstances. He earned but a scanty pittance by his pen. He there found his expenses higher, competition greater, and pay less, for picking up “city items,” and writing short stories for magazines, than he had done in the city of New York. The idea struck him in his extremity that he would write to his father, and ask his assistance, hoping that absence of years might have caused him to relent ; at the same time a draft on him for a small sum should accompany the letter. His father was inflexible, and allowed the draft to be returned protested, with expenses. He now gave up to despair. What course to take he knew not. His business as a “penny-a-liner” would not support him. In his extreme distress he contemplated a forgery upon

one of the large Concerns with which he had had some business transactions. The idea took possession of his mind, and the more he thought of it the stronger was his desire to do it, and relieve himself, for a time at least, from pecuniary distress. He had long and painful struggles within himself. He thought of his wife and little son that he had left in the city of New York. At the thought of his son he threw down the pen with which he was about to perpetrate the criminal deed, and felt determined that, however bad he might be, the son should never have occasion to blush for the crimes of the father. . . . For that time at least, a father's love for a child saved him.

But it was not very long before he was again haunted with his old idea. The stamped paper was bought, and the pen once more taken in hand, and now appeared, in fair and legible characters, the words: "Ninety days from sight, pay to the order of" . . . he hesitated. The form of every letter was like a red hot brand, burning their fiery shapes into his brains. He hesitated. The thought of his early love, of the prayers of his mother, and of her love toward him—the remembrance of the boy, with the mother's hand upon his head, blessing her son—and of the youth with that same fond mother hanging on his arm, and looking upon him with that pride and joy which a mother can alone realize—all presented themselves vividly to his mind. The pen was again thrown down. The remembrance of a mother's love for a son again saved him.

But his wants were not decreased. He made the endeavor to relieve them, but was unsuccessful. The pen

was again taken in hand, the bill drawn, and all complete except the acceptance. Now for the moment of trial. The fact must now be decided, whether the love of a father for his child—the early training under the tuition of an affectionate and kind mother—and the prospect of utter ruin—will not outweigh the pressing necessities of the moment, and the inflexibility of a father's heart! Ah! the contest was long and severe. A fearful struggle between good and evil was going on in the breast of the unhappy man. . . . "Oh God! and has it come to this? Am I driven to this fearful alternative? Beggary and starvation are urging me on behind; my immediate necessities are pressing me on either side, and the prison and chains looming up horribly in the distance! But forgery will relieve me, and I may escape detection! Something to my advantage may turn up before the act be discovered. The wheel of fortune is ever revolving, and what if I am at the bottom to-day, to-morrow I may be at the top! Luck is all! Yes, it is all chance in this world! If to-day I am at the bottom, to-morrow I may be at the top. Yes, the top—but of what?—the scaffold! Great God! yes, it may be the scaffold. I may be detected, the forger dragged to prison like a thief, or a murderer, and then will follow all the dreadful paraphernalia of the felon's trial, and the felon's execution! Yes, this is my precise position. If I forge this acceptance, and am detected, I bring disgrace upon my son, and upon my father. But what of him? he gave me being, found the means to educate me, and when he thought I was old enough to take care of myself, he gave me a fortune,

without the knowledge of the real value of a dollar. Thus, like a vessel well-freighted, without compass, helm, or anchor, have I been set adrift on the world's wide ocean, and now am wrecked upon the shores of perdition. I stand upon the verge of a bottomless pit, one step forward I am with the damned, backward I am among frightful breakers which threaten every moment to overwhelm me. My father might have honored my draft. To him it would have been as nothing—to me everything. Why should I care about screening his name from disgrace? he cares nothing for me; he had it in his power to save me, but he would not! Yes, I will forge the acceptance. I need not make use of it after all. Indeed, I do think I will not make any use of it. . . .

It is no such a great matter, after all, and had I known how easily I could have accomplished it, I would have done it before." The deed was done, and the bill discounted. It found its way sooner than was anticipated to the parties whose acceptance had been forged, and upon examination was pronounced a forgery. A warrant was issued against the perpetrator. The police officer politely informed him that he had a warrant to take him into custody. The guilty man trembled, and observed that there must be some mistake. Very well, observed the officer, *doubtless* there was, but that could easily be settled in a few moments, before Alderman P.; all he had to do was to take him before that justice. During this conversation, a letter was brought, directed to Henry Espenschild, ——— street, London, and postmarked Boston. This letter was from his brother-in-law. It informed him of the death of his (Henry E.'s) wife, of

her last requests, of her innocence, her injunction, and forgiveness. He read and trembled. With a groan of unutterable anguish, he fell upon the floor in a swoon. He lay like one upon whom misfortune had done its worst. Upon coming to himself, he looked round fearfully and wildly. He was a lunatic. He breathed defiance and threatened vengeance: then in a coaxing manner he called for his wife and child. "Matilda! Matilda, dear! yes, yes, you will come! there she comes! take her away. See, she is mocking me! how ghastly she looks! There, I now see her, what eyes she has! They are burning me! Fiends, take her away! Oh, I am choked, burnt up! Hell is all around me! Oh, she is going to take me to prison: fire, fiends, and furies, curse her. Let me get hold of her, I will teach her to mock me, ah! ah! ah! I see her hanging by the neck!"

In about six weeks, with the proper medical treatment, he recovered from his derangement, and awoke to a sense of his real condition: in a prison, charged with a crime, the most lenient punishment for which, if found guilty, was Botany Bay. In despair, he gave up all for lost, and quietly yielded himself a willing victim, to the stream of circumstances which was carrying him to destruction.

Passing over the minutæ of the trial, it will suffice to say, that he was far away from his home, in a strange country, without counsellors or friends, and where money avails nothing to evade punishment for crime, by making out a case of insanity. He was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life, to Botany Bay.

The morning of embarkation arrived. Upward of three hundred convicts, of all ages, were destined to accompany him on his sad journey. Oh, the heart sickens at such a scene as the transport-ship presents! Men and women, of all ages, from youth to the man of threescore and ten; and of all degrees of crime, all chained, and about to be driven to the great prisonhouse of woe. The oath and ribald jest told of the depth of crime into which some were steeped; the streaming eyes told of hearts not yet dead to the feelings of humanity, of hearts that were aching at the long and dreary night of woe, through which they must pass before they should again behold sisters, brothers, mothers, or fathers. The deep groanings of others, told of inward anguish, and mute despair! Alas, for poor frail suffering humanity!

Silently and slowly, with its black sides and flapping sails, like funeral drapery, did the convict-ship wend its way down the river, with the tide, as if conscious of the load of misery which it contained.

In the distance, now entering the mouth of the same river, may be seen another vessel; but on what a different errand! Bravely does she plough the deep, "like a thing of life." She hails from the United States of North America. She rides the transparent waves joyous, elastic, and free as the bright and happy land from which she came. Within are thankful and grateful hearts, joyous anticipations, longing desires to meet smiling friends, and glad welcomes!

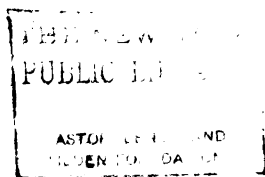
On board this beautiful steamer, was a friend, who with extreme impatience counted the moments till he

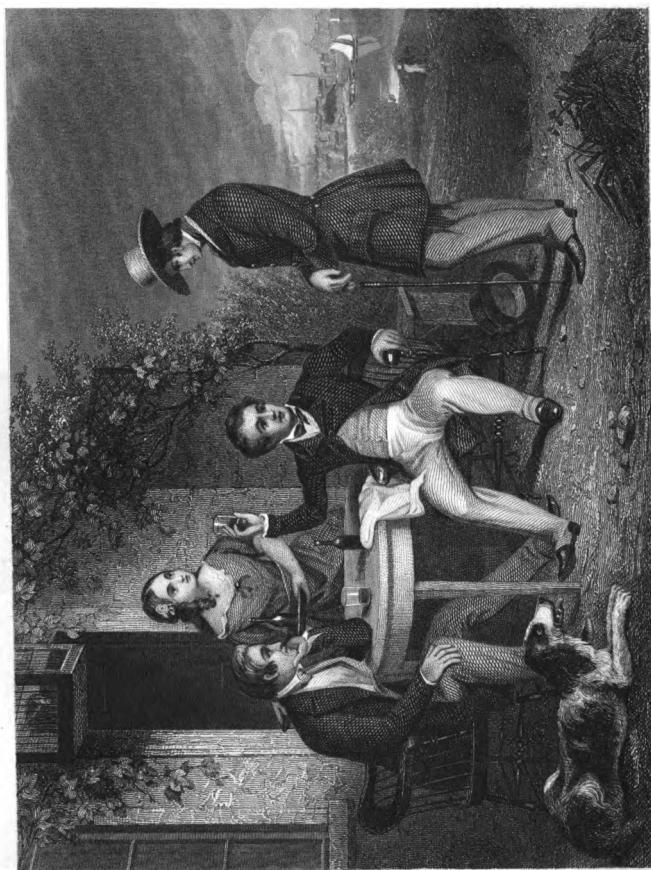
could set his foot upon the land. His mission was one, as he thought, of great joy. He was the bearer of the news of the death of Henry Espenschild, senior, whose hard heart had relented, and who, before he died, had left the whole of his immense wealth to his son. Little did the bearer of this intelligence think, when he met that dismal-looking ship, that the object of his mission was within it, chained among the worst of criminals, and then on the journey to his sad destiny. But such was the fact. He soon discovered the whole truth, and found, with great grief, that he was **TOO LATE**!

If, after the perusal of these pages, the reader has had his feelings saddened, he will pardon the writer for not bringing them to a more pleasing termination, which could not have been done, without breaking a chain of events that actually transpired but a few years ago.

Had this story been a fiction, it could have been written to end pleasingly; but it is otherwise. It is a *tale of truth*. The characters portrayed are real characters, though presented under fictitious names.

NEW YORK, July, 1847.





W. & A. G. 1850.

T. H. Mather del.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or note, written vertically on the right margin.

THE RECLAIMED.

It is an interesting fact connected with the establishment of Odd-Fellowship, under its present organization in the United States, that it became the pioneer or precursor of the great temperance movement, now so happily spreading its beneficial influence throughout the globe.

We do not assume for our Order that it identified itself with the temperance cause, or that it enjoined pledges on its members, obligatory of total abstinence, but in the re-formation of the Order, in 1819, when it assumed the title of the "Independent Order of Odd-Fellows," one of the most important features of the new constitution was to change the entire character of the Institution, as it had originally existed under its convivial English form; thereby prohibiting the use of intoxicating drinks in the periodical meetings of its members. Men of known intemperate habits were disqualified by the new law for becoming eligible candidates for admission into the Order; and the habitual practice of intemperance was made by the new constitution a sufficient ground for suspension, or expulsion of offending members.

Identified as the old social and convivial habits of Odd-Fellows were with our Institution, it may be supposed that the radical change contemplated by the Ameri-

can reformers met with a sturdy opposition, from a large body of the "Ancient Order," as was formerly our designation. Many worthy members of this body were Englishmen; and John Bull, in spite of his proverbial reserve and taciturnity, is partial to the exhilaration of the "social glass." His habitual coldness warms under the vivifying influence of "strong drink," and "John" becomes a convivial and jolly boon companion.

We have individualized our English brethren, in this reference to the formation of our existing Order, because the hero of our tale was an English brother, belonging to the "Ancient Order," and thus a brief explanation of the facts connected with the present organization seemed necessary for the illustration of our story.

Among the members of the Order living in New York, at the period we have alluded to, there were few more prominent than a young Englishman, whom we shall designate as George Ardent. He had emigrated to America immediately after the close of the last war, with a feeling then common with British emigrants, that America was an Eldorado, where wealth and honors were easily and rapidly obtained, without that slow process and prudential caution necessary for their attainment in the country of his birth.

As our story is only connected with our hero subsequent to his settlement in this country, we need not refer to his history previous to that time, farther than to state that he was respectably connected in England, had received a good sound education, and was a young man of more than ordinary intellectual acquirements. With a temperament impetuous and excitable, he was gener-

ous to a fault, convivial in his habits, and confiding to an extent that made him the easy dupe of every pretended friend. With such a character, and such habits, it may readily be supposed that George Ardent was not exactly qualified to realize the brilliant hopes which had led to his settlement in New York. His business speculations were all failures, and George was soon left with but little capital other than what youth, education, and talent, afforded : those never-failing sources to the industrious and the prudent. But Ardent was not of this class. Necessity, indeed, rendered exertion imperative. The interest of his friends obtained for him employment in the office of one of the daily papers in the city, and he became that worst-remunerated and least-appreciated of all literary slaves, a "hack-writer" for the daily press : that is, he furnished articles, without receiving the honor of authorship, for a compensation unworthy a mechanic or a day-laborer. His employer, a man of low intellect and sordid mind, had the tact of availing himself of the talents of others to build up his own fortune. Ardent was exactly the man for his purpose : quick, intelligent, and apt at his pen, George was ready for any emergency, and while the editor, so called, was flourishing under the laurels, and enjoying the advantages of a thriving subscription-list, poor George was toiling without honor and without profit, the drudge and the supporter of the man of "paste and scissors."

The new occupation which Ardent had adopted for his support, introduced him into a widely-extended circle of acquaintance ; his convivial habits became more confirmed, and if not positively intemperate, he was fast

approaching to the verge of that lowest depth of human degradation. And thus years passed on ; step by step, the gay, intelligent young man was sinking into the confirmed inebriate. His wife, for George had entered into the marriage state shortly after his arrival in this country, saw, with sorrow and anguish, the rapid strides he was making toward destruction. She was an amiable and delicate woman, devoted to her husband, but she wanted energy sufficient to guide or control him.

Such women suffer in silence, and tears, not reproaches, are their only weapons. Ardent loved his wife ; her patient endurance of his errors would often arrest him in his career, and effect a temporary reformation ; but intemperance is a demon that overmasters even the holiest affections of our nature ; and George, after one of these transient fits of compunction, would rush with even greater zest into the commission of his besotting vice.

It was at this period of his life that the organization of our Order under its present form took place. George, as we have before stated, was a prominent member among the brotherhood in New York. His qualities as a boon companion rendered him extremely popular in the Order, and he had been honored with its highest offices.

We need scarcely add that he was among the foremost of the opposers to the projected reformation insisted upon by his American brethren. The revised constitution was, however, carried into operation, and Ardent was reluctantly compelled to accommodate himself to the " new order of things." As an Odd-Fellow,

of long standing, he was admitted into the new confederacy, and the well-disposed brothers indulged the hope that George might now be reclaimed by the wholesome restraints thrown around the Order. But the spirit of opposition to the new organization, aided by the force of long confirmed habits of intemperance, prevented any salutary effect being produced by the influence of his association with an Order that has now so controlling a power over its members. He was still the slave to intemperance. His old influence procured for him the interposition of friends, who were lenient to the utmost extent that endurance would allow. But at length even this feeling was exhausted. The true principles of Odd-Fellowship were beginning to be recognised and acted upon by the brotherhood, and even the regard for a "good fellow" like Ardent was merged in the higher consideration of respect for the character of the Order. After one of his accustomed lapses from sobriety, he was formally arraigned before his Lodge, on the charge of being an habitual drunkard, and all that the interest of his friends could secure in his behalf, was a sentence of suspension for six months. George deeply felt the degradation, for the sense of shame was not yet extinct within him. He had once been an oracle in the Order, he was now a branded, a degraded outcast—not indeed wholly cut off, but yet placed in a contemptible position, which forbade all hopes of future prominence.

On a mind naturally impetuous and sensitive, a sense of shame acts with deeper power. George brooded over the deprivation of his privileges, with moody and excited feelings: he avoided all intercourse with mem-

bers of the Order, and sought relief in the society of other and more congenial companions.

One afternoon, shortly after his suspension, he accompanied one of these associates to Hoboken, and, as usual, the aid of the exhilarating glass was called into requisition. His companion was a kindred spirit, and bottle succeeded bottle in quick succession, until both were fast approaching that state where reason totters, and conscience becomes mute. George was loudly calling the attendant on their orgies for another supply, when, casting his eyes around, he saw, approaching the house, a member of his lodge, who had always exhibited toward him the kindest interest and solicitude.

Henry Rushford was, in truth, a worthy Odd-Fellow; he had joined the Order, believing that its principles were worthy of support, as a means for ameliorating the evils of society. He brought to it the weight of character and influence, and was an active and energetic member, ever engaged in promoting the prosperity of the Order, and zealous in aiding and carrying out the beneficent and benevolent purposes of our Institution. He had taken a particular interest in the concerns of Ardent, and had, at all times, interposed the weight of his influence in behalf of poor George's infirmities. He had also befriended him, in private, on several occasions, when a friend was needed.

Rushford immediately recognised his old friend, and at a glance saw the situation George was reduced to. His first impulse was to approach the party, and expostulate with Ardent; but knowing the impetuous character of George, he hesitated. He however joined them,

and addressed his friend. George, maddened with drink, and stung with shame, put on an air of defiance, and called more vociferously for a fresh supply of drink. The young girl who attended the house, assisted him to fill his tumbler, and George, seizing it, was about to convey it to his lips, when Rushford, with a peculiar solemnity of look and manner, attracted at once the attention of the inebriate.

George recognised the movement, and, as if transfixed with horror, his arm was arrested, the glass fell from his grasp, and he sunk his head on the table, overpowered with conflicting emotions of shame and repentance. Yes! the solemn warning, the hallowed associations, connected with that CAUTION, had touched his heart. Great was the wonder of George's companion and the young girl; they attempted to rouse him, but Rushford interfered. He handed the amount of the reckoning to the attendant, and then led George away from the house.

"Rushford, you have saved me!"

"Have I?" exclaimed his friend; "then I am indeed most happy. Ardent, you are too fine a fellow to be the victim of intemperance."

"By the blessing of God, Rushford, I will reform. I feel that your timely and solemn warning may reclaim me."

"Let us hasten home then to your wife and children. I called there an hour since; they are in great distress. I promised to search for you, and bring you home."

Our story is ended. Ardent was RECLAIMED. It was one of those instances of sudden and inscrutable

impressions, made on sensitive minds, that baffle the speculations of philosophers, and set at defiance all established principles of ethics.

George Ardent yet lives, a worthy and time-honored Odd-Fellow, to bless an Institution, that was made the means of reclaiming him from one of the most degrading vices that afflict our common humanity.

J. W. S. H.

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

TIME'S DOINGS.

INEXORABLY calm, with silent pace,
 Here Time hath passed. What ruin marks his way!
 This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallowed base,
 Turned not his step, nor could his course delay.
 Religion raised her supplicating eyes
 In vain, and Melody her song sublime:
 In vain Philosophy, with maxims wise,
 Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time.
 Yet the hoar tyrant, though not moved to spare,
 Relented when he struck its finished pride;
 And, partly the rude ravage to repair,
 The tott'ring towers with twisted ivy tied.
 Where the mild sun, through saint-enciphered glass,
 Illumed with mellow light yon dusky aisle;
 Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,
 Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!
 And Piety, with mystic meaning beads,
 Bowing to saints on every side inurned,
 Trod oft the solitary path that leads
 Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturned!

PAL.

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

THE PHILANTHROPIC SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

BY J. W. S. HOWS.

THAT an enlarged spirit of philanthropy is becoming diffused throughout our common humanity, is perceptible in every movement of our times.

The "REFORM PROGRESS" is, in fact, based on this benevolent principle; this recognition of the great truth, that mankind should be united in one common bond of brotherhood. That such feelings have operated in all ages, in some form, modified indeed by circumstances, history sufficiently testifies. In our age, however, this philanthropic spirit has assumed a more distinctive and decided form. It is not the least remarkable feature attending on this universal spread of benevolent principles towards our fellow-man, that the movement has been made in an age when the individual selfishness of our race has attained to a height of development, perhaps unprecedented in the annals of the world; and paradoxical as at the first blush of the assertion it may seem to appear, it is out of this very characteristic feature of our times—this selfishness of the individual man—that the philanthropic principle has become so widely diffused. The good Samaritans of the age have converted this selfishness of the

individual man into an instrument for carrying out a general good. They have formed mankind into masses, have ranged them under various Shibboleths of action, and, by the well-understood sympathy aroused by the congregation of numbers, have generated a widely spread feeling of humanity, that is characterizing and controlling all the movements of the Nineteenth Century. It is in vain for the advocates of conservatism to deny, or to attempt to retard, this progress. The wisest course will be for them to aid in its advancement, by joining the standard of the Reformers, and lending their influence to assist in giving a healthy direction to the movements now in progress. It would appear to be the imperative duty of every honest minded reflecting man to take part in these movements. Society is becoming crystallized in its character. Men cannot stand apart from their fellows; they must fuse themselves into the masses, and the higher may be their standing in society, the greater may be their weight and influence; just so much is the responsibility increased, which demands an identification, in some form, with this prominent feature of the age. If it is argued that the ultra character of the movements now in progress prevent sober men from taking any part in the matter, we would urge, it is precisely from this cause that we insist upon the necessity for the sober, the prudent, in fact, the conservatives, so called, to join the ranks of the reform progress, so as to give a healthy tone to the efforts now in progress for the amelioration of the condition of our species. It is useless to sneer at, or to stigmatize, the philanthropic spirit of the age. The movement is too radical in

its character, it is too widely spread; it is becoming, as it were, the very pulse of society: the policy of nations is subjected to its sway, and religion is rendered an auxiliary to its progress.

It is no idle boast to assume for our Order, that we, as a body, were among the pioneers in the philanthropic movements of the age. It is an interesting fact connected with the early history of our Society, to see with what admirable prescience the founders of the Order seized upon that instinct of our nature, which teaches man to unite for the promotion of a common good, and leads him to find exercise for the better sympathies of his nature in a corporated capacity, when he might shrink from performing the same duties in his individual person. We may almost descry a deep and discriminating philosophy in this organization of Odd-Fellowship. They first recognised the great Christian principle of brotherhood, and then affiliated themselves together, to carry that principle into active operation. Odd-Fellowship is a practical illustration of the sacred truth, that "*man is bound by invisible ties to his fellow-man.*" It spreads forth the right hand of fellowship, without respect to conventional distinctions, and it succors and supports when distress, need, or any other adversity, calls for its protecting aid. It is emphatically humanizing in its influence, and it especially harmonizes with the philanthropic spirit of the age. This may account for its amazing growth and rapid extension in this country and in England, and it is to these causes that we may trace the elevated tone the Order is gradually acquiring. It is no longer composed of a band of obscure indi-

viduals. The great, the powerful, the influential, and the intellectual, are daily crowding into our ranks. The Order has already assumed a prominent position as a feature of the age, identified with, and foremost in, the philanthropical movements of our times. It has also, in an especial degree, the elements of perpetuity within itself, arising out of its systematic and well-ordered organization. Its exclusive character of benevolence, which precludes the possibility of the Order being converted to party purposes, either political or religious, recommends it pre-eminently, as a corporated institution, to the consideration of the good citizen. It is no wonder, then, that our cabalistic watch-words, "Friendship, Love, and Truth," are becoming the distinctive rallying cry of so vast a body of our fellow-men. And well would it be for the world, if this motto could become its practical rule of action! Under its humanizing influence, the jarring discords and bitter animosities of religious dissensions would be assuaged; the angry strifes of political warfare would be subdued; the asperities and bitternesses of social life would vanish; our all-engrossing love of self would be merged into that spirit which teaches us to regard the wants of our neighbor as our own, and expanded philanthropy would bind man to his fellow-man—sin and suffering would cease, and man, restored to his original purity, would stand erect in the image of his Maker, regenerated and free! But these visions are to be realized in a brighter day than ours. We must be content if we can but hail the "day-star from on high." Our duty is to support and encourage every movement

that will further the consummation of this millennial state. The philanthropic spirit of the age professes to aid the advancement of such a period, and it should be the pride of every member of our Order, that we stand prominently before the world, pledged to carry out the great principles of philanthropy and brotherly love.

NEW YORK, June, 1847.

THE TEMPLE OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

I saw a stately building,
Uprising to the sky ;
All chaste and fair ; with gilding
Like sun-light from on high.

No architectural blunder !—
Consistent in each part ;
And what to all a wonder
Was, that it had a *heart*.

Illustrious example,
'Twas worthy of such fame,
That 'neath its shelter ample,
The poor and suffering came.

Look on the beauteous building,—
'Tis our *Order* you descry ;
Its tastefulness and gilding
Do Love and Truth supply.

NEW YORK, June, 1847.

J. E. D. C.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY MRS. G. J. GARDNER.

AND what *is* Odd-Fellowship? My mind hath long queried the signification of this term, and the propriety of its adoption by the Order to which it belongs.

That Order, so far as I have learned, professes to be formed somewhat upon the plan of a mutual assurance company, but extending, in its many relations, the hand of benevolence to all suffering humanity. The object, in itself, is highly praiseworthy. Aught that can arouse feelings of tenderness and sympathy in the hearts of the able and provident, for the sufferings of those who are daily sinking within the pale of misery and want, is worthy of consideration, and desirable in practice. The life of man is short and painful. At the best, it telleth of many sorrows, sprinkled with a few fleeting joys, which, brightened as they may be with momentary radiance, are yet delusive in anticipation, and evanescent in possession. Nay, were the misery of *one* heart to be multiplied into that of all hearts that have ever beaten, how vast would be the aggregate! None but the heart of an Almighty God can realize such extended suffering, and no arm but His can stretch forth to save. Great and painful

would be the contemplation of a world of misery were we possessed of the vision of God, and unnecessary it would likewise be, to enable us to perform the daily duties that fall to our general lot. Few and simple are the requirements which God makes of us, and the simple and candid mind will never be at a loss to know these requirements, nor be unpossessed of strength sufficient to meet them. And next to the great command to love God, we are required to love our brother. Nay, these two commands include the whole duty of an individual being, and Odd-Fellowship, appearing as it does, like an act of simple obedience to the latter command, is highly praiseworthy and commendable.

Amid the jostling of this world's busy crowd, how many hearts are grieved—how many broken! Alas, had I the pen of a Milton or a Shakspeare, it would fail me to tell of the manifold cares and inquietudes that encompass the routine of our daily life!

The wicked heart, out of which arises an envious and revengeful spirit—the flattering tongue, with its detraction and deceit—the false friend and the hypocrite in religion—all these abominations work evil to him who is humbly endeavoring to serve his Maker. And how often does poverty, with its blasting touch, fall upon one who by years of toil has striven to attain to decent competency. God sees fit to strip him of his all, and to lay him low, and the murmuring heart awakens with a new tide of grief for the sufferings of its cherished ones.

And who is he who turns from his daily avocations to spend his hours with the suffering sick? Forgetful

of self and selfish interests, he bends in humility by the bedside of the departing spirit, and stays it by his kind and unceasing attentions, until God's hand is indeed laid upon the sufferer to call him home! Who? 'Tis the Odd-Fellow; true to his trust and faithful in its performance! Yet the individual effort of the Odd-Fellow can be no greater than the benevolent effort of any other individual. It is the combined and systematic effort of the whole Order which tells so largely upon the comfort of all who experience their care and attention. All work with brotherly fidelity for each other's good, at the same time extending to all whom they have the power to assist, the hand of a kind charity. And that God will bless such effort none can doubt. Yet with Odd-Fellowship, as with all other institutions, there will obtain abuses; abuses which are forever upspringing in the unregenerate heart of man. He who imagines that he can perform all the requirements of Odd-Fellowship without a heart purified and regenerated by the love of our Saviour, mistakes much, and can never attain a character of perfect benevolence. The outward offering may appear fair, but the beautiful soul will ever be wanting! Christ is the source of all benevolence; for who, like him, would resign, not only principalities and powers, but life itself, and that for one's enemies? Brethren in Odd-Fellowship, make not the grand mistake of believing that you are living for others, while striving to conform your outward actions only to the requirements of your Order, for it is the purity of motive and honest intention of heart that stamp the visible act as pure or impure, worthy or base.

And, above all things, I would remind you, with all due deference, that "charity begins at home;" for he who, in performing the many duties required of him as an Odd-Fellow, forgets but *one* duty to his own household, is guilty of criminal and unpardonable neglect, and working publicly for the good of the Order can never be a sufficient apology for the slightest neglect of any private duty. Your Order is spreading with immense rapidity, and that your zeal in a good cause may be pure and undefiled, and not originate in an unholy love of empty show, and that reprehensible craving for *mystery* and form, which lies so deeply imbedded in the human heart, is the prayer of one who is a friend and well-wisher to your Order.

SYRACUSE, July, 1847.

THE BLASTED ROSE-BUD.

BY MRS. E. M. SEYMOUR.

On ! how my heart thrilled with joy, when I first discovered a tiny bud embosomed among the green leaves of my little rose-bush ! It was a treasured bush to me, for I had brought it from my dear New England home, and every leaf chronicled some sweet memory.

I had watched long and anxiously for the first blossom which would open in my new home, and the summer and autumn had passed, and still no bud appeared ; but in the cold winter, when every thing without was bleak and drear, it started from its leafy bed, closely wrapped in its little green hood and mantle, like a fair visitant from some lovely clime.

How anxiously I watched now for the unfolding of its bright leaves, and the rich perfume of its full flower !

Each day it expanded more and more its fair proportions, and began to loosen the close folds of its robe, and display the beautiful tints beneath ; but when it seemed just ready to burst into perfected beauty, it suddenly drooped, and began to wither, and finally dropt from its stem, and fell upon the ground beneath. It was but a little thing, to be sure—a

blighted rose-bud—and perhaps I was very foolish to weep; but a tear-drop would fall upon the withered bud, as I stood leaning over it.

Then I remembered that if I could not joy over its full beauty, I could learn a lesson from its early blight, which might be of better worth to me than the beautiful rose or its sweet perfume. Beautiful emblem it was of the fading of human loveliness, and the memory of many a bright and joyous being who had fallen in their early beauty was recalled to me.

There was one whose heaven-like loveliness of form and soul I can never forget. I never saw such perfect beauty as reposed upon her features; I never heard so sweet a tone as the warbling of her gentle voice; I never felt so pure an influence as breathed from every emotion of her guileless soul. She seemed like a being just sent to earth, to picture to mortal eyes angelic sweetness, and then return to her own pure home. High hopes clustered round that young creature; pure love encircled her; earnest prayer breathed over her; but the rich color faded from her cheek, and the music from her voice: the fair flower was blighted in the very bursting of its full beauty; but she had nourished a bud of beauty in her heart, which neither death nor the grave could blight, and which would bloom in immortal loveliness in a fairer world.

I looked around, and beheld the earth strewn with blasted buds of hope. There was Love in its mossy bed; Ambition with its towering stem; Fame with its broad leaves; and Wealth in its golden sheaf;—all lay withered and dead; and in fancy I replaced them all

again in their first beauty, and watched their infant budding. I saw Love nestle itself in a human heart, whose beatings kept time with the moving of its gentle breath; and there were clasped hands and answering words of love, and pledged vows, and the yielding up of a loving spirit, to the full power of its strange enchantment. How sweetly clustered Love's rose-buds then in that young heart! and when I looked for the full bloom of their promised loveliness, I saw a pale hand clasping the withered garland to a heart whose feeble pulses quickened for a moment in the remembered sweetness of its last perfume; but nothing could again restore its wonted beatings. The blast of disappointment had swept over her garnered affections, and her heart had become a sealed fountain. You might woo it with the softest notes of love, and it would echo but tones of sadness; you might bring to that altar the choicest gift that love can proffer, and it would refuse the offering. There is no music that can charm a broken heart;—no gift for which we would exchange the memory of our *first love*.

I saw Ambition lighting the eye, and hurrying the steps of one upon the full chase for power and greatness. High upon earth's proudest seat he had fixed his gaze, and with giant strides he approached the lofty goal; one hand grasped the sceptre that should sway the world; the other lent its full power to aid the steep ascent;—and when I looked for the full attainment of his throned hopes, he sat weeping by their scattered ruins, his sceptre broken at his feet.

I saw Fame holding out a green chaplet to an ardent youth, who tasked all the energies of his soul

to win the undying wreath; and just as the treasure came within his grasp, and the loud plaudits of an admiring world seemed ready to ring out his greatness, he heard the full burst of triumph shouting at the steps of a rival, and saw the precious garland bound about the brows of a less worthy, but more successful aspirant.

I saw Wealth wooing with its golden light one who strove hard to win its glittering baubles; but ever, as his hand was ready to touch the golden fruit, would it elude his grasp; till tired at last of pursuing the winless chase, he gathered his unbright robe around him, and reposed at last in the grave of charity.

Fading and unsubstantial are earth's choicest flowers; but there is a bud which knows no fading here, and death but opens it in perfect bloom; and whether it embosoms itself in the heart of childhood, or expands into fuller loveliness in the mind of youth, or sheds a maturer light upon the path of manhood, or reposes in ripening beauty upon the brow of age, it is beautiful. No chilly frost, or burning sun, can blight its rich beauty, or steal its sweet perfume. Alike amid the polar snows and torrid heat; in the crowded city and lone wilderness; in the Christian temple and the heathen hut, it sheds its gentle fragrance;—ever swelling into richer beauty through life, and death is but the perfecting of its immortal loveliness.

Ye, then, who are searching earth's gardens through for bright flowers, fail not to plant this bud of beauty in your heart, and cherish it with undying care,—for nothing gives so sweet a solace here, and so sure a pledge of eternal happiness, as—*true piety*.

SYRACUSE, June, 1847.

THE REDEEMED HEART.

"Late repentance, long despair."—BROWN.

NESTLING amid venerable trees and long-matured shrubbery, the church and school-house of D—— seemed to monopolize all the comfort in the town. They stood within one enclosure, were neatly painted, and draped with luxuriant vines. Not so the minister's house. Standing on a ledge of rocks, covered by a thin layer of soil, it commanded a good view of the country around, and presented to it in return a view of its ill-constructed form and barrenness of beauty or comfort. Not a tree threw its dancing shadows on the sun-warped shingles. Not a flower laid its cheek lovingly against the house. Under the porch a spindling geranium struggled through the seldom-watered soil, in a dingy box, indicating that the love of nature was not quite dead in the hearts of the inmates. Alas! hope had long been dead there. The shutters were closed, except one in the rear, and this window was shaded by one of those frail curtains so much used in the country. Day after day an aged woman sat near it knitting, and no one would have judged from her deeply-furrowed countenance that aught of higher importance claimed her thoughts than

progressing the mitten or stocking she held. When she raised the lids that seemed pressed with lead to her eye-balls, the undimmed lustre of her eyes startled the stranger, so strikingly contrasted as they were with the rest of her heavy features. It was seldom, however, that she raised them; when she did so, it was with such a look of unutterable sorrow as filled every heart with sympathy. When twilight fell around her she put away the knitting, and folding her hands meekly on her breast, looked out upon the church-yard with the fixed gaze of troubled meditations. None of her kindred slept there. But the hand that planted, and the care which trained the trees and creeping vines around that quiet spot, had tenderly supported her feeble frame, and guided her trembling feet. To her, the picturesque church and school-house were objects of the most hallowed interest, linked to happier days and holy memories. As she sat and mused upon them, there would often come one to her side of younger years, but with silvered hair, whose countenance was saddened by grief and sobered by lofty meditation. Silently he would approach, and lifting her hand to his lips, kneel by her side, while she, placing her hands on his head, whispered a blessing. Thus each evening they met and parted, the stepmother and her son.

He was the pastor of D——; for there was but one church in the place, and to this all resorted. The people had but one mind, and amidst this harmony there was all the life without the bitterness of contrariety of opinion. To him, therefore, all came for that sympathy which he seemed so much to need himself.

Not to them was this visible. They were not accustomed to read the human heart, or to study the human countenance. They did not perceive that while he listened to their wrongs and trials, there was in his eye the deep-set despair of an aching heart; despair of comfort and sympathy here, but an ever-living faith in the happiness to come.

Alfred Sydney had but one life, one zest, one joy in the world, and that was his sacred calling. To its requirements he bent all the energies of his uncommon intellect. Nurtured by a superior mother, and early called to mourn her loss, but not until he had fully learned to appreciate her rare gifts, he shrank from the caress of a new parent, who soon succeeded her. Time gradually reconciled him. Soon after her instalment he finished his studies with eclat, and appeared before the people of D—— as the colleague of his father. At this period, ambition was the ruling passion of his soul. Possessed of all the moral virtues, anxious to be right, and to do right, he yet lacked one grace to make him all a minister should be. The world had grappled his soul in the weakest part, and it needed some strong convulsion to shake off its grasp. His parishioners were pleased with their eloquent teacher, and proud of him because he was born and reared among them. At this time they needed a teacher very unlike their somnolent pastor, who had for so many years lulled their consciences. His energetic son perceived this, yet thought not to sit down at the feet of Jesus in this humble place, but rather to soar with the wings of a Raphael in some admiring city.

With the stepmother had come a young daughter by a former marriage. To her Sydney had at first felt a kindred aversion, but it had passed away. The birth of a young brother had cemented the family union, and Sydney was pleased with being tutor to the child, who was uncommonly lovely.

Ministering to his father's people, reposing amid domestic peace, and conscious of doing good, he might have been a happy man, had not the serpent Ambition entered his heart, and taken possession. Conjugal love, too, might have been his, for the young girl who once repelled him, had grown into an accomplished woman, and her attractions had been felt and acknowledged. Sydney had won her affections without binding himself by any engagement. The mother was pleased with her daughter's prospects, for she loved her stepson. The approaching anniversaries Sydney intended to be the scene of his triumph. He hastened to the metropolis, determined to shine; and he did so. His eloquence pleased. He was invited to stay, and he went from pulpit to pulpit, welcomed, and reluctantly resigned. When he returned to D——, it was to inform his parents of a call far beyond his present expectations. His mother heard of it unmoved. She was a strong-minded, high-principled woman, and was not dazzled by the bright prospects of her son; on the contrary, she regretted his removal from a sphere in which he was so much needed. The father, enfeebled by sickness, and always weak-minded, gloried in the honor paid his first-born. Another colleague was found for him, and with the regrets of the people he left his native town, and entered upon his

duties. His new flock was fashionable, well educated, and fond of fine oratory; he was therefore highly popular, but in himself the retrograde movement had begun. D—— had become a far-off remnant of the past to him. One year of caressing and feasting had banished from his memory the faithful people who still loved him. Maria had lost her influence. She perceived it, with the usual tact of her sex. The iron had entered her bosom, but she folded the mantle of secrecy around it, and smiled over her anguish. The mother now felt her first sorrow. Her husband was little society for her, and a constant care. Maria's evident effort to be cheerful sent a thrill of pain through her heart. Sydney frequently sent home the papers in which he was mentioned. They were read with pity and moistened with tears. Harold alone felt the throbblings of pride as he read the name he bore so conspicuously honored.

At last a paper came to announce his marriage to one of the wealthiest members of his church. It was followed by a letter explanatory of his motives, but without any allusion to Maria. A popular minister must live popularly, and every month's residence in the city convinced Sydney that Maria was unfitted for his station, however well calculated to adorn a country parsonage. His present choice was used to the most brilliant society, and possessed all the tact requisite for her situation. Maria's silent acquiescence in her fate was construed by him as a want of fine feeling and depth of affection, whereas any manifestation of anger or wounded love would have been cause enough for him to congratulate himself for his escape

from so tumultuous a character. So ingenious is the sophistry with which men deceive themselves.

A few months convinced him that domestic happiness was not to be his. He did hope for it, for Sydney had not lost the recollection of his own gentle mother, and often amid the weariness of his stirring life he longed for that sweet repose he was wont to find, after the labors of the day, in the family circle at D—. He was not the solitary instance of such delusion. Men have essayed to work by their own wills before, forgetful that there are certain fixed laws in morals as well as in physics that must be obeyed, and against which they will ever strive in vain. Ambition was the tie that bound them. Capable of loving warmly, he could not love that which was unlovely. A character whose rapid developements after marriage were repulsive, drove him back to the busy arena, there to forget, if he could, the overthrow of the strong tower by means of which he thought to ascend to heaven. Selfish, cold-hearted, and fond of gayety, Mrs. Sydney regarded her husband as a prize she had bought. She valued every thing by its rarity, or difficulty of attainment. She had won him who was eagerly sought and not easily gained. Satisfied with distancing all competitors, she quietly reposed on her laurels, careless of his happiness who she well knew prized her fortune more than herself.

Soon after his union, the house in which he was born, and in which he had once found true happiness, was sold; his father had retired disabled from his duties, and resigned his homestead for an humbler dwelling, which stood on the pleasant glebe of which I have

spoken, directly behind the church. The comfortless house was erected for his colleague, now sole pastor, and young Harold wended his way there daily to add to the stock of knowledge imparted by Maria, who no longer directed his studies. The pressure of poverty compelled her to accept a situation as teacher in a Southern academy. The quarterly stipend forwarded by her to the dear ones at home was compensation enough to her for the pain of separation, and the stranger's loneliness of heart. Conscious of his dereliction from duty, Maria and her mother disdained to inform Sydney of their misfortunes. He who should have gathered his father's household together under the canopy of love, was far away in the vortex of religious dissipation, for there is such a thing. And what was he doing there? Preaching eloquently. Was he aiding the man-redeeming movements of the day, the beautiful associations, the useful bandings together for human improvement, love and truth? No. His congregation did not sympathize with them; he, therefore, denounced them without inquiry or investigation. And this was Alfred Sydney.

Harold was an imaginative boy. He passionately loved flowers, and he delighted to plant trees and train vines. His mother loved to sit on her door-step and watch him as he pruned and fastened. The neighbors thought him singular and romantic, but could not deny the improvement he had made. His chamber-window looked out upon the churchyard, and he loved to gaze from it upon the beauty he had helped to create. When Harold had reached his seventeenth birth-day, his mother became anxious to have him engaged in some

useful pursuit. After much deliberation, Harold's preceptor obtained her consent to his entering a law office in the city. Time had softened her prejudices against Sydney, who frequently wrote kind letters, especially since his father's death, for he felt a vacuum in his heart, a want of something to love. To him, therefore, for the first time, she wrote for advice. He warmly seconded the preceptor's motion, and offered a home and assistance to his brother. With conflicting feelings she saw him depart, and her doubts were strengthened by Maria's answer to a letter of inquiry. It had been delayed, and now came too late to oppose Harold's departure. The clear-sighted Maria saw no safety in the promise of one so worldly and forgetful as Sydney.

Harold was kindly welcomed ; but his sister-in-law was shocked by his rusticity, and desired a nephew, who resided with them, to initiate him as speedily as possible into the graces of city life. Winning and wicked, the nephew first ridiculed, then liked Harold, whose ardent temperament and flashes of wit and genius entertained him.

Sydney fulfilled his promise to benefit his brother in worldly affairs. As to his spiritual welfare, let us pass over a year, and return to the vine-wreathed home, to the chamber of Harold. He is reclining on a couch, his mother and sister beside him, and Sydney near. He is dying. He was initiated into the graces of city life, and he is here. Gifted with genius, ardent, affectionate, he had fallen. Who had been his staff in the slippery path to which he was invited ? He was young and tempted. Who came as a buckler

between him and temptation? His brother? No. Beside that death-bed Sydney first felt the remorse that was only to cease with life. His brother, the lovely and talented, sinking into an early grave, the victim of sensuality, and he had done nothing to save him! Terrible chastisement for slothfulness and worldly indifference.

There came no reproaches from the heart-broken mother, but her silent agony was reproach enough. As he turned from the family vault in which Harold was laid, Maria placed her hand on his arm, and in a stern voice said, "Worldling, repent and live!"

When he left them to return home, he felt to his heart's core the cold farewell so full of forgiveness, and destitute of love.

His elevation to honor had made him giddy, and though incapable of moral flagrancy, he sometimes gave way to levity such as no well-disciplined mind could be guilty of. The past events had sobered him thoroughly. He was more like the Sydney of old. Soon after his return a new church was opened, and he was invited to fill the pulpit. The temptation was great, but with a struggle he conquered it, and refused. There was still life in his heart. His people were grateful; their gratitude was soon put to the test. A protégé of his wife's, partly servant, partly companion, one of those convenient satellites idle ladies like to have about them, assailed Sydney's character.

It was a startling case, and his former levity lent some countenance to the falsest statements. Mrs. Sydney immediately went to the Eastward to visit her relatives and to avoid the storm. Sydney was left alone

to brave it ; he did so with calm dignity, and, after many trying investigations, was honorably acquitted. Still doubt clung to many minds ; suspicion rested on his fair fame. Blessed discipline of sorrow ! Sydney wrote to his mother, pouring out the full tide of his feelings. That letter was read and re-read with thankful hearts, so full was it of humility, resignation and remorse for the past. The mother could not write, for her hand was feeble ; but Maria wrote for her, and assured him of their belief in his innocence, their sympathy and returning affection.

Sydney was still eloquent, but sadly, earnestly so. His wife did not return. *She* could not forgive him his disgrace, and secretly believed him guilty. This strengthened suspicion. Sydney felt unwilling to minister where any doubted him. A party immediately sprung up, offered to leave with him at their head, build an elegant church, and fully compensate him for the past. At this juncture the pulpit at D— became vacant. Expiation for the past was Sydney's ardent desire. It was humbling to the remnant of his pride, but he offered to fill the vacant place. Not without some demurring, he was accepted. His costly house and furniture were sold, the proceeds sent to his wife, and Sydney once more a dweller in his native place ; but a purer, better Sydney than ever dwelt there before.

Maria was in a deep decline. She had the joy of knowing that her mother would be cared for when she was gone, and that he who had been her heart's idol, was now worthy of her love.

She passed gently to her bourne, and was laid by

Harold in the family vault at H——. The step-mother left the fertile spot Harold had so loved, to live with Sydney in his less pleasant dwelling. Here they wept and prayed together. To a heart redeemed as Sydney's was, the world could have nothing to give. The only being he ever loved had gone from human knowledge. He had been the blight of her young hopes. Was not love, then, dead to him? That beautifier of life, that life-giving impulse of the soul—had he not thrown it away, and no one could hand it back to him? And affection—had he not slighted it in the person of his beautiful brother? Was not that dead to him too? buried in the family vault? His mother sadly blessed him, when, humbled by remorse, he knelt at her feet—his forlorn, his sorrow-stricken mother, who had ever treated him as her own child. This was left to him. Duty was still his, and he obeyed its dictates, however repulsive; but the buoyancy of an unsullied soul was his no longer.

His wife procured a divorce on the ground of neglect, and married again. This could not trouble him. His parishioners pitied him for the sorrows they understood, but there were inner conflicts of which they knew nothing. It was his destiny to live without sympathy. Bitterly he felt it in his lonely study, from the walls of which Maria's portrait sadly smiled. No children's gleeful voices echoed in the barn-like building. The birds loved not to twitter in the eaves.

There was a great change in the town. Reformation and life followed the teachings of him who had tasted both the bitterness and sweetness of Marah. As in a few years he turned from the burial-place of

his kindred, in which the last of the family circle forgot her sorrows forever, he stood on a small hillock near the town, and looked on the wide-spread campaign, while the warm sunbeams gilded his brow, longing to draw into his heart some of the freshness and beauty of the outer world. Not from earth, sorrow-stricken one, canst thou hope to draw it! He turned to the blue sky. Not a cloud dimmed its surface—all was peaceful beauty there. Tears bathed his cheeks for a moment as he gazed, then came serenity on his brow and in his eyes, until his whole countenance beamed with a mild benignity. It was far better to look up to heaven.

E. A. C.

NEW YORK, June, 1847.

SEARCH where Ambition raged, with rigor steeled,
 Where Slaughter, like the rapid lightning ran,
 And say, while memory weeps the blood-stained field,
 Where lies the chief, and where the common man?
 Vain, then, are pyramids and mottoed stones,
 And monumental trophies raised on high;
 For Time confounds them with the crumbling bones
 That mixed in hasty graves unnoticed lie.
 Rests not beneath the turf the peasant's head
 Soft as the lord's beneath the labored tomb?
 Or sleeps one colder in his close clay bed,
 Than th' other in the wide vault's dreary womb?
 Hither let Luxury lead her loose-robed train,
 Here flutter Pride on purple-painted wings,
 And from the moral prospect learn—how vain
 The wish that sighs for sublunary things!

PAL.

NEW YORK, June, 1847.

LOVE AND TRUTH.

BY J. HAGEN.

THERE is a fountain deep of love,
In ev'ry human heart !
A fount that never drieth up,
However choked by art.

In childhood's days of innocence
It knows no resting place,
Encircling all our little world
Within its fond embrace.

But after-years come freighted with
Earth's selfishness and pride,
Which choke the sacred fountain up,
Until it seemeth dried.

Yet he who deeply probes the heart,
Who searcheth it with care,
Will find, e'en in the stoniest,
That fountain still is there.

For tho' it seem beyond thy power
The worldling's heart to move,
That heart, couldst thou but reach the fount,
Would overflow with love ;

And often when we deem it lost,
It gusheth forth again ;
The worldliness that buries it,
Its sources cannot drain.

There is in every breast a lamp
That never goeth out,
Tho' sadly is its blaze obscured,
By falsehood, fear and doubt.

The lamp of truth! by Heaven bestow'd,
To light man's devious way;
Whoever duly heedeth it
May never go astray.

Believe not of the veriest wretch
That all is dark within;
The heavenly lamp may be obscured
But never quenched by sin.

And often when we think there doth
A midnight darkness reign,
That lamp the darkness shall dispel,
And all be bright again.

If one there be to Love and Truth
Seems dead for ever more,
Believe it not, but humbly strive
Their influence to restore.

Assured that tho' they may at times
In vain exert their force,
All Heaven-born things must ever be
Undying as their Source.

NEW YORK, June, 1847.

THE STARS AND THE PRAIRIE FLOWERS.

THE stars look down the flowers to bless,
Gazing, meet their sweet caress,
Flowers as bright and numberless,
 From off a field as vast.
Lovely stars! ye lovely flowers!
Gaze away the midnight hours;
On *your* cheeks no hate e'er lowers,
 Communion sweet to blast.

Stooping flower, with pensive brow,
Meek, and pure, and patient thou!
Star! with sweet affection now
 Thou look'st on me to-night.
Beauteous flower! and beauteous star
Bloom thou *here*, and thou *afar*;
Shine, and show what charms there are
 For wayward mortals' sight!

Lo! ye stars, ye speak to me!
Lo! ye flowers, I list from ye
Words about my destiny!
 How ye will bloom and shine!
When my hour on earth is past,
O'er these bright savannas vast
Other hearts shall come at last,
 And muse as now doth mine.

J. E. D. C.

NEW YORK, May, 1847.

1872

1873



T.H. Mather.

Rice & Burt.

The Stranger's Burial.

W. H. Mather.

W. H. Mather.

THE STRANGER'S BURIAL.

BY MRS. J. A. COLEMAN.

"O! did we know our destiny,
Where we should ever be,
When to it, all unconsciously,
The transient soul has fled,
How oft, from *gates* that stand so wide,
The *way*, the *lane*, the *hamlet*,
Our steps would further lead,
Aside the gathered *hordes* to sing,
And teach the *children* to sing,
Where all our birth must end!"

To THE poetical spirit, this of *free* *monstrous* *world*,
Where the frail casket *of* *the* *power* has *been* *lost*,
Him who fashions *the* *world* is not unfrequent for *the* *poet*,
Thoughtful musers, on the *ground*, to select some *place* *of* *rest*,
Beneath the *shadow* of *the* *tree*, as the *place* *of* *rest*,
The *place* *of* *rest*, and *the* *place* *of* *rest*,
act. It is one of the *qualities* of the *human* *mind*,
That *the* *human* *mind*, sympathy, and *the* *human* *mind*,
Unlike most *sentient* *beings*, it needs no *sign*,
or good-natured *ridicule*, or *the* *human* *mind*,
or of contrary *opinion*, but all hearts are *excited* *by* *the* *human* *mind*,
naturalness of such *things*. However, *the* *human* *mind*,
fulfilment of their *dreams*. He who marked the quiet



THE STRANGER'S BURIAL.

BY MRS. E. A. COMSTOCK.

"Oh! did we know the destined spot,
Where we shall sleep at last,
When to its dark, unchanging lot
The trembling soul has passed,
How oft, from pleasure's syren call,
The song, the dance, the banquet-hall,
Our steps would thither tend,
Aside the gathered weeds to fling,
And teach Ambition's soaring wing
Where all its flights must end."

To THE poetical spirit, it is of great moment to know where the frail casket will lie after the jewel has returned to Him who fashioned it. It is not unfrequent for these thoughtful musers on the future, to select some retired spot beneath the shade of favorite trees, as their last resting-place. There is much sweetness and beauty in the act. It is one of the impulses of the romantic temperament, that meets general sympathy and interest. Unlike most sentimental thoughts, it meets no sarcasm or good-natured ridicule. Some may be indifferent, or of contrary opinion, but all hearts acknowledge the naturalness of such wish. How very few meet the fulfilment of their desire! He who marked the quiet

hillock for his canopy, sleeps beneath the shifting waves of ocean; and they who gazed with intense interest on the last vacancy left for them in the family burial-place, have been laid far from country and their dead, leaving that heart-thrilling vacancy unfilled forever. So is it with all human hopes, resolutions, and forethought.

Henry Courteney belonged to the class of minds called romantic. He was gifted with unusual traits of character; one of those interesting beings upon whom we look with tender interest, as being too lovely to live long. He had been his own architect, and over the most untoward circumstances triumphed, with modest consciousness of the singular powers that had achieved his success. It was the right culture of these agents that had enabled him to take his stand among the magnates of the land. His wife became his, long before fame had wreathed his brow with applause. She was willingly given to him by her father, who felt that there was greater certainty of her future prosperity with an enterprising than with a wealthy man. Although ambitious, he was also affectionate and disinterested. The heartstrings of his family were closely twined around him. The considerate husband and patient father is always beloved, and Courteney felt every day of his life the effect of his own loving, kindly spirit.

During one of those brilliant summer-evenings, that give us a glimpse of the unchanging beauty of heaven, Henry and his family sauntered under the aged trees that had sheltered his wife's infancy, and witnessed their domestic happiness for so many years. Through a vista in the trees, the village church-spire gleamed in spec-

tral white before them. Henry paused to look upon it. "Our father is sleeping in its shadow," he whispered. His wife silently pressed his arm. "We, too, will soon be sleeping there," continued Henry. "Together, dearest," replied his wife, "and these little ones will follow soon." They passed on, but sadness rested on the hearts and countenances of both, until they reached home. Here they found a friend awaiting them. He was a member of the Odd-Fellows' society, to which Courteney belonged, and had called on a benevolent mission. His appeal met ready sympathy, and as the door closed behind him, "Blessed institution," cried Henry, "in which a stranger, thousands of leagues from his family, finds brothers and a home!"

A few days after, Henry was summoned by urgent business to a neighboring state. The character of a beloved friend would suffer if he did not immediately depart. With repeated promises of a hasty return, he broke from the caresses of his family. One week found him prostrate with a disease very prevalent at that time, and always attended by delirium. Although far from kindred and home, he was not alone. The brothers of his Order tenderly nursed him. Unable to ascertain his native place, they could not send for the dear ones of whom he raved incessantly. Feeling that disease was upon him he had sent to the Order for assistance, but before it could arrive his reason fled. After much suffering, calmness succeeded, and the certainty of death. He sent for his family, but expired an hour after the letter was sent. Inward decay had commenced before death. This and the intense heat rendered interment

very necessary. His funeral was attended by the Order, and every testimonial of esteem paid to the deceased stranger. After the burial, all but one of the brothers left the spot. His attention was attracted by a group of persons pressing eagerly forward. A woman approached, half-fainting, supported by a young man, and followed by a female with two children. A conviction of their being friends to the departed, flashed upon his mind, and he went forward to meet them. The elder female passed by him quickly, and sinking beside the new-made grave, gave vent to the anguish of a widow's heart. You who have thus knelt, need no limning of the pen to portray the overwhelming agony of such a moment. You who have not, oh, may God spare you such bitter knowledge !

Night was falling upon the grave when the sympathizing brother raised the heart-stricken mourner, and with many entreaties forced her from the spot. It was thought highly imprudent to raise the corpse for re-interment. The shadow of the church-spire fell not over the grave of Henry Courteney. It was many weeks before his widow and friend could leave the place hallowed by his remains. In after-times the friend thought of his colleague with soothing tenderness, undisturbed by those poignant emotions that pierced his soul beside the far-away grave. The children were merry as ever, although they often whispered of their father to the governess, who had sincerely mourned with them over the remains of her generous benefactor.

The smile had left the lips, and all color the cheek of the widow, but she was calm : the death-like quiet of

hopeless grief had settled on her heart forever. Often in her solitary walks, she started as the church-spire rose before her, and pressing her hand on her heart, revealed a wound unhealed, and only to be pangless in the reunion above.

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

THE VANITY OF PRIDE.

THE Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
"Philip! remember thou'rt no more than man.

"Though glory spread thy name from pole to pole;
Though thou art merciful, and brave, and just;
Philip! reflect thou'rt posting to the goal
Where mortals mix in undistinguished dust!"

So Saladin, for arts and arms renowned,
Egypt and Syria's wide domains subdued,
Returning with imperial triumphs crowned,
Sighed, when the perishable pomp he viewed:

And as he rode high in his regal car,
In all the purple pride of Conquest dressed,
Conspicuous o'er the trophies gained in war,
Placed pendent on a spear his burial vest;

While thus the herald cried:—"This son of Power—
This Saladin, to whom the nations bowed—
May, in the space of one revolving hour,
Boast of no other spoil but yonder shroud!"

PAL.

July, 1847.

AN ESSAY

ON THE CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF COWPER.

IN reviewing the character and writings of Cowper, we must regard him not merely as drawn by his biographers, but endeavor to mark the leading incidents in his life, and the effect produced by them upon a mind like his; and from these, in connection with his works, attempt to delineate his true character.

Unpleasant as it must ever be to remove the veil which delicacy throws over the mental malady of Cowper, yet a partial withdrawal of that veil is necessary, in order to form a correct estimate of the man.

One benefit at least will result from such a course. We will be cautious in receiving as truths the bitter accusations which he has left on record against himself.

In attempting, therefore, a brief sketch of his character, together with a few remarks upon his productions, we shall endeavor to pursue a middle course, not allowing prejudice on either side to influence our decision. As a man, Cowper was remarkable for evenness of temper, playfulness of disposition, and a certain buoyancy of spirits, which rendered him a pleasing and agreeable companion.

Tenderness of conscience made him a strict censor of himself, while charity, in its best sense, led him at

all times to throw her mantle over the failings of others. Possessed of a physical restlessness which made it indispensable to his comfort to be constantly in motion, he found it morally impossible to apply himself to those studies which were to prepare him for that station which it was the wish of his friends that he should occupy; and finding it not suited to his diffident and retiring disposition, nor favorable to the developement of his poetical genius, he relinquished it, and to use his own expression, "rambled from the thorny road of his austere patroness jurisprudence, into the primrose paths of literature and poetry."

Rarely do we find an individual possessed of such extreme sensitiveness as that which characterized Cowper, and unfitted him for any public station. Indeed, the mere idea of his having to appear in public, upon one occasion, filled him with so much terror as to overwhelm his reason. This remarkable depression of spirit under which he labored, and which for a time overpowered every faculty of his soul, and shrouded his fine mind in the deepest gloom, was, however, succeeded by a tranquil, happy feeling, in which he expresses the most grateful acknowledgments of divine mercy and forgiveness; and his poetical effusions written at that time evince all that heart-felt thankfulness called for by so signal a deliverance.

Of a gentle and humane disposition, he not only evinced the kindest sympathy for the woes of his fellow-beings, but his tenderness extended itself to the meanest of the brute creation. This is expressed in his well-known lines—

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Such sentiments speak volumes. We therefore need not enlarge upon this peculiar and beautiful trait in his character, but proceed to view him in another and interesting light—namely, as a poet.

As such, Cowper was remarkable for originality of thought and refined delicacy of feeling.

His first publication consisted of a volume of short poems of a moral and religious character.

An enthusiastic admirer of nature, his writings are nevertheless more generally descriptive of men and manners than of natural scenery.

The study of mankind, and the motives by which they were actuated, appears to have been with him a favorite theme. Although his first productions did not excite any marked interest in the public mind, yet his *Task*, which he published in 1785, established his fame as a poet, and ranked him at once as one of the greatest English poets of his age.

This work has been highly and justly praised, and is very aptly termed "A bird's eye view of human life."

This poem was written at the request of a lady, who, in the spirit of playfulness, suggested the "Sofa" as its subject. In cheerfulness and confidence our poet addressed himself to his "Task."

At first he enters into a playful discussion on the merits of his own sofa; but soon assumes a more serious tone, and proceeds to take an extensive sur-

vey of subjects most interesting to the tastes and feelings of man.

He portrays, with exquisite art, the pursuits and the pleasures of mankind; their hopes, their fears, their duties and difficulties are all described with an expression and dignity of style calculated to interest, if not to benefit, the most careless reader. The following remarks, copied from the manuscript of a friend, describe more fully the peculiarity of Cowper's style, and the inferences to be drawn from it in reference to himself:—

“There is a branch of rhetoric which we do not remember to have ever seen fully examined: we allude to what may be termed the *philosophy* of style. That there is a close connection between the cast of a writer's mind and the forms of expression in which he clothes the conceptions of that mind, will be admitted by all who have given attention to the subject. Hence, in forming our estimate of an author, his style merits our attention; not as matter of curiosity alone, nor as presenting an opportunity for mere verbal criticism, but as furnishing a clue to his mental, and, may we not add, to his moral character.

“The principle just stated may be applied with peculiar propriety to Cowper, because he wrote from the abundance of an overflowing heart. His mind, if we mistake not, combined the qualities of delicacy and strength. Periods of mental disease of course excepted, he evinced a sound and penetrating judgment, sterling common sense, a keen perception of the ludicrous, and a liveliness of imagination, which made him, in private life, the most agreeable of com-

panions. Hence his style is marked by force and gracefulness. His poetry, ('The Task,' in particular.) is characterized by elastic energy, and a certain easy cheerfulness; his prose, by terseness and vivacity. The former we would liken to a clear mountain stream, whose waters make merry music as they flow, overleaping every obstacle; the latter, to a closely-woven web of finest fabric, beautified by skillful needlework."

There is yet another character in which we would view Cowper before leaving him; and it is one we would be cautious in touching upon; not because of any doubts existing in our minds as it regards his Christianity, but lest we might fail in delineating him in his true colors. But, as our judgment of our fellow-beings must, in a great measure, be founded on external evidence, we think ourselves justified in saying that satisfactory tokens of Christianity are visible in the writings of Cowper. Surely, the man that could, by the power of his pen, turn the whole tide of popular taste and feeling from a wrong channel, and guide it, and, as it were, govern the wild turbulence of its waves until it flowed calmly and smoothly on in its true course, could not have been devoid of that religious principle, by the power of which all this was accomplished. Such, then, is the opinion we may form of him as a Christian. We would, therefore,

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God."

NEW YORK, June, 1847.

M. A. M'C.

A FRAGMENT.—IMMORTALITY.

BY JAMES BATCHELLOR, D. G. M.

"The soul uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come."

THE desire of life and immortality beyond the dark confines of this transitory world, has, by the wise and benevolent designs of God, been implanted deeply in the soul of every human being. If we range the wide world over, we shall be utterly unable to find one solitary individual who stands erect, and bears the divine impress of the handiwork of Jehovah, who is not animated by the pure and undying hope of endless life in the world to come. This belief cheers and consoles all; its mighty influence is felt and acknowledged by all ranks and conditions of men. The mighty and powerful ones of earth; those who have loved with undying affection, or those who have scorned; those who have rejoiced and been glad all their life long, or those who have grieved and mourned in anguish of soul; those who have lived amid the clash and din of arms and the loud thunders of the fearful and murderous battle-field, or those who have lived in peace and calm tranquillity; those who have lived in affluence, enjoying the abundance of this world's goods, or those who have pined in want and

wretched poverty; the king, whose hand holds the royal sceptre, and whose brow is decorated with the jeweled mitre, or the beggar, who hath not where to lay his weary head, have all, at times, had their mind's eye fixed, by the power of faith, upon the bright polar star which shines out with such clear brilliancy on the far-distant shores of eternity, inviting them to that bright spirit-land, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Modern people and nations are not the only ones who have a strong desire for life immortal; for it has been cherished as an anchor to the soul, by nations and generations which have long since passed away. If we search the history of those nations of which we have any record, we shall find that they nearly all believed in a future state of existence. The ancient Scythians, Persians, Celts, Druids, Assyrians, Greeks and Romans, all believed that man would live on through the countless ages of a never-ending eternity. And many of their wise and learned philosophers were ever eloquent when speaking upon this truly sublime theme; and their poets, too, lent their inspiration in extending a belief in the doctrine that man should live beyond the tomb. It is true that many of the views of the ancients were rude, barbarous and cruel, and some were very fantastical and whimsical, especially in regard to the nature of the punishment of the wicked. The tendency of these views was of a very degrading character, exerting no salutary or moral influence in its operation. Some of these nations, more particularly the Druids, believed in the soul's transmigration into other bodies.

Not only have ancient nations, nations who have cultivated the arts and sciences, manifested an ardent desire for life that never ends, but, if we come down in our investigation to later times, we shall find that rude and barbarous tribes, of the wild and uncultivated portions of the earth, who have not been visited by the cheering light of civilization, have constantly believed and recognised the gladdening doctrine of never-ending life to man beyond the dark and mysterious valley of the shadow of death.

“ Even the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind—
Whose soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way—
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven ;
Some safer world, in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste ;
And thinks, admitted to yon equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

And is it for one moment to be supposed that this earnest desire after immortality, which God, out of his mere good pleasure, has conferred upon man, shall never be satisfied ? And are we to be thus tantalized with a fond hope which can never be realized ? If creating man, and giving him an existence in this lower world, was an act of divine wisdom and benevolence in the Creator, then the extending of that existence, duration without end, must be a still greater evidence of the wisdom, and power, and goodness of Deity. It is equally as easy for Him to give us immortal life, as to confer our present being. And is

it to be supposed that the unsearchable riches of boundless goodness can be exhausted in a few short, fleeting years, so that the unfathomable ocean of the Creator's love will be drained to the bottom—so that he cannot grant another boon or confer another favor? Is it possible that man, who is possessed of such mighty powers and faculties—capable of comprehending many mysteries, and of doing much good—was placed upon this earth to pass away a short existence of threescore years and ten, of sunshine and showers, of smiles and tears, of hope and fear, receiving the rich bounties of high heaven, and then perish like the cattle of the field? No: this cannot be. We will not believe it; for HE who, in the plenitude of his rich love and mercy, gave us our present being, will undoubtedly confer upon us, when we take our final departure, immortal powers and faculties, which will be capable of exquisite enjoyment in that bright world to come; for since not a sparrow falls to the ground without his knowledge, we are led to believe that mankind are “of more value than many sparrows.” And since he constantly clothes the fields with verdure, and keeps a watchful eye over the fowls of the air, that “neither sow nor reap,” he will not suffer our holy hopes, and warm aspirations, and all our bright visions of a future life, to be forever shrouded in the cold damp grave. If immortality is a blessing, and God is possessed of sufficient power and benevolence, he certainly will not withhold it from the children of his power.

Man shudders with dread at the idea of gloomy annihilation. Rob him of all his delightful hopes of

existing in eternity, and you deprive him of all the joys and sweet communions of this life. It throws a thick veil of midnight darkness over the fair and beautiful face of the universe, and wraps in deep mystery the great object of man's creation. It casts a deep and solemn gloom over every thing by which we are surrounded. If we turn our eyes upwards and view the deep blue heaven—and seriously contemplate its surpassing splendor and its bright glories, the vast magnitude of the planets which roll on through immeasurable space—if we roam abroad amid the sublime grandeur of the teeming earth below, viewing God's footstool clothed in freshness, bestudded with ten thousand rich gems, whose stupendous mountains are piled high up towards the bright heavens, and whose mighty oceans and rivers show forth the almighty power, and wisdom, and love of Deity—if we listen to the melodious notes of the feathered songsters of the green groves, whose melody is sweet and soothing as angels' heavenly music, yet amid all these wonderful things to cheer us, the black thought of annihilation makes us involuntarily start and tremble, and man's proud soul bows down in hopeless despair! Under its direful influence, we are grieved to think we must bid adieu to this glad and beauteous earth and its enchanting scenes; its familiar clouds and streams, and moon and stars, and go down into the still black waters of endless forgetfulness! Under its fearful reign there is not one dim ray of hope, not one radiant beam of light gleaming from the glowing Star of Bethlehem, guiding us to the pearly streets of the new and heavenly Jerusalem; but all is blank and gloomy oblivion!

Nothing but the bitterness and blackness of wild and sickening despair meet our wishful eye. Such is annihilation. Who would wish to believe in it? rather, who could believe in it?

But how different is the influence of a firm belief that man's spirit shall never die! How different with him who, with unshaken confidence, believes that he will exist eternally in the world to come! When he views with warm affection the loved companion of his bosom and his dear little ones, his heart swells with proud emotion, and he drinks in happiness in the full assurance that they were not born for a day, or a year, but for eternity. He is ever animated with a glorious hope, and cheered with a confident faith, that the cold and gloomy grave is not his final home. He is not terrified at the noiseless foot of time, which, hastening on his rapid march, is hurrying him on to the tomb. His hope bids him look with undimmed vision beyond the dark valley of the shadow of death, and the deep forgetfulness of his last resting-place; and faith points far beyond the horizon's verge, to the bright spirits' land. He is confident that, when his earthly tabernacle shall be dissolved, he will have an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, which fadeth not away; in which, by the power of God and the resurrection, his ransomed and purified and disenthralled and immortal spirit shall abide. And if he has a Christian hope, well-regulated by the pure teachings of the gospel, while sailing over the stormy ocean of human life; if he should be tempest-tossed, and billow after billow of misfortune and distress and sad disappointment come booming up in mountain height, seem-

ingly ready, every moment, to overwhelm him in utter destruction and ruin, with the steady eye of faith he looks through the dark and fearful tempest, and beholds the bright day-star shining out from amid the wild and dreadful desolation which reigns around.

Let us, then, hold fast this cheering hope of unending life; let us cherish it as the best gift of God to man. "Its price is far above rubies, and before it all the glittering diamonds of Golconda, and all the shining gold of Ophir," is but dross, and corruption, and poverty. Let the fire which it has kindled upon the altar of our hearts never be put out; but let it burn clear and steady, cheering us on to deeds of greatness and of goodness, that we may be the better prepared to participate in its holy joys and consolations. And if it is a dream, as some have said in their foolishness, oh! never let us be disturbed in our dreamy slumbers, but in mercy permit us to dream on; for if it is a dream, it is, indeed, a pleasing one.

HUDSON, May, 1847.

TO A FRIEND.

I ASK thee not for pearl or gem
To deck my brow or hair;
For costly gifts, or aught we call
Most beautiful and rare.

When fairer forms around thee glide,
And all is mirth and glee,
I ask thee but to pause awhile,
And give one thought to me.

When in the silent gloom of night
Thy fancy wanders free,
To all the moments spent in bliss,
O! then remember me.

When, plung'd in sorrow's deepest gloom,
Thou dost bewail thy lot,
Then turn to me, thy constant friend,
For I'll forget thee not.

In all thy weary pilgrimage
Through this bleak world of care,
When thou art almost forced to yield
Thyself to dark despair,

Then think of me, whate'er thy fate,
However hard thy lot,
For I am still thy faithful friend,
And will forget thee not.

E. F. M'C.

NEW YORK, June, 1847.

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

BY THE LATE REV. AARON HOVEY.

THE being of a God would be truly desirable, even if it were impossible to prove it. It would be highly desirable that an intelligent, wise, just and good Being should have the government of the world in his hands. Such a government would be very beneficial in a political view. It would have a natural and happy tendency to restrain the vicious and corrupt passions of mankind, and make men better and more useful citizens. Such a government would, further, be desirable, as it would be calculated to redress all the injustice which is practised in the world.

Of our own existence we are positively certain. This is manifest to our reason. We are conscious of the fact. We know it intuitively, which is the highest and most certain kind of evidence.

If we exist, then, something must have existed from eternity. If something has not existed from eternity, then whatever does now exist must have arisen into being absolutely and entirely from nothing, and without any cause of its existence. This cannot be true. For, to say that something is effected by nothing, is the same as to say that it is not effected; or that it

does not exist. To suppose something produced by nothing, is to suppose an effect without a cause. But this cannot be; because an effect necessarily supposes a cause. There cannot be an effect without a cause.

Again;—something must have existed from eternity, or else whatever did first exist was created and brought into existence, absolutely, by its own exertion. This is false; because to suppose whatever did first exist to have created itself, is supposing it to have action previously to its existence. For creation, necessarily, supposes a disposition or choice to create, and likewise exertion to carry the disposition into effect.

A series of derived dependent beings cannot have existed from eternity. Every series supposes one, which was first. And this first cannot be derived—because there is nothing before the first from whence it can be derived—but must be self-existent, which destroys the notion of its dependence. Again: suppose a chain hung down from an unknown height, and although every link of it gravitated toward the earth, and what it hung upon was invisible, yet it did not descend. Here it would not answer to say the first link depended upon the second, and so on, ad infinitum. The question would naturally arise, what does the last link hang upon? Add ever so many finites together, and they will not produce an infinite.

That Being which has existed from eternity must be self-existent. For whatever does now exist, must have come into being, absolutely, from nothing; or, it must have been dependent upon some external cause,

or it must have a reason of its existence in itself. For nothing to produce any effect has, already, appeared absurd. It has, also, appeared that there is something existing which has no external cause, but must have existed eternally and independently.

The true notion of self-existence is *not* that the self-existent being produced itself; for that would be making it only an effect dependent upon a cause; and subject, likewise, to the same absurdity as to suppose a dependent being produced itself. The true idea of a self-existent being implies a being, the supposition of whose not existing is an express contradiction. Since it is absolutely impossible but that something exist by the necessity of its own nature, it is clear that *that necessity* cannot be in consequence of any thing previous, or external. It must be a necessity absolute in its own nature. Such a necessity implies a contradiction to suppose otherwise. The equality of twice two and four is an absolute necessity; for it is a plain contradiction to suppose twice two are five.

The material world cannot be the self-existent and independent being. Whatever being hath existed from eternity, independent, and without any external cause of its existence, must be self-existent, as has already appeared. It has likewise appeared that it must exist by an absolute necessity of its own nature, so as to imply a contradiction to suppose it not to exist. It follows, that the material world must exist by an absolute necessity in its own nature, so as to imply a contradiction to suppose it not to exist. But we can discover no contradiction to arise by supposing that it did not always exist. Again: that

which is self-existent must be self-existent in all places; it must be infinite. For, if it may not exist in one place, it may not in another. If there are one, two, or more places in which we may suppose the self-existent being does not exist, we may suppose it not to exist at all. But this would destroy the notion we have of a self-existent independent being. Now that the material world is not the self-existent being, is clearly shown from the demonstration of a void, or of a space, with matter in the material system.

The self-existent, eternal Being must be a spirit. We have no notion of any existence except that of matter and spirit; and the mode of the existence of these we are unable to comprehend. As it has appeared that the material world cannot be the self-existent being, so we may very safely conclude that the original cause of all things is a *Spirit*. Again: we are conscious that we possess the power of thinking. We are capable of reflecting, of choosing or refusing, of judging and determining. But if we were merely matter, we never could exercise thought. Matter is not capable of producing thought. If matter were a thinking substance then, since it is divisible, it must possess as many minds as there are parts into which it is capable of being divided. If it is indefinitely sensible, then it must have an indefinite number of minds. But let matter be subtilized ever so much, or put into any shape whatever, yet it can never be supposed to produce thought. Hence we may conclude, since we are possessed of a thinking faculty, that we are possessed of *Spirit*. The cause must, necessarily, always be equal or more excellent

than the effect. So that no created being can possess any perfection which is superior to that contained in the self-existent being. For it is impossible that the effect should have any perfection which is superior to that which is in the cause. If the effect had any thing superior to the cause, then that perfection was caused by nothing. Now, if we are conscious that we have a thinking faculty, we must necessarily conclude that the self-existent Being is intelligent, and has power of thought; or else our perfection of thought must have been produced by nothing. And since matter is not capable of thinking and intelligence, therefore the self-existent being must be a Spirit.

The self-existent being must be eternal. To be self-existent, we have seen, is to exist by the absolute necessity in its own nature. That which must exist by the absolute necessity of its own nature at one time, must be under equal necessity of existing at another time, and at all times. So that the self-existent being must have existed from everlasting, or without any beginning, and must likewise exist to everlasting, or without end.

The self-existent being must be omnipresent. Since the self-existent being must exist by the absolute necessity of its own nature, so it must exist in all places, as it does at all times. Absolute necessity has no relation to one place more than to another. If the self-existent being necessarily exists in one place, it must in another, and in all places. It must be omnipresent.

The self-existent being must be omniscient. It has

already appeared that the self-existent being is a thinking, intelligent spirit. If that be the case, then the self-existent being must have some degree of knowledge. And since he is infinite, he must be infinite in all his attributes;—consequently, infinite in wisdom. If he be unbounded and infinite, and if he be an intelligent being, then all things must necessarily be present with him; and of course he must know all things.

The self-existent being must, of necessity, be omnipotent. Nothing, besides himself, can be self-existent; therefore all things in the universe were made by him, and are dependent upon him. All the power of all things are derived from him;—as he is the source of all power, so he must possess all power.

Again: the self-existent being is indued with liberty. The self-existent being was the creator of all things. If he was the creator of all things, then we must necessarily suppose that he had a determination to create; and his determination must depend entirely upon volition or choice. And if he be possessed of any liberty at all, he must have it to perfection.

Again: the self-existent being must be happy. He is infinite in knowledge. This enables him to know and choose that which is most conducive to his happiness. His power is infinite, and sufficient to enable him to carry into effect all his designs.

Further: the self-existent being is infinite in goodness, justice, truth, and all his moral attributes. He is possessed of all wisdom and knowledge, so that he cannot be ignorant of what is desirable; and since he is independent and all-powerful, it is impossible that

his will should be governed by wrong motives, or drawn into any measures that are inconsistent with his own supreme happiness, or the general good of the system. Again: the self-existent being possesses his attributes to perfection. We find that there is, at least, some degree of goodness manifested in the world; so we must conclude that he possesses some goodness himself, or else, in that respect, the effect would be more excellent than the cause. And if he possess goodness in any degree, then he must possess it to perfection. We behold evident manifestations of the goodness of the Supreme Creator in the works of nature. Almost every thing seems admirably calculated to answer the particular end for which it was designed. Who can help being astonished with the harmony, the sublimity and perfection of the movement, and the order and beauty, of the planetary system? Our bodies are striking manifestations of the goodness of their Author. How admirable is each part suited to the particular office to which it is designed! The eye, the ear, the tongue, the hand, and every member, are wonderfully accommodated to their particular services. If God be not good, why does not our food prove our poison, and the air we breathe our instant death?

CONNECTICUT, June, 1847.

A MANIAC'S VISION.

"HA! ha! they say I am mad; but they lie! None more sane than I." Such were the words of a wretched maniac, who approached me in the great hall of the asylum for the insane at L——. "Sit down with me, and hear my tale. It is a true one—come!"

There was an expression in the man's face that pleased yet pained me. I suffered him to lead me to a retired spot, and, as near as I can remember, he spoke as follows, with an energy impossible to describe.

"Last night, after they left me in my room alone, I went towards my door, when it flew open with such violence as to prostrate me to the floor. When I rose to my feet, what think you I saw? Oh, horror! it was HER, clad in the same habiliments in which I last beheld her. An awful sensation came over me as my gaze encountered that death-like object. Her white robe, that winding-sheet, hung in long folds from her shoulders: in her hand she held a torch, emitting a blue flame, which cast a frightful glare upon those marble features. Her face—my God! was that my fault?—her face was bathed with tears! She stood like a statue, her piercing eyes glaring on me; and I, too, was riveted to the spot whereon I stood—spell-bound! I did not dare to fly; my progress would have been impeded by that horrible shadow. Presently, however, she spoke. Her voice sounded in mine ear

like a death-knell. Strange! though her lips moved not, she spoke! 'Follow me!' was her command. Then I attempted to fly, but she cast a withering glance upon me, and reiterated in a stern tone the words, 'Follow me!' I was compelled to obey; I followed. She led me on—on—on—and down a flight of rude steps, until she brought me to a massive iron gate, which sprang open at her touch. 'Enter!' she cried, pointing to a gloomy dungeon within. I obeyed, and the door closed after me with a tremendous noise. 'See!' she continued, pointing to a small ante-chamber on my left, 'See!' I looked and beheld, O, horror of horrors! my own form writhing in fiery flames! I stood gazing but a moment, when two frightful spectres approached me, and commanded me to follow *them*. At first I would not go; but then they seized me and dragged me away. Aye! they dragged me into the regions of despair; black, hopeless despair! Ha! ha! *there* were sights indeed; such sights as, pray heaven, you may never behold. The little fiends were merry, too; they danced gleefully among the blue fires for a time, and then ushered me into another apartment, where I was received with a shout that rent the very roofs above me. And then reptiles crawled over me, and imps flitted before my eyes, until my head whirled, and I could see no more——"

At this moment my friend the keeper approached; and the poor maniac paused in his horrid recital. I was informed that he had been the victim of an artful woman whom he once passionately loved, but whom, in a fit of jealous frenzy, he had murdered.

A. P. L.

NEW ORLEANS, May, 1847.

THE ERRING.

BY CHARLES H. CLEVELAND.

Deal gently with the erring, for ye know not what sorrows encompass them.

I SAW a child at twilight hour
Beside his mother's knee ;
Forgotten were his youthful sports,
And hushed his voice of glee.
He listened patiently the tones
Of that sweet voice, which told
A SAVIOUR's love, which comforteth
When worldly loves grow cold.

That mother's voice fell on his ear,
As fall the April showers,
In all their gentleness upon
The young spring's budding flowers ;
And kneeling at that holiest shrine,
A Christian mother's knee,
Pure, as a breath of incense, rose
His prayer to Deity.

It was a lovely sight ! E'en now
Methinks I see him there
Upon his bended knee, and hear
Him lisp his trustful prayer ;
Ere sin had cast its withering blight
Upon those tender years ;
Ere yet the seeds were sown, whose fruits
Are bitter, heart-wrung tears.

• • • • •

Years passed—I saw him once again
When Manhood stamped his brow,
And death, with icy hand and cold,
Had laid that mother low.
Amid the fitful storms of life
He struggled bravely on,
As one who battleth for a crown
Whose glory may be won.

Yet in temptation's trying hour
He fell! and who may know
The bitter dregs that filled his cup
So full of untold woe?
No kindly voice to comfort him
In his dark pathway here;
Not one kind heart to whisper "HOPE,"
But all was cold and drear.

The flowers of Friendship withered then,
Beneath the slanderer's breath,
As ye have seen the violets die
Upon the sun-scorched heath;
And darker shadows o'er his heart
Their sable mantles threw,
As scandal, with her busy tongue,
O'ercolored pictures drew.

The tongue of censure pierced his ear—
He coldly turned away,
For pride still wielded o'er his heart
The sceptre of her sway;
Yet still I marked, when Kindness spake
With gentle tones and mild,
He turned him listening to her voice,
As humble as a child.

When from the path of rectitude
A brother goes astray,

Oh ! think ye not to lure him back
With censure to the way—
Think not, though he has erred, that ye
May idly probe again
Those wounded feelings, at whose touch
The soul is filled with pain !

There may be feelings, nay, there are,
Fine as the wind-harp's tone,
From whose depths only echoes forth
The penitential moan ;
There is a fountain in the heart,
As pure as gems that glow—
But gentleness alone can bid
Its crystal waters flow !

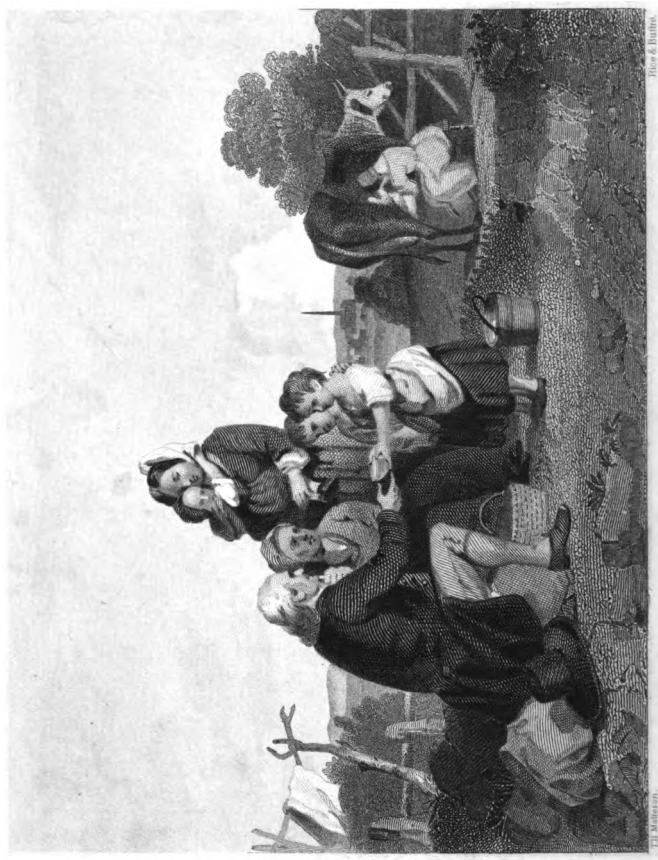
Kindness, with most, hath more of power
Than might itself can show,—
Pouring upon the wounded heart
A balm for every woe ;
And would ye win from error's ways
The wanderer again,
Strew in his path those priceless flowers,
Whose perfume lulleth pain.

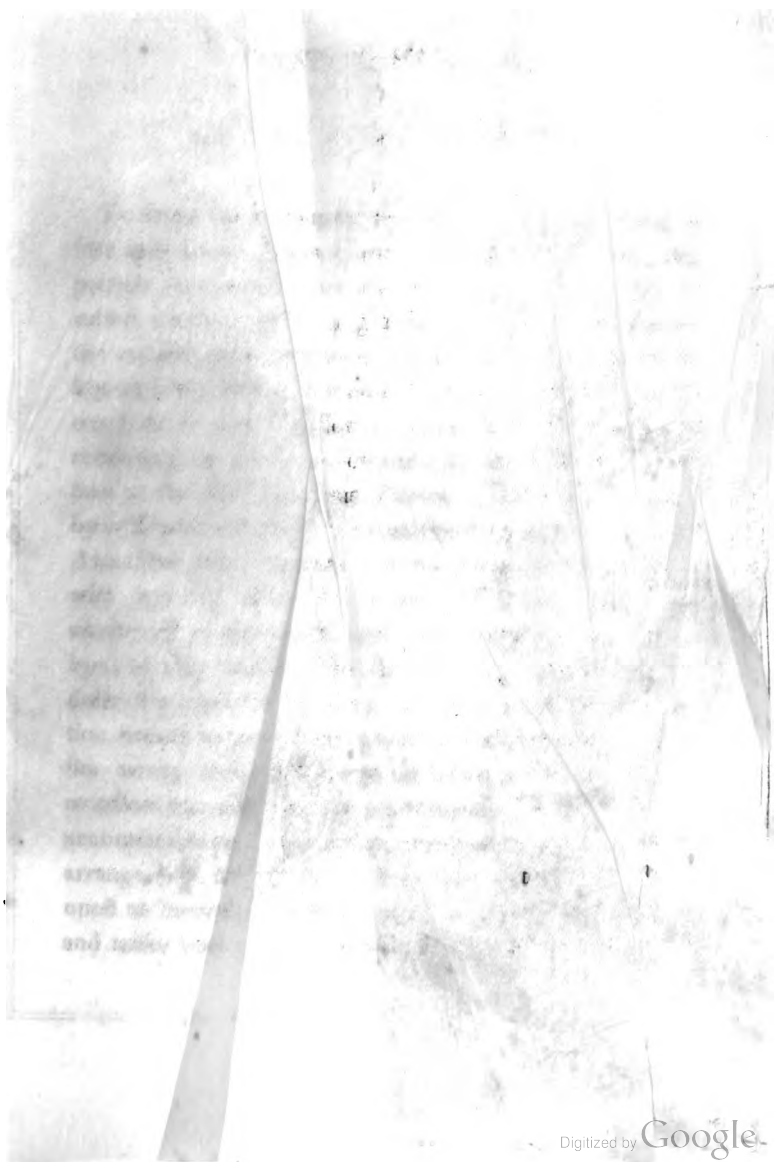
Could he but hear that mother's voice,
Which in his childhood blest,
'Twould soothe, methinks, his aching heart,
And sweetly bid him rest ;
'Twould come as comes the echo,
From some far-off, distant shore.
And whisper to the penitent,
"Go, son, and sin no more."

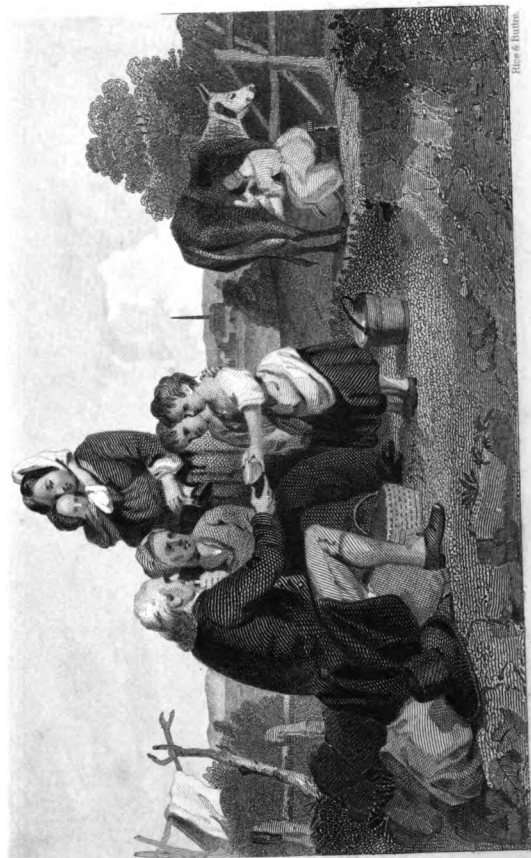
WILLIAMSBURG, L. I., June, 1847

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC

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Howe & Butcher

THE MARRIAGE

Howe & Butcher

RUSTIC HOSPITALITY.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

IF there be a country on earth where hospitality is free and hearty, it is ours. Whatever faults we may possess as a people, this one virtue—if virtue it may be called which is rather a gratification than a sacrifice of the natural promptings—is flourishing to a degree unknown elsewhere. It seems the spontaneous and generous fruit of our overflowing prosperity; the impulsive rendering to the fellow-creature of the debt which we owe to the All-bounteous Parent. When not crushed by self-induced Penury, or chilled by empty Pride, the American heart responds to the claim of the stranger with unerring electric precision. Whether guests are numbered in thousands while the government is called upon to play host, or the single stranger knocks at the door of a log-cabin in the midst of a prairie, no hesitation occurs as to the reception, refreshment, and aid of the weary and discouraged traveller. If immigrants overflow our alms-houses and hospitals, we build more; accommodating the surplus, meanwhile, by temporary arrangement, at any cost. If private visitors come down upon us in avalanches, we turn the house out of doors, and make beds in impossible places, rather than refuse

to open our doors to any one coming in the sacred character of guest. If our national character suffer—according to certain English observers—from the lack of the ennobling sentiment of loyalty, we may console ourselves, at least in part, by the reflection that a feeling and habit of hospitality is ennobling too, and perhaps proves no less in favor of the country than the other, especially since it often involves some sacrifice of time, inclination, and worldly goods, while loyalty may, and generally does evaporate in words. It is easier to swing one's hat and ejaculate, "God save the queen!" while we toss off a bumper, than to receive a poor family, furnish them with food and lodging, and speed them on their way. John Bull's loyalty has never made him look more sweetly upon the tax-gatherer, or embrace with fraternal warmth his Irish fellow-subjects; while our hospitality opens its doors to those whom taxes drive out of their homes, and to the Irish who flee before the tender mercies of their more favored countrymen. There is a vast deal of spurious but showy sentiment in the world.

But as a matter of individual and self-sacrificing virtue, commend us to the hospitality of the western settler, that which is indicated by our sketch. Here we see a scrap of fertile country, evidently new, yet evincing the enterprise of its inhabitants. A spire in the background leads the eye over a strip of rich meadow-land, to a thriving village, where tall houses show that the Yankee spirit has been at work. The female figure so intently engaged in milking, is dressed with no little attention to grace as well as comfort; and if "the milky

mother of the herd" is a thought angular in outline, we see plainly the blame is to be laid on the noble mess she gives, not to the scantiness of her pasture. What can be the object of so old a couple as the pair seated on the stones, in venturing into the backwoods, we can only guess. Remembrance of similar scenes makes us think they are of those who, having been at first irresolute at the prospect of leaving the home and the associations of youth, are finally induced by affection or compelled by poverty to join their prosperous children in their new abode. It will be long ere we forget the coming of two old people — the parents of our talkative neighbor, Mrs. Titmouse, whose log-house stood in a lonely spot, where the deer ran past the windows, to be shot, and the fox took care of the chickens. Mrs. Titmouse was a perfect Croton in conversation. Her daily talk was like streams, jets, douches — everything but the standing pool or the useful hydrant, which gives you just as much as you want.

"I want to speak to ye just one minute," she would say, if she caught you passing her door. "Sit down now, do! here's a seat" — (wiping it with Sally Jane's sun-bonnet). "I've seen the day when I could ha' gi'n ye a cheer that hadn't a broken back. My old man's shiftless like, ever since he walked out of the third story door of the mill and hit his head and spilt that new cap o' his'n. That cap cost twelve shillin' if it cost a copper. He bought it down to Galpin's; or rather I bought it, as I may say, for I airnt the money by spinnin'. Spinnin' isn't sich very bad business, after all, for I airnt enough by my wheel last year to buy that 'ere cap, and

them 'ere sashes, there in the corner. If my old man warn't quite so shiftless, we should ha' had something for winders besides cotton sheets, for them sashes has sarved for hen-roosts this six months. Its ra'ly astonishin' how hens does love to sleep where you don't want 'em to. They allers roosted on the teester of that bed till we got them sashes. I'd ruther have 'em there than on the bed, though."

Thus much would be said while the chair was dusted and the visiter placed in it. Then would the good dame seat herself upon the bed-side, and continue:—

"Folks may think, seein' me so kind o' scant off, that I hain't never been used to nothin'; but I can tell ye my folks down east is forehanded folks. I've got a cousin that keeps as handsome a shoe-store as there is standin' between this and Detroit. And my uncle's daughter, Malindy Brown, is married to a cap'n of a vessel—his boat runs on Connecticut river—I dare say you may have heard of him—one Jabez Coffin. And my cousin, Joe Binks, is a good farmer, with everything comfortable. When I was down east he gi'n me lots o' things. Look a here, now!"

And with the word, the speaker, in the vehemence of her desire to produce proofs of her gentility, would hop up on the block which served for a sort of stand by the side of the fire, and reach down a huge bag of dried apples, which must be "hefted" on the failing knees of the visiter, in proof of the forehandedness of the friends who could afford to give such evidence of their interest in Mrs. Titmouse. "They've got apples as plenty as taters," she would say, with a sigh, "and wool and flax

too, for all I'm so poor. But I'm goin' to have my old father and mother come out here, to see how poor folks live, and I don't believe but what they'll be pleased to see the openin's, too."

The old father and mother did come, and were duly installed in the "teestered" bed, while everything that the poor farm afforded was put in requisition for their comfort. Chinese exaggeration, "Every thing I have is yours," is literally acted upon in the woods in such cases. No reserve is thought of, from the best bed (though it be the only one) to the last fat chicken, if it will pleasure the honored guest, particularly if he come from "the east," that land of dear and splendid memories.

But all Mrs. Titmouse's care did not succeed in warding off the Destroyer, whose way was made easy by the weight of years, the effects of hard work, the change of climate, and the marsh malaria, which steamed up more venomously than usual, in the autumn of the year in which they came to visit their fluent daughter. Both the old people died; the man first, and the wife of grief for her lost companion. Only four weeks intervened, and the second funeral under such circumstances drew together the whole neighborhood.

Poor Mrs. Titmouse took her sorrow differently from other people. When her friends came to honor the sad occasion, they found the coffin on its tressels in the open air, under the shade of an ancient tree, and the bereaved daughter hovering about it with her usual appearance of assiduous inefficiency, and an unceasing gush of words. She recounted again and again, as new parties

came in, the whole story of her invitation to her parents, their acceptance, their journey; what she had done and tried to do for them while under her roof; the first symptoms of incipient fever; the whole course of medical treatment; the approach of danger; the fears and the regrets of the sufferers and herself; the consolations of the minister; the words of the fatal hour (chiefly her own); the preparations for burial, and the difficulty which occurred as to the digging of the graves, because the money, which must be paid in advance, was not forthcoming. These comprised but a portion of the topics with the discussion of which Mrs. Titmouse sought to relieve her heart, while her apron was every moment lifted to her eyes, to wipe away the tears ever called up anew by the words associated with all these sorrowful circumstances.

After the clergyman commenced his duties, habitual respect dammed up the stream of talk; but during the long drive to the grave, and at the grave itself, Mrs. Titmouse found herself refreshed enough to recommence the story of her woes. She was glad, at any rate, she said, that the old folks had such decent funerals. She didn't believe they would have had better at "the east," though all their people were so forehanded; and she should never forget Mr. C.'s kindness in getting them graves dug, and would pay him out of the very first spinning money she got. As for her husband, she insisted he was so shiftless, that there never would have been any graves dug if they had waited for him. To be sure, he said his back was lame, but it wasn't so lame but what he could sit on the counter at the store,

playing checkers with that loafer, Levi Cram, until sundown, never thinking of what was to be done.

At the grave the complaint took the form of more vehement lamentation. All the while they were lowering the body, Mrs. Titmouse stood looking in and wringing her hands. "Oh, my poor old father and mother! I'm sorry enough that ever I asked ye to come away from your comfortable home, out here into the *Michigan* to die, away from every body! Not but what it's a good place to live and die in, and I'm sure I'm under an everlastin' compliment to the neighbors for their kindness, and particularly Mr. C., for having the graves dug, and lending us his wagon; and if our pigs turns out any thing, which I'm afraid they won't, I shall certainly send Mr. C. one, besides paying him in money. Or if the pigs shouldn't do well, perhaps the chickens will. Any how, I'll find something, for I'm under an everlastin' compliment; and hope when any of you gets into trouble, you will find them that's able and willin' to help ye, though I wouldn't advise any one to bring their old father and mother out here, for though it's a good country enough for them that's strong and hearty, it an't no place for old folks."

This is but a trifling specimen of Mrs. Titmouse's grief-prompted oration; for pen and ink are too slow to give any idea of all that she managed to enunciate while the mould was filling in. Her talking was so proverbial in the whole neighborhood, that a reprobate fellow in telling the particulars of a fit of illness which had brought him to the verge of the grave, added: "But after all, the Lord was very good; for he never let old

Mother Titmouse come near me, or I shouldn't have sot here this day."

After our experience and observation, we cannot recommend the emigration of people advanced in years, though we are far from predicting for them the fate of Mrs. Titmouse's parents. Under the most favorable circumstances there are many privations to be undergone in a new country ; and though the disorders which belong to a luxuriant soil in the first stages of its cultivation, are not generally fatal to the young and robust, the constitution of the aged lacks stamina to rally after the first attack. But to those who do go, we can promise hospitality unequalled in the richest dwellings of the old world. The ready hand, the hearty greeting, the offered bed, the bounteous table, the best seat at the fire, await the traveller who comes to the country with the intention to settle. Those who fly to the prairies in pursuit of a new pleasure, may sometimes meet the cold shoulder—indeed, some have made complaints of that sort ; but our knowledge of western people assures us that if the other side could be heard, there would be good reason—either of haughty pride in the visiter, or sad deficiency or unhappiness in the house—to account for any such departure from the universal rule. 4

The very privations and difficulties of a new country lead to a kindness which is founded upon the keenest sympathy. Prosperity is but too apt to make us selfish and exacting, while it increases our wants, and leaves us little to spare. But when we have ourselves felt the needs which we observe in the new-comer—when we have felt the heart-sickness which grows out of fatigue—

strangeness—remembrance of home, and uncertainty as to the future—all referring, not to the mere luxuries and superfluities, but to the first requisites of comfort, or even of existence—the heart yearns with a fraternal tenderness toward him who is treading in the steps we have but just quitted, and we are willing to make the toils and sacrifices through which we have passed available in smoothing the way for another.

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

TIME INEXORABLE.

NEAR the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie,
As, traced among the fragments of his tomb,
The trophies of a broken fane imply.
Ah! what avails that o'er the vassal-plain
His rights and rich demesnes extended wide;
That Honor and her knights composed his train,
And Chivalry stood marshalled by his side!
Though to the clouds his castle seemed to climb,
And frowned defiance on the desperate foe;
Though deemed invincible, the conq'ror Time
Levelled the fabric, as the founder, low.
The lizard and the lazy lurking bat
Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room
Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,
Sweet singing at the silver-working loom.
Where the light lyre gave many a soft'ning sound,
Ravens and rooks, the birds of discord, dwell;
And where Society sat sweetly crowned,
Eternal Solitude has fixed her cell!

PAL.

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

IMPARTIALITY.

As YONDER summer sun looks down
Alike upon the good and vile,
Without the shadow of a frown,
But beaming one benignant smile —
O'er every scene his radiance flings,
To grateful earth's remotest bound,
Now glowing in the courts of kings,
Now glancing on the peasant's ground,
Unheeding all the sinful deeds
That stain our pilgrim path below,
And like luxuriant, noxious weeds,
Above the garden's glories grow —

So may thy generous soul on *all*
Diffuse its light of boundless love,
And, falling as the sunbeams fall,
Leave judgment with the Judge above.
I know thy heart hath hidden wells
O'erflowing with translucent streams
Of every noble grace that dwells
E'en in a seraph's sweetest dreams:
And ever may their sheeny waves
Alike for saint and sinner flow,
For rich and poor, for lords and slaves,
And *all* shall bless thee here below.

F. J. O.

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

REMEMBER ME.

THERE are no two other words in the language that call back a more fruitful train of past remembrances of friendship than these. Look through your library, and when you cast your eye upon a volume that contains the name of an old companion, it will say, *Remember me*. Have you an ancient album—the repository of the mementos of early affection? Turn over its leaves, stained by the finger of time—sit down and ponder upon the names enrolled on them; each says, *Remember me*. Go into the crowded churchyard, among the marble tombs—read the simple and brief inscriptions that perpetuate the memory of departed ones; they too have a voice that speaks to the hearts of the living, and it says, *Remember me*. Walk, in the hour of evening twilight, amid the scenes of your early rambles; the well-known paths, the winding streams, the overspreading trees, the green and gently sloping banks, will recall the dreams of juvenile pleasure, and the recollections of youthful companions; they too bear the treasured injunction, *Remember me*.

And this is all that is left at last of the wide circle of our early friends. Scattered by fortune, or called away by death, or thrown without our band by the changes of circumstance or of character—in time, we

find ourselves left alone with the recollection of what they were. Some were our benefactors, and won us by their favors; others were kind, and amiable and affectionate, and for this we esteemed them; others, again, were models of virtue, and shared our praise and admiration. It was thus a little while, and then the changes of the world broke in upon the delightful intercourse; it ceased. Yet still, we do all we can to discharge the one sacred and honest and honorable debt—*we remember them.*

The tribute, too, of remembrance which we delight to pay to others, we desire for ourselves. The wish for applause; the thirst for fame; the desire that our names should shine down to future posterity in the glory of recorded deeds; is a feverish, unhappy passion, compared with the unambitious desire to retain, even beyond the span of life, the affections of the warm-hearted few who shared our joys and sorrows in the world. I once read the brief inscription—"remember me," on a tomb-stone, in a country church-yard, with a tear that the grave of Bonaparte would not have called forth.

But whom do we always remember with affection? the virtuous, the kind, the warm-hearted; those who have endeared themselves to us by the amiableness of their characters. It is the mind, the disposition, the habits, the feelings of our friends, which attach us to them most strongly; which form the only lasting bond of affection; which alone can secure our affectionate remembrance.

Then, if we would be remembered with the kindest feelings; if we would be embalmed in the memory

of those we love ; if we desire that when fortune or fate shall separate us from our friends, they may long think of us ; we must possess ourselves the same character we love in others. Never was a more noble line written in the history of man than this : " The first emotion of pain he ever caused, was caused by his departure."

JULIA.

PORTLAND, June, 1847.

TO MARY.

Oft in my visions bright,
When fairy wings were o'er me,
I've seen a sylph of light
Serenely move before me.
Her eyes have shone on me alone,
The smile her cheeks would vary,
And when she spoke, my soul awoke
To love—to joy, and Mary.

Oft in the festive hall,
In days of summer weather,
Where gentle footsteps fall,
We since have moved together.
The smile, the glance, the merry dance,
The words, which love would vary,
Can never die, while memory's eye
Still dwells upon them, Mary !

June, 1847.

EDWIN AND ELLEN.

SWEET Ellen! 'tis a lovely morn,
The stormy clouds are rolled away;
Quick bring to me my hunting horn,
That I may chase the deer to-day.

The restiff hounds are baying loud;
They long to range the forest green;
And of their prowess I am proud,
So swift their feet, their scent so keen.

Now, go not forth, my Edwin dear!
There's danger in the dim old wood;
For Indian foes are prowling near;
They lurk within the solitude.

The scouts came in; 'twas yestere'en
Along the Susquehannah side,
And in the distance, dimly seen,
A bark canoe was on the tide.

They watched it till it touched the strand;
Then issued forth the warrior crew;
Well armed were they, that savage band,
And quick they vanished from the view.

Within the thicket they are spread;
They crawl unseen along the ground;
All silent is their trackless tread;
Their arrows fly without a sound.

Then go not forth, my Edwin dear!
But with your Ellen fondly stay;
My boding thoughts are tinged with fear;
Hunt not the forest deer to-day.

Fear not, fear not; my hunting horn,
Sweet, gentle Ellen, bring to me;
You'd scorn your love, himself he'd scorn,
If thus from danger he should flee.

It fits a man to face a foe
That thus besets him in his path;
I fear not secret sudden blow,
Nor open tempest of their wrath.

Nor noiseless footsteps do I dread,
The gloomy forest deep within;
Mine ears can hear their stealthy tread,
Though muffled by the moccasin.

Well-tempered is my trusty knife,
My deadly rifle carries true;
And be there peace, or be there strife,
This night will I return to you.

He winds his horn; he wends his way,
And kindly pats each eager hound
That leaps upon him in its play,
And lightly sports his path around.

And now no more can Ellen view
Their blithesome bounds, or gambols rude;
But still her sight she strains anew
To pierce the shadows of the wood.

They're gone, they're gone; but hark! she hears
The opening pack's discordant yell;
'Tis music to her listening ears,
A proof as yet that all is well.

And yelp, and hoop, and shout amain,
The trampled, crackling forest fill ;
Whilst echo answers back again
With mimic voices from the hill.

As further flies the startled deer,
Still fainter comes the wild uproar,
And now it dies upon the ear,
And hound and horn are heard no more.

The sullen stillness, as a spell,
Pressed heavily on Ellen's heart ;
A sadness on her spirit fell ;
Its deep'ning gloom would not depart.

'Tis noon ; she watches from the tower
In hopes her Edwin soon to see ;
'Tis dewy eve, the promised hour—
The hour is come—but where is he ?

Yes, where is he ? Behold along
The misty mountain's rugged base,
His faithful hounds, so fleet and strong,
Are now returning from the chase !

So fleet and strong ; so worn and weak,
They scarce can drag a weary limb.
Oh ! who can Ellen's horror speak ?
Alive they ne'er had quitted him.

Her heart with sudden action beat,
And quick her stifling breath she drew,
Then starting frantic from her seat,
To meet the dogs away she flew.

With whimp and whine the leading hound
An Indian arrow in his side,
At Ellen's feet fell to the ground,
Look'd up into her face, and died

The others all were bleeding fast,
Slow laboring forward in distress,
Whilst oft a backward glance they cast
In terror toward the wilderness.

But when she cheer'd them with her voice,
As panting by her side they stood,
The faithful creatures did rejoice,
And turned to guide her through the wood.

Oh! she could fly, but must delay;
The outworn dogs are sick and slow,
And doubtful is the forest way,
For darkness thickens as they go.

The setting sun, with slanting beam,
Still lingers o'er the topmost bough,
But not a straggling ray can gleam
Upon the murkiness below.

Oh! what is hapless Edwin's fate!
Mayhap his life is ebbing now,
And Ellen comes, but comes too late,
To staunch his cleft and bleeding brow.

She urges on each flagging hound,
Hour after hour, for many a league;
Whilst oft they stretch them on the ground,
In their exhaustion from fatigue.

But she has strength—a giant's strength—
The superhuman might of fear;
Nor noteth she the journey's length,
Nor nighted pathway, dark and drear.

Her soul is all absorbed in his;
Her every thought is fixed on him;
Hers is a Woman's love; and this
Nor knows of weary heart or limb.

But hark ! a yelping, quick and clear,
Comes ringing from the foremost hound,
Denoting unto Ellen's ear
That what she seeks at length is found.

Oh ! how her throbbing bosom thrilled
With hope and fear's alternate tide !
And Edwin's name the forest filled,
But Edwin heard not, nor replied.

Yet on she pressed unto the spot,
To which the dogs' low whining led ;
Of Edwin's form a sight she caught,
And with the sight her senses fled.

All stark he lay, bereft of life,
Beneath a huge o'erhanging rock ;
Within his breast a scalping knife,
And in his brain a tomahawk.

Yes, he, her lover, fond and brave,
Was murdered in that dreary dell !
One wild, unearthly shriek she gave,
And o'er his bleeding body fell.

* * * * *

Turn back, turn back, proud bridal-guest,
The nuptial feast will ne'er be spread ;
On Edwin's cold and lifeless breast,
As stiff and cold, lies Ellen dead.

J. W. M'C

NEW YORK, June, 1847.

THE VOICE OF OTHER DAYS.

BY G. W. MAGERS.

"'Tis silent all! — but on my ear
The well-remembered echoes thrill!"

BYRON.

I CANNOT forget it, where'er I may stray,
The sweet voice that gladdened an earlier day,
And with the ambitions of boyhood entwined —
The roses of hope — the aspirings of mind.

How often my innermost soul it hath stirred,
With music more sweet than the songs of a bird,
As away from the follies I sought to pursue,
With the charm of an angel, my spirit it drew!

At times it goes past me in solitude hours,
Like a chime from the bells of musical flowers;
And then all my mem'ries awake from their sleep,
And the tides of my feeling constrain me to weep.

I weep not for sorrow, so much as for bliss,
That a voice from the better world cheers me in this,
That when I am tempted from virtue to stray,
It warns me of dangers that lurk in the way:

That when by the cares of the world I'm oppress'd,
It whispers me courage and points me to rest;

And drawing my mind from its burdens apart,
Gives nerve to my spirit and joy to my heart.

It never comes boldly — but soft as the knell
That is rung when a summer-breeze steals o'er a shell ;
And though it is powerless to startle or thrill,
Its whispers lead captive my heart and my will !

Sometimes in the city, 'midst commerce and din,
When the mind is o'erburdened, it gently glides in ;
And when to the loneliest shade I repair,
That sweetest of voices is echoing there !

I see not its author — perhaps 't is as well,
As absence but renders more potent the spell :
But oh ! I remember, though long years have fled,
The day we committed her form to the dead.

When was ended the ritual and finished the prayer,
And we 'd turned from the graveyard and left her there,
I felt that my heart was a desolate throne,
And I but a wanderer, journeying alone !

But no ! — though the dear one was cold in the ground,
Her presence in angel-notes floated around ;
And still it is with me, in sunlight and drear,
To lure me from evil, to guide and to cheer.

Oh thus may it linger.— nor from me depart,
Till Death's chilly finger is laid on my heart ;
Nor then may it leave me, but cheer me along,
Till the *blessed* receive me, and learn me their song !

BALTIMORE, MD., July, 1847.

FLOWERS.

I do love flowers! They are the very poetry of nature; we read on their glowing leaves every sympathy of the human heart. The natives of the sunny East have been their interpreters, and a more beautiful language never owned translation! How delightful the tales which the modest violet and tintless lily tell to the soul! Where is the heart so dead as not to read volumes of feeling in the bell of the spring crocus, and the more beautiful bosom of the summer rose? I never loved Angela until I saw her gathering flowers, and smiling at their beauty, as she shook the dewy moisture from their glistening leaves! It was early in the morning; and although the sun had not yet won all its warmth, it at least boasted of all its brightness; and the flaxen tresses of Angela took a golden gleam, while, as the soft breezes kissed them, they undulated like the sparkling waves of a rivulet, when the bright luminary smiles upon its waters.

"Did not the sweetness of the violet portray you better," said I, as I approached, "I would compare your beauty to that of 'England's first best rose,' which you are now in the very act of gathering." "I love a moss-rose!" said Angela, blushing at my earnestness; "there is a witchery in the simple garb which enshrouds its beauties." "Your innocence," I

resumed pertinaciously, "to the lily ——" "And my wildness, doubtless," interrupted the laughing beauty, "to the eglantine; for I have already traversed the valley, and watched the rising of the sky's demi-god from yonder hills."

In the enthusiasm of the moment, the flowers fell from her hand, and in an instant I was at her feet, busied in re-arranging them. We were both kneeling on the earth; her warm breath dried the moisture on the blossoms which I held, and twice her taper fingers touched me ere our sweet task was ended. "I will retain this little pale lily," said I, when we had out-worn our occupation, "but, in return, I will bestow on you this Provençe rose; receive it with a smile, for it is Love's own flower." "Away! it is not for me then," said Angela; and throwing towards me a small branch of myrtle which she had worn in her bosom, "take the evergreen," she cried, sportively; "Love's flowers soon fade, those of Friendship endure forever." And ere I could reply, she had bounded from my side, and I watched her light figure as it swiftly and gracefully disappeared amid the mazes of the shrubbery. Strange, that though I had always deemed her beautiful, I had never loved her till then!

In the morning we again met—more flowers! the little Provençe rose had not been spurned; she had returned to seek it, and it had replaced the myrtle. What exchange of vows ever breathed such delicacy of passion, and such a tenderness of soul, as that simple transfer of nature's own cherished pledges? I saw her at an assembly—art had mimicked nature to adorn her, and her flaxen tresses were confined by a

slight chaplet of Provence roses! She blushed as my eyes rested on them, and we were mutually silent; it was a theme too sacred to be touched on amid revelry and heartlessness. The soul of Angela was as pure as the blossoms in which she delighted: I have seen her weep over a faded flower, and sigh upon the leaves of a declining one. This was enthusiasm; and yet woe to the coldness which would check the soft exuberance of feeling! There is a something holy in the love shed upon these tinted children of nature, these little silent portraitures of heaven: we may scorn the tear which weeps the loss of a gemmed bandeau, or a diamond tiara, for they are but the types of vanity, but a fallen rose and a trodden violet are holy in their origin, pure in their existence, sweet amid their ruin. Does not heaven lend its sun-beam and its tear to gladden and support them? and shall man coldly neglect that which heaven cherishes?

The woman of fashion crowds her conservatory with exotics; but it is vanity, not feeling, which dictates the act; for with her, feeling is often as exotic as her flowers: but where beauty twines them amid her tresses, or reposes them upon her bosom, we feel that the eye has less portion in the arrangement than the heart; and never does the rose grow so beautifully as when it reflects her blushes, or exhales so odorous a perfume as when it has been breathed upon by her sighs.

Can there be aught more exquisitely touching, than to see, in France, the corpse of a young unmarried female bestrewn with flowers, amongst which the azure periwinkle ranks pre-eminent? A few hours,

and all appear to have perished together—the maiden and the flowers; the blossoms which had once adorned her tresses, and the cheek that had glowed with inward exultation at their beauty, are one common ruin! Again, in that land of fancy, does the bride step forth from her chamber to meet the chosen one of her heart, and her simple and appropriate ornaments are flowers: the bouquet on her bosom, and the chaplet on her brow, are composed of the fragrant and elegant blossoms of the fleur d'orange; they are a type to the heart of the bridegroom, of the sweetness and innocence of her whom he has made his own.

Does a Persian fair favor the warrior who loves her, she teaches him his happiness by flowers; does that warrior fear her fickleness, he deprecates her inconstancy by the same wordless oracles. The devotee decks the shrine of her favorite saint with blossoms, and the heathen crowns his idols with a coronal of the same fragrant but perishable gems—gems, of which nature is so justly vain, that while she coldly conceals in her bosom the virgin pearl and the imperial diamond, she displays these in all their magnificence: and I, old man as I am, glory in these tell-tale harbingers of the revolving seasons, and despite the ridicule of the thing, I seldom resist the temptation of transferring a rose-bud from its “parent stem” to my button-hole.

T. P. T.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May, 1847.

THOUGHTS ON THOUGHT.

THE lightning's flash flies swiftly through the sky ; the eagle darts with furious rapidity on his prey ; the particles of light shoot with inconceivable swiftness from their source ; the cannon's iron progeny are hurried from its mouth, and the sound thereof goeth like a whirlwind ; the lynx's eye travels well its distance ; wind and steam, fire, air and water, have been brought into action, single and combined, to astonish mankind with their power and velocity ; but THOUGHT outruns, outflies them all. Not confined to

“ This speck which men call earth,”

a cosmopolite in the fullest extent, she bounds from earth to heaven, rises above the clouds, leaps from star to star, wheels her way round the blazing sun, roves with the comet without the precincts of mortal discovery, further away than astronomers venture to follow ; then suddenly she returns, and walks calmly by the side of this earth-bound tabernacle, conversing with the savage in the woods, the mariner on the deep, the scholar in his study, the merchant in his counting-house, the farmer in his field, peeps into the domestic circle, hears the whispers of song or the energy of argument, roves through the busy city—here, there, and every where in the same hour ; going and coming,

sometimes without regard to order, time, or place, till we are confused, disordered, confounded, convinced—that we are thinking.

Thought pervades every faculty of the mind, the main-spring, life, and soul of them all—volatile, yet the most substantial. We think of our best interest, it is judgment,—of our duty, it is conscience,—of our intentions, it is resolution,—of what is past, it is memory,—of what is to come, it may be hope or fear. We turn our thought to those who are dearest to us,—it is love and affection. Thinking of this or that person, thing, or circumstance, it may be the movings of this or that passion,—love, contempt, fear, hatred, anger, or jealousy. Add to these distinctions, imaginative fancy, romance, absence,—names often given to it. When under the influence of any of these—we are thinking.

But, as we have before hinted, different persons may have different thoughts on the same subject. Constitution, habit, and education, have given the most extended variety to the human family. Thinking much of one's own self, in one person, is pride—in another, it is self-examination. A Christian and an infidel look with very different thoughts upon a grave, a church, or a cross. One man looks with contempt or sorrow on the useless parade of soldiery. He sees in the gaudy trappings and glaring weapons the seeds of dangerous ambition, and the instruments of death: he thinks on the field of battle; the heart-rending groans; the flowing blood; the dying gasp; his thoughts wander to the broken-hearted soldier's widow, and perishing orphans; the havoc and misery of war fill his

mind with thoughts of horror, and he thinks with indignation upon any thing which will encourage it. His friend at his side entertains far different ideas. He thinks he sees in it the glory and strength of his country, and the terror of her enemies. Ask a clownish man why some men prefer a learned profession; he would say, because they are lazy: I need not mention the opposite opinion. The best and wisest, too, have differed on the same point. The same thoughts do not strike the minds of some men so forcibly as they do other's.

There is freedom of thought, which independently thinks for itself. It is governed by no opinions but those which satisfy itself. It admits nothing simply because it is old, or because it is authorized by learning or popularity. It detests a slavish imitation, and delights in original, self-created images.

Abstract events govern our thoughts, on the principle of association. When we see a *thoughtless* young man dashing through thick and thin, "frolic, flash and fashion," all think he is going down hill; some think of "giving him a kick," as the saying is; most think he had better stop; and they who don't hear of or see him, don't think of him. Arms, drums, cannon, make us think of war; like produces like—like object, like thought.

Were we fully acquainted with the thoughts of others, curiosity and inquiry would be thrown into non-existence. The intellectual advantage of such a thing, were it possible, might be considerable. One thing we are certain of, we should have very different notions of many things, and know better how to appre-

ciate the character of many injured persons, who, for want of being known, are unjustly indicted and condemned at the erring tribunal of our senses ; and we should have in our possession the true character of many, who pass for good, honest, upright men. Metastasio's elegant lines are in point :—

“ If every one's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share,
Who raise our envy now !

“ The fatal secret once revealed
Of every aching breast,
Would show that only while concealed
Their lot appears the best.”

We only add, from a higher authority—

“ Think evil of no man.”

The world is full of thoughts, and if they were material, the world might not contain them ; and if they bore their shape and character, what might we not see—what a motley group of dreams would be unfolded ! But a very small proportion are confined to paper, in the shape of books and newspapers. Confined !—no ; thought will not be confined. From the bright page ten thousand eyes receive them, and carry them into the recesses of as many heads, and they are thus carried from generation to generation ; but they often get dreadfully mutilated and adulterated on the way. We are a race of imitators ; half our learning is the learning of other times ; half our thoughts are not our thoughts. I, therefore, stand condemned. My *Thoughts on Thought* are not *my* thoughts ! E.

BOSTON, MASS., June, 1847.

THOUGHTS ON ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY MRS. S. C. LOOMIS.

WHEN the blue heavens were first wrapped around this embryo world, and the fiat of the Almighty had gone forth to *perfect* the work, and embellish the earth with all that is fair and beautiful, then was instituted that endless and pleasing variety, both on and around this globe, which makes it a terrestrial paradise. The mighty ocean, whose fathomless waves roll with sublime grandeur and dash with untutored violence, contains its millions of finny inhabitants, who revel in the depths of its caverns, and sport amidst its evanescent mountains. The solid earth is clothed with emerald; vegetation springs forth in its thousand beauteous forms, vieing with each other, and *all* appearing alternately the most lovely, from the stately oak, whose huge form gains strength by wrestling with the winds, to the modest violet, whose blue eye looks up to Heaven as if conscious from whence it derives its loveliness.

Wherefore all this preparation? Why this agreeable diversity of heat and cold, day and night, storm and sunshine? Wherefore is the broad and brilliant lamp of Heaven hung out by the fiat of Almighty Power, to cheer the day by its light and effulgence;

and, when gray twilight speaks of a change, the cerulean curtain of the sky spread with its millions of sparkling diamonds? I repeat it, wherefore all this mighty preparation, which could be accomplished by nothing short of Almighty Power and Infinite Wisdom? "Let us make man in our own image." *This* accounts for that august preparation, which engaged all Heaven in its accomplishment. "And God formed man of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." This vivifying breath of Deity, this emanation from God, was an inspiration of immortality, a spark of Heaven's own kindling, which proves, that though man's external nature is mortal, is perishable, his spirit, his mind, is a beam of immortality which must exist forever.

* * * * *

But the increase of the human race brought an increase of wealth and luxury, which only enervates the mind and debilitates the body, and blunts the perceptive faculties; and this brought not only an increase of selfishness, but an increase of pride and vanity.

The few who had the courage, the virtue, the magnanimity, to pass unscathed by the many temptations through the ordeal of human aggrandizement, may truly be considered as differing very much from the generality of mankind; and, be their profession, occupation, politics, or religion, what it may, they are *odd fellows*. And as there have ever been, since the commencement of time, some few choice spirits, whose ruling principle has been charity, which have served as so many beacons to warn mankind of the danger

of selfishness and the sin of misanthropy, we may justly consider that we are indebted to these for the preservation of an Institution which has for its object the happiness and well-being of mankind.

We are aware of the numerous objections which have at different times been brought against Odd Fellowship, by those who are ignorant of its true principles.

One whispers, "Beware of secret societies," another cries out, "Our creed is in danger," when all religious creeds are admitted into the same institution with ourselves. The third remarks, "If there is any thing good in Odd-Fellowship, why not proclaim it to the world," while the fourth, with an expression of contempt upon his features, drily says, "If its object is charity, we can bestow our charities without becoming members of any institution."

We contend that Odd-Fellowship is not a secret society, in so far as its object is concerned: the *end* for which it was established is not private, and its *principles* are proclaimed to the world. In answer to the objections respecting particular creeds, we would simply remark, that Odd-Fellowship has for its ultimate object, in a religious point of view, all that is valuable in any known creed. It embraces those of all religious denominations, and excludes none who possess a good moral character, and believe in the existence of God. Our daily experience has painfully taught us that those who make the loudest profession are apt to possess *least* of the true principles of religion. We are informed in the sacred scriptures that the wind passed over the mountain; God was not in the wind:

again, the tempest passed over, and God was not in the tempest ;—at length there came a still small voice, and God *was* in the voice. This still small voice is Odd-Fellowship ; it is the voice of sympathy, which bids him go forth, and search for the oppressed and down-trodden of his fellow-beings, and having found them, it bids him bind up the broken heart, and the spirit which is stricken with grief, and in proportion as he contributes to the happiness of others, he enhances his own.

The third objection which has been urged is, “If there be any good in this Institution, why not proclaim it to the world ?” We would briefly reply, that all that is necessary for the world to know, to enable them to judge of the merits or demerits of this Institution, is already known by those who have taken the trouble to inform themselves, as the use and definitions of, all its various symbols have been repeatedly explained in public lectures. To those who are still ignorant of its principles, we would say, suspend your judgment until you examine its principles for yourselves ; the foundation on which it is based, its ultimate aim and object ; (for they are no secret ;) and if you have the least particle of the milk of human kindness in your soul, you cannot say they are unworthy of your attention.

The fourth objection which is sometimes urged is, that we can bestow our charities without becoming members of a society. True, we can ; but if we actually *did*, would not starving penury and want be at once banished from the world ? What is every one’s business is no one’s, and the unfortunate being who seeks the cold charity of an unfeeling world is often

left to suffer for the want of the most common necessities of life. We enclose a garden with walls, not only that its fruit may come to maturity, but that it may be secured to its rightful owners. Even so with the principles of this Institution: its seeming barriers are against none that justice says may enter; they do not exclude those who are worthy to be admitted; and all rational minds must see the necessity of order in this as in all other societies.

Odd-Fellowship has for its object the fairest and the greatest of all the Christian virtues, which is *Charity*. The blessed Redeemer of the world set an example worthy of all imitation in relieving the pain and sufferings of mankind; ever at the couch of the sick, the sorrowful and afflicted, He is the angel of mercy to the erring, the restorer of sight to the blind, and He administered to the wants of all who were afflicted either physically or mentally. The Apostles followed His divine injunctions, and became ministering angels to the afflicted; and, according to the testimony of St. James, it was the religion which they not only preached but practised. "Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father is this, that ye visit the widow and fatherless in affliction, and keep yourselves unspotted from the world;" and this is the very essence of the principles of Odd-Fellowship, at least as we understand it.

You may perhaps ask why a woman should advocate the principles of Odd-Fellowship? We know that women are not admitted into Lodges; but, do we not have the privilege of examining the laws by which they are governed? Do we not possess the same facili-

ties for information as men who are not among the initiated? Most certainly we do: and if the highest officer in the Fraternity were to lecture upon this subject publicly, would he explain any thing more than the principles and object of this Institution, and its beneficial effects upon those who adopt its principles? Again; woman is so constituted that she forms the basis of domestic happiness or misery, just in proportion as she appreciates and facilitates the comfort and well-being of her family. And no woman can, in my opinion, feel indifferent to the happiness of those who are bound to her by the ties of consanguinity or affinity. Is not the happiness of her husband, father, brother, or son, of the greatest moment?

I know that many wealthy men think benevolent Institutions are nothing to them. Fortune has elevated them above their less fortunate neighbors; and as they have ever received her smiles, they expect a continuation of them. The sun has more than once rose brightly upon fortunes which had *ceased to be* ere his setting. Change is written with the broad sunbeam of truth upon all tangible objects. The rich of to-day may be the poor of to-morrow. "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." The king of Israel, who was noted for his great wisdom, has said, "Put not your trust in riches, for they take to themselves wings and fly away." And every day's experience proves the uncertainty upon which our fondest hopes are based.

MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

CHILDHOOD.

MORTAL ! in the path of life —
Voyager, on the sea of strife —
When the wave is roaring round,
And no place for rest is found,
Doth thy memory backward roam
To an humble youthful home,
Where thy early fancies sprung,
Where a mother's gladsome tongue
Soothed, with music fraught with love
And with prayers to God above,
Every care, or sorrow wild,
That would pain her worshipped child ?

Thou of bold and daring brow,
At whose nod the millions bow,
Who hast climbed the hill of glory,
And wilt live in after story,
In thy happiest, proudest hour,
Ere a threatening cloud may lower,
Ere the fickle breath of Fame
Casts a blight upon thy name,
Pause and say if in this hour
Aught of life hath sweeter power
Than the memory of the time
When thy life was in its prime —

When from flower to flower you roved,
And through paths of pleasure moved —

When the golden-visaged sun
Saw in thee the happiest one
Neath his bright paternal smile —
When, all free from care and guile,
Blessed with mother, sister, friend,
Life seemed heaven without an end,—
And the soft and sunny day
Spent in wild and joyful play,
Saw thee sink to seraph sleep,
As the stars their watch would keep?

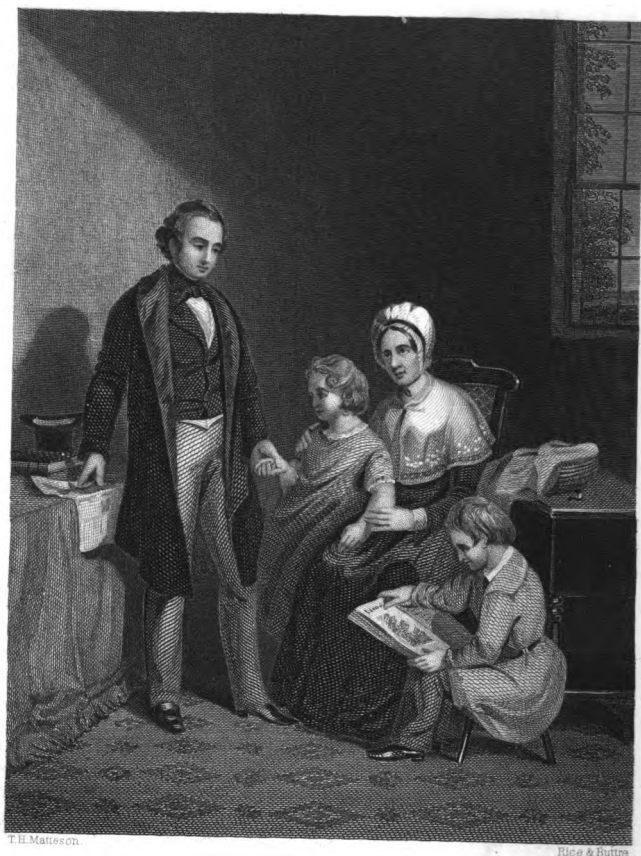
If beyond the yawning tomb
I may choose my future doom,
In an endless bliss to revel,
Safe from thought or deed of evil —
If my prayer may fix my station
As it wills in this creation —
I would choose unseen to roam
Round my early earthly home,
Rest on each familiar spot —
Places ne'er to be forgot —
And in spirit's wondrous power
Live again through childhood's hour!

F. J. O.

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

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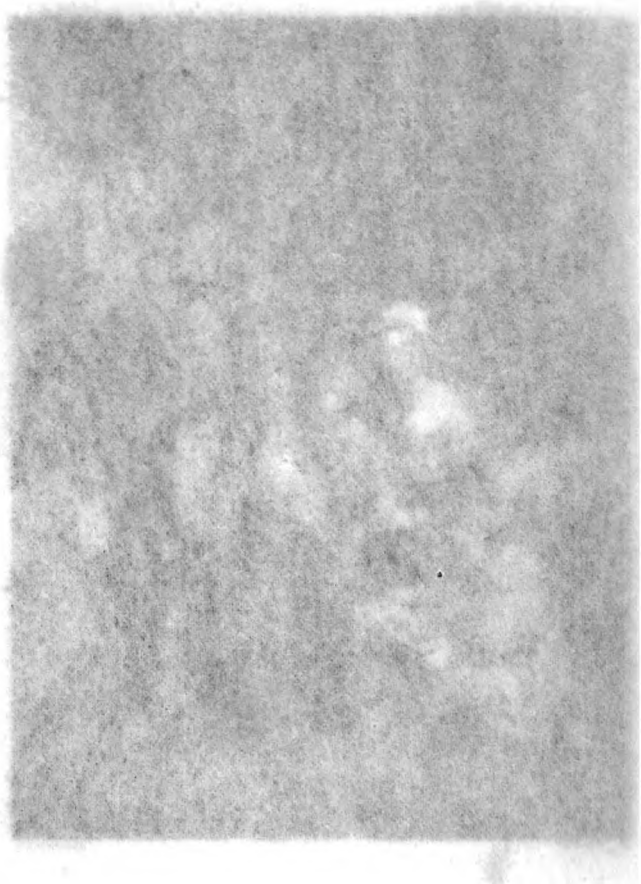


Mr. Wilson and his Children

E. Walker, New-York.

BY J. B. MURPHY

COME hither, ye gay votaries of Pleasure, ye fond worshippers of Wealth, and ye deluded pursuers of Fame, and survey this quiet group! If you have ears to hear, they will speak to you of pleasures more exalted than those of the senses, richer more enduring than those of earth, and obligations reaching far beyond your own self-aggrandizement. Behold here an emblem of that pure Benevolence, which is the source of all our discerned, bears unmistakable evidence of its Divine origin. We bow with reverence to its promptings, we listen to its voice as to the voice of God. Whether found lingering in the cell of the criminal, or at the bedside of the Christian; whether ministering to the wants of the body or the mind; whether its recipients dwell in palaces or cottages; whether resulting from organized association, or isolated efforts, it equally serves to exalt and dignify our nature. We have heard that



WIDOW AND ORPHANS.

BY J. B. MINTON.

COME hither, ye gay votaries of Pleasure, ye blind worshippers of Wealth, and ye deluded pursuers of Fame, and survey this quiet group ! If you have ears to hear, they will speak to you of pleasures more exalted than those of the senses, riches more enduring than those of earth, and obligations reaching far beyond your own self-aggrandizement. Behold here an exemplification of that pure Benevolence, which, in whatever form it is discerned, bears unmistakeable evidence of its Divine origin. We bow with reverence to its promptings, and listen to its voice as to the voice of God. Whether found lingering in the cell of the criminal, or around the bedside of the Christian ; whether ministering to the wants of the body or the mind ; whether its recipients dwell in palaces or cottages ; whether resulting from organized association, or isolated efforts, it equally serves to exalt and dignify our nature. We have heard it responding to the call of those whose only claim was a common humanity. It sits not down, however, holding itself only in readiness when solicited. It open its ears, indeed, to the Macedonian cry, " Come over and help us," from whatever quarter of the globe it may proceed, but it shuts not its eyes to the poverty which shrinks from

observation, and the distress which has no language to make itself known. The legitimate demands upon it, though numerous, absorb not all its attention.

“ Not these suffice ; to sickness, pain, and wo,
This Christian spirit loves with aid to go :
Will not be sought, waits not for Want to plead,
But seeks the duty — nay, prevents the need.”

It is no ideal picture of the imagination which our artist has here shadowed forth. We have witnessed such scenes, we have participated in such consolations. Its truthfulness will be attested by the thousands who have realized how infinitely more blessed it is to give than to receive, and the tens of thousands whose hearts have been made glad and the anguish of whose spirit has been healed by the means here so happily illustrated. The calmness which rests on the features of the mother is the calmness which has succeeded deep affliction, and her hope and resignation, though resting on the promises of God, have been strengthened and fostered by the ministrations of his disciples.

If there are any whose conceptions of benevolence are so exalted, and whose realization of its demands are so comprehensive, as to create a disrelish for the enjoyment of the sketch before us, they have ample scope for the exercise of their enlarged philanthropy. For ourselves, however, we know no command more binding, and recognise no more beautiful form of Charity, than that which ministers to the relief of the **WIDOW AND ORPHANS.**

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

"RELIEVE THE DISTRESSED:"**A COMMAND OF UNIVERSAL APPLICATION.***(See Frontispiece.)***BY J. B. MINTON.**

THE claims of suffering humanity should find a ready response in every heart. Enlightened statesmen and philanthropists recognise as their highest duty, the amelioration of the condition of the unfortunate and the distressed. Governments, as they advance in civilization and refinement, are turning their attention to the relief of those whom misfortune or imprudence has rendered incompetent for conflict with their fellow-men. Philanthropy has, of late, been earnestly engaged in devising plans for the relief and restoration of those whose existence had been nearly rendered a blank, by some mysterious decree of Providence. These efforts have not been in vain. Investigations into the nature of many of our most afflicting calamities, have developed a new and valuable mode of treatment. The law of kindness and love has superseded that of restraint and cruelty. A pure spirit of benevolence, that stops not to inquire the birthplace, condition, or creed, of the sufferer, is being diffused through the land. Whether the mortal frame, suffering the pangs of disease and death, require the aid of medical science and skill, or the immortal mind, reviewing a misspent life, need words of spiritual con-

solation, this gentle spirit ministers to each. It points the dying sinner to the great Author of his existence, for that mercy and forgiveness too often denied him by his fellow-men. The Christian is reminded of the great and exceeding rewards awaiting him. The anxiety of each in reference to their kindred is lessened by the assurance that the same benevolence which induces the visiting of the sick and the afflicted, prompts to the relief of the widow and the fatherless.

Henry Irving was a young man of fine appearance, and splendid talents, who, by his own efforts, had attained a respectable rank in the literary world. He had struggled manfully up from obscurity to fame. Though poor in worldly wealth he was rich in that knowledge which exalteth a nation. He saw and loved Mary Marsh. Their betrothal soon followed. The marriage ceremonies were scarcely over when the news of the death of her mother reached the young bride. We shall not attempt a description of her suffering. Every consolation that could be devised was administered. She gradually recovered from the effects of the startling intelligence, and became calm and resigned.

Her affections now clustered more strongly around her husband. She cheered him in his labors and soothed him in his sorrows. The birth of a daughter consummated their happiness. In the enjoyment of uninterrupted domestic felicity, the life of the mother passed away so gently that she scarcely took note of time. The excitement and great mental labor attending Mr. Irving's profession, however, seriously impaired his health. The tour of the lakes was recommended by his physi-

cian, as furnishing new objects of thought and affording that change of climate and that variety of scenery demanded by the nature of his bodily and mental diseases. He immediately acted upon the suggestion, and after affectionately caressing his family, started on his journey. He had reached a small village in the interior of the state when he was seized with fever, and rendered unable to proceed. There was no public house in the place, but the spirit of friendship, love, and truth, had penetrated each heart, and offered the sufferer a ready asylum. His symptoms were alarming, and he desired that his family should be informed of his situation. Upon receipt of the melancholy news, they flew to his relief. In the meantime, his fever had produced delirium. His disordered reason ran riot. Now he imagined himself with his wife and daughter, then pursuing his journey; now traversing a beautiful prairie, and then descending some fearful precipice or fording some swollen and turbulent stream. He was in a quiet sleep one afternoon, and his attendants left him for a short time. About nightfall a carriage drove to the door, and Mrs. Irving and her daughter entered the dwelling. With sobs and tears they were conducted to his apartment; but what was the astonishment of his attendants, and the unutterable woe and despair of the wife and daughter, on finding it unoccupied! The maniac had fled! The wife, suffering extreme agony, insisted upon joining in the search that was immediately instituted. Her daughter could not be prevailed upon to remain behind. The neighbors separated in all directions. The benevolent host accompanied the afflicted kindred. It was dark ere they de-

parted. The moon, which had risen brightly, soon became obscured by clouds, and rain fell in torrents. It was only by occasional flashes of lightning that they could distinguish surrounding objects. It was finally determined to remain where they were until daylight. No rest, however, came to their weary limbs, and long before that time the party renewed their search. Daylight found them upon the highway. After pursuing it for a mile farther, they discovered a human form lying by the roadside, and upon coming nearer recognised the object of their search, apparently lifeless. Here was again enacted what is recorded of the Good Samaritan. He was raised and conveyed to the residence of his benefactor. Symptoms of life were soon manifest. But he awoke not to reason. The wounds upon his person, his wild expression, and frantic ravings, told that a conflict more terrible than that of the elements without had been going on in his mind.

The benevolence which for three months lingered around the bedside of that insane man, providing for his every want, supporting his family, and furnishing the means that led to his restoration to reason, is worthy of especial record. Its commemoration is the only object of the writer. However imperfect the narrative, it may possess some interest in so far as it tends to illustrate the spirit and principles of that Order of which the benefactor of Henry Irving was so admirable an exponent, and of which Henry Irving himself afterward became a prominent member.

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK.

(See Vignette.)

“AND they murmured again.” Could the chosen of God
Be so weak in their faith, and so cold in their love —
After all that had passed — since the serpent-made rod
First hissed at the monarch the plagues could not move ?
Forgot were the wonders JEHOVAH had wrought ;
The bush unconsuming on Midian’s plain ;
The dust turned to lice, and the million frogs brought,
And the rivers of blood rolling death to the main :

When the sun set at noon in a heaven full of flies ;
When the murrain and blain smote the beasts of the stall ;
When the lightning and hail showered doom from the skies,
And the locusts drew over old Egypt a pall :
When the sun and the stars shut their light from the earth,
And the tangible darkness held absolute sway ;
When the Angel of Death claimed the earliest birth,
And ravished the young hope of Egypt away.

Forgot, the red pillar that shone all the night,
Like an altar of flame, on the verge of the sky ;
The cloud, that by day led their journey aright,
Or frowned back the foemen whose chariots were nigh :
Forgot, the vexed waters that threatened in vain,
As they trod the deep caves of the God-riven sea ;
And the doom, when the rod was stretched over the main,
And the deathwail of Egypt sang Israel free.

“And they murmured again.” Scarce the echo had died
Of the song of the prophetess, praising the Lord,
And Shur’s lonely wilderness, dreary and wide,
Caught faintly the timbrel’s harmonious accord ;

When, thirsting, to Marah's dark water they came,
And eagerly quaffed, but as eagerly spurned —
Its bitterness served but as oil to the flame,
Till the tree to rich sweetness the bitterness turned.

"And they murmured again," in the Desert of Sin:
"Would to God we had died by the fleshpots of yore!
For the Famine is with us, all ghastly and thin,
And the Lord we have followed will hear us no more!"
Then the glory of God, flashing out from the cloud,
Bade the quail and the manna of heaven to fall;
And the murmurs, at midday so frequent and loud,
At sunset were praises and thankfulness all!

"And they murmured again," though the manna and quail,
At daybreak and nightfall, forgot not to come,—
At Rephidim, "No water!" — "No water!" the wail;
And the voice of thanksgiving grew suddenly dumb.
But the Patient, Long-Suffering, Often-Contemned,
Who led by his presence his murmuring flock,
Still kind and forbearing, where Justice condemned,
Brought them, thirsting and weary, to Horeb's high Rock.

"Strike! Prophet of Mine!" The all-powerful rod,
Like a bolt of red lightning, tore open the stone,—
And, glittering bright in the splendor of God,
The Symbol of Truth murmured joyfully down!
Rejoice, ye complainers! your sorrows are o'er!
Let Massah and Meribah ever remain!
The former to herald the chidings you bore —
The latter to comfort who seeks to complain!

So from Hope's Horeb-rock may the rod of our Faith
Draw forth, in these days, the sweet river of Love,
As we toil through the desert dominion of Death,
To a home in the Canaan of glory above!

F. J. OTTERSON.

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

"Come, Charles," said Samuel Hamdon to one of his young companions, whom he met playing in the road instead of hurrying to school, "it is now near nine o'clock, and high time that we were at the school-house."

"Psha!" exclaimed Charles, pettishly, "I wish there were no school-house. I don't like to go there, and sit so long studying hard lessons. I don't see why my father can't let me alone, and not send me to school. It does no good."

"Why, I am surprised to hear you talk so. What will you do when you become a man, if you have no learning. You will find it hard to get on in the world, I think."

"But *I* don't believe so, though. Just think of old Mr. Tayler that lives on the hill yonder, who can't read nor write; and only see how rich he is!"

"Riches don't always make a man happy, Charles; nor do they command the respect of the wise and good as readily as intelligence and education do. Besides, what pleasure do you suppose Mr. Tayler can have? If he is so rich that he need not work for his living, how will he employ his mind?"

"O, if that is all, he won't have much trouble."

Why, can't he at any time order his coachman to bring out the horses, and ride as long as he pleases? Can't he take his gun and go a shooting, or his boat and fishing-line——"

"Fie, fie!" interrupted Samuel; "I am very sorry to hear you talk so. Suppose there were no enjoyments in the world except such as are found in these dull pleasures; would we not all be miserable? But, since you have named Mr. Tayler as an example in which happiness and ignorance are combined, I will, if you come along to school with me, tell you a story about him which will convince you that, with all his wealth, he is an unhappy man."

Charles, in the hope of hearing an entertaining story, readily complied; and Samuel began:—

"When Mr. Tayler was a boy, his father sent him to school, but he idled away his time, and would not try to learn; and when he became a man he knew just nothing at all. He was, however, respected, and was admitted into good society more on his wealthy father's account than on his own.

"When he was about twenty-five years of age, he became intimate with a very excellent young lady, whose hand he sought in marriage. She was very willing to become his wife, on condition that her parents should consent. Mr. Tayler accordingly dressed himself up one evening and waited upon the father of the lady, and asked him for his daughter. The old gentleman looked at him with surprise, and asked,

"'How do you intend to support her?'

"'My father is rich, and I am his only son.'

“‘But if your fortune should fail?’

“This question he could not answer, but looked confused; and the gentleman said,

“‘Mr. Tayler, I would have no objection to giving you my daughter, provided you had an education. You are rich, it is true; but, in comparison with learning, wealth is nothing. I am sorry to refuse you, but my duty to my child obliges me to do so.’

“The unfortunate young man, perceiving that all farther solicitation would be in vain, went sorrowfully away; and gladly would he then have given all his wealth to obtain an education, for his affection for the young lady was very great.

“He went immediately to the girl, and told her all her father had said. She was greatly grieved, but would not consent to marry him contrary to the wishes of her parents. He then left her, and went away to a foreign country, hoping to forget her; but her image was always before him, and he was very miserable. After an absence of several years he returned, determined to make one more effort to obtain the object of his affection; but he was informed that she was already married. His unhappiness was now much increased, and his friends were obliged to watch him closely, fearing he would put an end to himself.”

Charles listened to this affecting story with great attention; he felt, for the moment, disposed to form a resolution to be, for the future, more industrious in his studies; but it was not long before he forgot his good impressions.

“I think,” said he, “that Mr. Tayler was very unfortunate.”

"Indeed, he was. A number of years after these events, his father died and left him the whole of his large property. And though by this time he had become quite reconciled to his disappointment, he was still an unhappy being. He would often go away from home, and wander about in the woods for whole days together. So you see his riches could not make him happy."

The two boys had by this time reached the school-house. Samuel entered with pleasure, and, taking his book, immediately applied himself to the study of his lesson. But Charles, as I before said, too soon forgot the good impression made upon his mind by the story of old Mr. Tayler. He felt no disposition to learn, and took his seat with a dissatisfied air, looking around upon his schoolfellows with surprise that they could be so contented.

The class to which Charles belonged was at length called up to recite, but he knew no more about his lesson than a boy who never saw a book. The consequence was, he not only received a reprimand from the teacher, but was also placed at the very foot of the class, where he was subject to the derision of his fellow-scholars.

When the boys returned to their seats, the teacher called Charles to him, and endeavored to persuade him to forsake his idle habits.

"It is a shame," said he, "that you are no farther advanced. You have been a scholar here as long as any boy in the school, and yet you can scarcely read well. Why, there is Samuel Hamdon, a boy much smaller than you, already in the grammar class; and

he came last year. Now my dear boy," said he, affectionately placing his hand upon his head, and looking him earnestly in the face, "I really should be glad to see you learn. I desire that you too should be in the grammar class, and even higher than that. Just stand here now a few minutes, and hear how well those little boys have learned their lessons; and recollect the oldest is two years younger than yourself."

So saying he brought forward a half-dozen scholars, and told them he wished to ask some questions. The little fellows politely bowed, in signification of their readiness to answer, and the master began:—

Question. What is the oldest history in the world?

Answer. That comprised in the writings of *Moses*.

Q. What people are the first of which we have any definite account in profane history?

A. The ancient *Egyptians*.

Q. What was Egypt's form of government?

A. An hereditary monarchy.

Q. Who is supposed to have been its first king?

A. *Menes*; or, *Misraim*, grandson of the patriarch *Noah*.

Q. Who were the *Phenicians*?

A. The *Canaanites* of scripture—a commercial people in the time of the patriarch *Abraham*.

Q. What is the earliest history of *Greece*?

A. The ancient inhabitants of Greece, the *Pelasgi*, *Hiantes*, and *Leleges*, were a very barbarous people; but the *Titans*, a Phenician or Egyptian colony, who settled in the country about the time of *Moses*, gave the Greeks some ideas of religion by introducing the worship of false gods.

Q. What is, briefly, the subsequent history of Greece?

A. She became a powerful nation, but, after many revolutions, was finally subdued by the *Romans*.

Q. Are the Greeks supposed to have been a polite and learned people?

A. They are, from the writings of their poets, historians, and philosophers.

Q. Who were the most eminent of these?

A. *Homer, Hesiod, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.*

Q. Who were the seven wise men of Greece?

A. *Bias*, of Priene; *Chilo*, of Lacedemon; *Cleobulus*, of Lindi; *Periander*, of Corinth; *Pittacus*, of Mitylene; *Solon*, of Athens; and *Thales*, of Miletus.

Q. Why are they called the seven wise men of Greece?

A. Because in their time they were distinguished above all others for wisdom.

The teacher, after thanking the boys for the readiness and correctness of their answers, dismissed them, and addressed himself once more to Charles.

"All this knowledge," said he, "has been acquired by these boys through diligent, persevering study. Now, will you not promise to imitate them?"

Deeply regretting his deficiency, he had already made up his mind to be more diligent in his studies; so he answered, without hesitation.

"I will, sir."

"Thank you for this promise," said the teacher, opening his desk and taking therefrom a handsome new Geography: "there," continued he, "as you can

be a good boy if you try, I think I will let you commence the study of geography."

He then gave him some instructions and dismissed him.

For a few days Charles maintained his promise most nobly. His time, during school hours, was well employed, and he was making considerable progress. His teacher, and his father and mother, and friends, began to look upon him as altogether another and a new boy. But alas! he was too easily led into temptation, as I shall now endeavor to show.

One pleasant morning as he was gayly tripping along to school, he was met in the road by a young fellow called familiarly Bill Thompson. This boy, though he was sixteen years old, did not know the alphabet! His father had been dead many years; and his poor widowed mother could never do any thing with him. He would neither go to school nor stay at home; but would go off early in the morning, and lounge about the village until he could entice some one to go away and play with him. He had often before prevailed upon Charles Eastman to accompany him, and he wished to do so on the present occasion: he accordingly stopped him in the road, and asked,

"Where are you going now? to school again? I wonder you don't get tired sitting all day in that old school-house. You wouldn't catch me doing so."

Thus much Bill thought it necessary to say on this occasion, for he had heard of the great change in Charles, and did not expect to find him so willing as usual to play truant. Nor was he mistaken.

"I used to think it tiresome," Charles replied; "but

then I was a foolish lazy boy, and did not try to learn. Now I find it pleasant to be at school. I would rather go there than to play."

"So you've just found all this out, I suppose? They've made you believe every thing they please to say."

"Who has?"

"Who!—Why, your father and mother, may be. I'd like to see my mother try to make me go to school. She used to talk to me about it, but I soon let her know I wasn't going to be all the time pestered, so she stopped it. She used to tell me I would come to a bad end, but I ain't afraid of it."

"What will you do, though, when your mother dies, and leaves you to provide for yourself?"

"Me!—Why, what does any body do?"

"Boys that go to school and learn, get into some sort of business when they become old enough. Some learn trades ——"

"Trade, indeed!" Bill interrupted: "now, do you think I'm ever going to be such a fool as to learn a trade? No, no, I've seen too much of it. There's Sam Dickerson, that went apprentice a year ago to that tailor down in the village there, and now he has to work from morning till night, and, on Sunday, must sit in church with his master."

"Yes, but he is very well contented with this, and likes to go to church."

"Likes to! what good would it do for him to dislike it? But come, Charley," he continued, suddenly changing the subject, "what's the use of going to school to-day? See here, I've got a whole pocket full

of marbles, and you and I would have such fine fun shooting !" So saying, he took from his pocket a handful of colored stone-alleys, and jingled them between his hands. "Come, let's go over the field yonder, into the woods, where is a fine level place for shooting. And when we are tired of play, we will go into Farmer Jones' orchard, and get apples."

The sight of the marbles, and the prospect of a few hours' play, completely threw poor Charles off his guard. He began to reason within himself whether he should go to school or not ; and finally he thought, "It won't be much harm for me to go with Bill just this once."

Bill saw that it would require very little more coaxing to persuade him to forsake his duty, and, accordingly, he walked on.

"There is a little boat down in the brook yonder, too," said he ; "and we can by-and-by take a sail in it."

"Well," said Charles, at last, "I'll go with you to-day ; but never again."

So off they went into the woods, where no one could see them, and played marbles until they were tired and hungry, and then repaired to Farmer Jones' large apple-orchard. By this time, as may well be supposed, Charles Eastman's mind was again entirely engrossed with play. During the whole of that morning he scarcely once thought of his school or his books.

When they came to the orchard, they looked around carefully, to satisfy themselves that no person was near.

"You go up into the tree, Charley, and pick," said Bill, "while I stand here and watch."

Charles immediately ascended a large tree, and began to pick the fine apples, and to throw them down to Bill, who gathered them in his hat. But they had not been engaged in this thieving business many minutes, when Bill looked up the road, and, to his great terror, saw Farmer Jones coming directly towards them. He called to his companion, in the greatest agitation, and informed him of their detection.

"Come down, Charley, come down!" he exclaimed; "don't let him see you up in the tree, and then we can tell him we only took a few apples off the ground."

Charles instantly descended, and they ran towards the fence; but they soon saw that escape was impossible, and were obliged to stand still until Farmer Jones came up.

"What are you doing here, boys?" asked he, as he climbed over the fence into the orchard.

"We're only eating a couple of apples we found on the ground," replied Bill, with the utmost composure. It mattered nothing to him whether he told a lie or the truth, provided he got himself out of difficulty.

"You have been picking fruit off the tree, you wicked boys," said the man, pointing to the little heap of apples which Bill had hurriedly thrown out of his hat, and which afforded positive proof of the correctness of his suspicions; "it's no use for you to deny it, for I have caught you; those apples with the long stems and green leaves have been picked very lately. So just come along with me to the squire's, and I'll see if you can't have a lodging in jail."

With these words he seized the two boys by their arms, and advanced towards the road. Bill walked

along in sullen silence ; but Charles, who was greatly terrified, fell on his knees, and begged for forgiveness, promising never to do the like again.

"I can't trust you," said the farmer ; "but, tell me, how often have you been here before, stealing my apples ?"

Charles hesitated.

"Come," continued Farmer Jones, "don't be afraid to tell the truth."

Charles at that moment caught the eye of his wicked companion Bill, who gave him a most threatening look, which seemed to say, "Tell, and I'll pay you off !" and he still hesitated.

"Well, then," said the farmer, "if you won't answer the question, I'll not liberate you."

"Will you let us go if we do tell ?" asked Bill.

Farmer Jones made no reply ; and Charles, notwithstanding the threatening glance of Bill, determined to speak out ; and accordingly said,

"Once."

"Very well, my lad ; I'm glad you spoke. Now, I don't care so much for the apples you took ; but you do yourselves great injury by such conduct. In the first place, you sin against God, whose command is, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and thereby render yourselves obnoxious to his displeasure. And, in the next place, you get a very bad name. Nobody will trust you—nobody will associate with you. If you had come to me and asked for a few apples, I should not have hesitated for a moment to give you as many as you wished."

"We won't steal any more," said Bill, surlily, per-

ceiving the farmer disposed to take as little trouble with them as possible.

"But you have been twice here already: how am I to be assured you will not come again?"

"I say we won't," replied Bill.

"True, you promise; but you steal, and what thief will be believed?"

The boys felt the force of this cutting reproof, and could make no reply.

"I think you ought to be punished," continued Farmer Jones; "but I'll not take you to the squire this time. One thing you must do, however: you can't go until you pick a dozen bushels of apples for me. And you may be thankful you get off with so light a punishment."

Although the boys were very unwilling to be thus compelled to work, they saw it would be of no avail to refuse, and they accordingly began their labor without farther remark. When they commenced it was about two o'clock. They were obliged to work very hard to get done by dark; and when they finished their task, and threw the last basketful of apples into the waggon, they sat down for a few minutes to rest. Farmer Jones, who had been also employed in another part of the orchard not far from the boys, invited them to go to the house and get some supper; but they were ashamed to go there, for they knew the whole family would look upon them as thieves. So after they were somewhat rested, they walked home. Most heartily did Charles now wish he had gone to school, for his father and mother were greatly distressed on his account, fearing something had happened him, and

chided him severely for his misconduct. He promised to do better in future ; but this could not atone for his past errors. He had been a good boy for a few days, it was true ; but his father greatly feared that he would never continue so for any considerable length of time, while he was exposed to the society and influence of such a companion as Bill Thompson. He, however, seriously talked with his son on the subject, and set before him the evil consequences that would certainly accrue to him if he contracted habits and dispositions similar to those of Bill, who, he said, was disliked by every body. Charles was a boy of tender feelings ; he was deeply affected by the remonstrances of his father ; and told him, with tears in his eyes, that he would never again associate with Bill Thompson, under any circumstances whatever.

The next morning he went to school, and once more entered upon his studies. But he did not feel so contented as he would if he had not been absent the day previous. The teacher and all the boys knew he had been away from school, and many of them were acquainted with all the circumstances of his absence ; for Bill Thompson had already foolishly boasted of the adventure in Farmer Jones' apple orchard.

Charles' teacher said nothing to him until he came up to recite his lesson. He then remarked,

"I am sorry you were not here yesterday ; though I trust you have a good excuse for having staid away."

Charles did not raise his eyes for some moments ; he was ashamed to speak ; but at length the teacher spoke so kindly and encouragingly, that he gathered

courage, and told him sincerely and honestly the whole story ; to which the master said,

“ I am much obliged to you for this candid narration. You did very wrong ; but I hope you will never again be enticed from your duty by that ignorant, wicked boy Thompson. Depend upon it, my lad, it is no credit to any one to be found in the company of such a character. He is ruining himself by his idleness and profligacy, and he will ruin *you* if you do not carefully shun him.”

As I before said, Charles' feelings were easily moved ; he wept before his teacher, and from that moment resolved to be a better boy.

The remonstrances of his father, the advice of his teacher, the punishment he had received from Farmer Jones, the disgrace attending that punishment, and the remembrance of his former good resolutions and pleasures in the prosecution of his studies, all combined to induce and encourage Charles to keep his word. Too easily giving way to temptation had been his greatest fault ; and this he now determined to conquer, especially as he began to see, as he never before had seen, the great benefits resulting from learning. He shunned the company of Bill Thompson, and of all others like him, and associated with such boys as Samuel Hamdon, who was introduced in the commencement of the story : so that, in less than two years, he was enabled to leave school and enter into a respectable business in a neighboring city, together with his friend Samuel.

I might conclude the story here ; but I cannot forbear following Charles and his young friend a little farther. Ten years rolled away ; they had learned

their trades, and arrived at the age of manhood, when, through their industry and the assistance of their parents, they procured a store and shop of their own, and entered into business.

Frequently, after closing their store in the evening, they walked out together; and on one occasion, as they were slowly promenading a public street, conversing on subjects connected with their earlier years, their attention was suddenly directed to a crowd gathered around a poor creature whom a policeman was dragging to the watch-house. The young men shuddered as they beheld this loathsome and miserable object, for he was the very picture of wretchedness. He had scarcely any clothes to cover his nakedness and to screen him from the cold, yet the unfeeling mob were hooting at and deriding him. The policeman hurried him along as though he were a mere brute; and, just as they passed a corner, the light of a lamp fell on the bloated face of the prisoner, when Charles turned to his companion, and said, with some trepidation,

“Surely, Samuel, I have seen that countenance before; but I do not now remember where.”

“You may have easily seen it, for the man is evidently a wanderer.”

Charles paused to consider; and presently a thought crossed his mind which caused him such manifest distress that Samuel felt alarmed.

“O, come!” exclaimed he; “let us follow him: it may be I am wrong, but I fear I am right!”

He grasped his friend’s arm, and they both hurried after the mob. Samuel’s surprise was so great that

he did not speak until they reached the watch-house. The miserable prisoner was unceremoniously pushed up to the bar, and roughly asked,

“What’s your name?”

He looked stupidly and wildly around before he answered.

“What’s your name!” again exclaimed the officer, fiercely.

“My name!” said the prisoner, faintly, as he raised his languid eyes to the face of his interrogator, “when I was a boy they called me—BILL THOMPSON!”

Charles and Samuel raised their hands in involuntary amazement, and turned to leave the room, when an officer seized Thompson, and brutally struck him over the head with a club, exclaiming, at the same time, “Answer civilly!”

It would have been useless to interfere, and the young men left the place, with the mutual inquiry, “Why should he be thus cruelly treated?”

A few days afterwards Charles took up a newspaper, and read the following:—

“A wretched vagrant, calling himself Bill Thompson, was yesterday morning brought before the magistrates on a charge of stealing. He was committed to prison for three months.”

Poor Bill! he died in that gloomy prison!

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

P. D.

WOMAN.

BY ELIZA C. HURLEY.

Oh! hers is but a life of trial,
Of meek submission, self-denial,
Of anxious care, full oft of sorrow,
Seldom a hope of change for morrow.

She is the weaker vessel call'd,
But heavy are the woes she carries;
She braves, where man would stand appall'd,
With patience, mighty ills she parries.

No other weapon she assumes—
Great aggravations oft assailing—
But gentleness in deed and word,
Yet finds these often unavailing.

If she the weaker vessel be,
What would a sick bed be without her?
Or when despair is on man's brow,
To prove a friend, oh! who would doubt her?

Yet hers is but a life of pain,
E'en though her walk in life be shining;
And she must bear, when man would rave,
Each, every ill, without repining.

Oh! is there not a mighty power,
An unseen good, her life sustaining—
A holiness in her weak state,
Thus to endure without complaining?

Man, as the oak, majestic stands ;
But woman frames him for his glory,
Bendeth the twig, upholds the tree,
Graces his limbs, when young or hoary.

Then has she not an angel's strength
To soothe, to cheer, uphold and nourish—
To animate and bless the world,
Though in a sphere obscure to flourish?

NEW YORK, May, 1847.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! 'tis a brighter gem
Than sparkles in a diadem ;
Brighter, purer far, I ween,
Than the brightest gem e'er seen.

Diamonds glitter, glow and shine,
'Mid the darkness of the mine ;
But the light in Friendship's eye
Sparkles far more brilliantly.

Sister to the passion Love,
Both descended from above ;
Pledges unto mortals given,
Of the happiness of Heaven.

Cold and cheerless were the earth,
And the heart a colder hearth,
Did not Friendship, true and tried,
Grace its holy fireside.

CELIA.

WINCHESTER CENTRE, June, 1847.

AN ODD FELLOW.

"Judge not from external appearances, lest ye be deceived."

SOME months ago, while travelling through a solitary region, an accident happened to my chaise, which rendered me unable to proceed on my journey. I was standing by my horse, pondering on my unpleasant situation, when a man appeared, coming through the wood. He was a large, rough, coarse-looking fellow, with such uncouth dress and demeanor, that I at once set him down for a "hard case," and resolved to treat him as such. But he approached me boldly, saying, as he examined my carriage, "Well, stranger, seein' you're in a fix, I reckon a little help wouldn't set you back much. Jest wait awhile, and I'll see what can be done." With these words he walked away.

True to his promise, in a quarter-hour he returned, bringing the necessary tools for repairing the vehicle : and, with my aid, an hour's labor accomplished that object. "Now, my friend," said I, as we were about to part, "you have done me a great service ; what remuneration shall I make you?"—"Why, I have done only my duty," he replied ; "and all I ask in return is that you do yours. *When you see your neighbor in trouble, turn to and help him out : that's all the pay I want.* Good-by, stranger."

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

P. D.

THE PROMISED RELIEF.

TRAVELLER, wrecked by treacherous wave,
Heaven, which has thee in its care,
Sends yon timely help to save ;—
Why then yield to dark despair ?

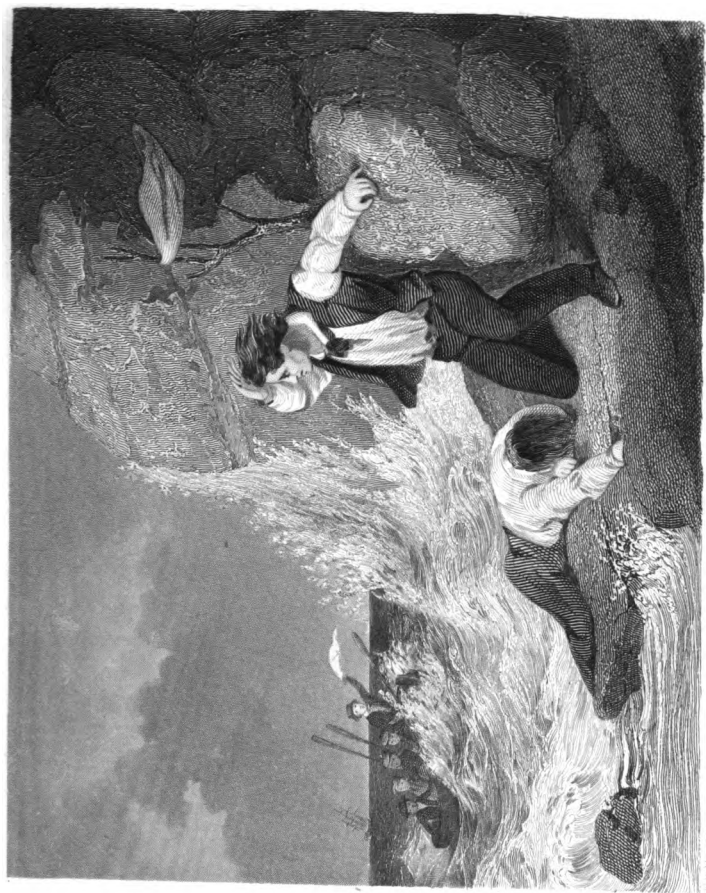
Adventurer on Life's stormy sea,
When raging waves enclose thee round,
As certain aid will come to thee
As this despairing traveller found. -

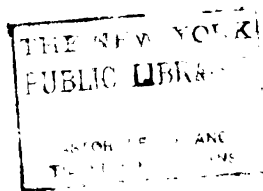
P. D.

NEW YORK, July, 1847.



Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, written vertically.





THE BILL OF DIVORCE.

BY N. G. JOHN D. HOYT.

It was past the business hours of the day, a day of peculiar satisfaction, as I had just closed a long and hard-fought cause, both to the benefit of myself and client. The misty forms of legal lore were fading from "the o'ercharged chambers of the brain," assisted in their exit by the curling smoke, floating in shapes fantastic, from a pure Havana, and I was fast losing myself amid ideas as fanciful and airy as the smoke before me, when my office door came open with a jerk, and the good-natured face of Mr. Jones came peering in, with the exclamation, "'Squire, what does it cost for a divorce?" If his sudden appearance startled me, the question was one that left me little room to doubt of his insanity. I had done considerable business for him, and had kept him as my client for a long time by humoring his eccentricities, for which he was as notorious as he was for his generosity, which had grown to be proverbial. Planting a chair almost on my toes, he seated himself directly in my front, and leaning forward, and bringing his face almost to mine, he again asked, "What will it cost for a divorce?"

"Sir!" said I, which was the first word I had spoken

since he entered. Drawing himself back, he repeated the question with a voice that threatened to bring down around our ears a lot of gods and goddesses, that stood trembling on the exalted heights of a rickety book-case, before which we sat. After satisfying myself of his identity, and of the fact that I was really awake, I replied, "Two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred thunders!" said he, giving his chair a convulsive twitch that almost destroyed its usefulness.

"Yes, there may be considerable thunder necessary," I replied; "but come, let us know the difficulty, and we will settle the cost afterward."

"Well," said he, "she is a woman with two fine children, and a brute of a husband; and I am going to have a divorce."

"Then it is not you and Mrs. Jones?"

His eyes opened to their full extent, and, for the first time since I had known him, remained stationery, as though some goblin from the nether world had started into view. A loud "ha! ha!" soon broke the magic spell. "Mrs. Jones and me!" he exclaimed, "ha! ha! ha! good! good! Mrs. Jones and me! No, sir!

"'We have climbed the hill together,
And many a canty day, John,
We've had with one anither.'

You never heard Mrs. Jones sing that song. You must come up some time, and hear her. She sings as well as ever, and I think a little better: her voice is mellower than it was. But I suppose you want to see Mrs. Douglas? I will bring her here at 8 o'clock to-morrow

morning. So, now I'll go. Mrs. Jones and me! ha! ha! ha!" and without leaving me time to reply, he left the office, humming, "John Anderson, my Jo John."

At the hour appointed, all things were ready, when his voice was heard again "Come in, come in," said he to his companion; "he knows better than to break his engagement with me." And the next moment I was seated vis-a-vis with my new client.

Mrs. Douglas was yet on the bright side of thirty, and her many cares and troubles had not yet destroyed, although they had somewhat marred, the comeliness of her face.

Her story was soon told. She married young, and, it was supposed, had done well. In the days of her confidence, she put her husband in full possession of what property her father had left her: it had been squandered away, and for the last two years she was compelled to toil for a subsistence for herself and children. After giving all the necessary facts, and the whole story of her wrongs, she left me, promising to send or bring me her marriage certificate, and some other papers.

"There!" said old Jones, as she left the door, "do you want two hundred dollars for that? It is a plain case and an easy one."

"It may be easy enough if Douglas don't show fight."

"Fight!" said Jones, drawing a greasy wallet from his pocket. "He show fight! then fight him!" and he threw a fifty-dollar bill on the table. "When that's gone, we will find more; but you must be reasonable."

"You may take that back," said I; "I will make him furnish the means, fight or no fight."

"And you don't want this?" he cried, picking up the bill. "Well! you're the first lawyer ever I met that refused money."

Not long after he left, Mrs. Douglas returned and presented me with a bundle of papers, containing the marriage certificate, her father's will, etc.; and after giving me her address, she retired, with a demeanor that told her heart was wandering to bygone days.

On examining the package, I found the document, and enclosed was a French translation, or a translation into French, of Hood's celebrated song, "Oh no, we never mention her," commencing, "Non jamais nous ne parlons d'elle." On the margin was written, in the same hand, "Mon pauvre Jacques."

A few days elapsed, when the bill was ready; and, according to promise, I proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Douglas. Her house was in a quiet spot, just by the suburbs of the town. The flowers that decked the pathway to the door showed the indweller to possess a floral taste, deserving a better fate than had hitherto awaited my client. On entering, I found her teaching the rudiments of geography to her "darling boy," while a little girl of four years was seated on her mother's knee, striving to chase the sorrow from her brow.

The bill was read, and, as each specific charge was made, the tear unbidden started from her eye.

A few days after commencing the proceedings, a notice of retainer was duly received, from a lawyer of considerable more celebrity than myself. Old Jones was by; after reading it: "So Hawkins is going to defend him, humph! You know Hawkins?"

"Not intimately."

"Trick! trick! trick!"

"Is he tricky?" said I.

"Tricky!" was the reply: "did you ever know my old blind mare to pull straight ahead, except when you wanted to give the road to some one else? But come, you ought to know all the tricks of the trade, keep your eye open. Well, sir, I have no fear for myself, but I fear her heart is not callous enough for him; and it would be easy for her to frustrate all that we could do."

After explaining the manner in which it could be done, he started up, exclaiming:—

"I have it! Hawkins, we'll meet you now; by all the ram's horns in my lot, you'll have a crooked road, if you head us on that turn. Leave it to me, Davis; leave it to me: if he finds her, he will be able to find a lawyer with a conscience." With this compliment he left me.

A notice of motion for alimony and counsel fee was soon ready for service, and while proceeding to the office of my legal opponent, a note lying in the pathway attracted my attention. It was directed to William M'Evers, Esq., and read as follows:—

"Dear Bill: Hawkins tells me he can keep the matter up for some time—say six or eight months. If you can seduce the woman in that time, we will be doubly safe, and you shall have a thousand dollars as soon as you are ready to furnish such proof as can not be disputed.

"Come and see me as soon as possible: we must head her off somehow. Yours, J. DOUGLAS."

This precious document was well secured against any future wanderings.

The next evening, I was surprised by a visit from my client, in company with the same "Dear Bill;" but old Mentor was, like a guardian angel, close by.

"Davis," said he, "Douglas is dying; I suppose she may go and see him: if the poor fellow wants to make amends, why let him do it."

"What is the matter?" said I.

"He was thrown from his horse to-day, and fractured his skull in such a manner that the doctors say he is beyond all hope."

"Where did the accident happen?"

"Near Rockwell's hotel."

"I suppose they took him up for dead?"

"Yes; it was sometime before Dr. Hartwell could bring him to."

"Hartwell attends him, does he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does he talk much?"

"No, sir, all he has said, has been, 'My poor wife! my poor wife!'"

"Well, Mr. ———," said I, looking him in the face, as though his name had slipped from me at that moment, "it is rather late; but if you think it impossible for Mr. Douglas to live until morning, I will get a carriage, and go down to Rockwell's immediately, with Mrs. Douglas; but yet I think it would be advisable to go very early in the morning, when she can take the children with her: for, as he cannot speak, the excitement of seeing her to-night might prove fatal."

"Mr. Davis," said my client, starting up, "I must go to-night; Mr. M'Evers will go with me."

"Madam, you should never allow your feelings to run away with your duty," I replied, "and your duty is to look after your children. You do not know this gentleman, neither do I, but if you insist upon going to-night, I shall insist upon going with you. In the morning, you may go as early as you please."

"Why, sir," continued M'Evers, "there can be no danger in her going to-night, and the children are certainly safe."

"Her children are, doubtless, safe enough; but if the lady goes, I accompany her."

Finding himself thus foiled, M'Evers, concluding, perhaps, that we might find Douglas alive in the morning, bade us good night, and left us.

"Mrs. Douglas," said I, when he had gone, "you have great cause for thankfulness: let it be sufficient, however, for you to know at present, that Dr. Hartwell is not in town. I shall make no further disclosures, but ask of you to send me some friend who is well acquainted with your husband's handwriting, as I shall pay him a visit in the morning."

She promised so to do, and arose to go, saying:

"You will see me in the morning, and go with me to him?"

"Come, Davis, come," said the old man; "let's know what's in the wind; for I'll be hanged if I hain't got clean out of the furrow."

"You shall know all in the morning, sir; at present, all I want is some one to identify the writing."

"What writing?"

"The signatures to some of those papers may want proving," I replied.

"Humph!" said Jones; "Mrs. Douglas, we may as well go; the 'squire's up to something he won't let us into to-night, that's certain."

The next morning I waited upon the justice. The exhibition of the letter, and the statement of the transaction the night previous, were sufficient for him.

On returning to my office, I found a carriage at the door, which I at once knew for Jones's. In company with his wife and Mrs. Douglas, the good old man was waiting my return.

"Well," said he, "we have been waiting this half-hour: have you been to see Douglas?"

"No, sir, not yet; although I know he is not in immediate danger. Have you brought me the witness?"

"No, we have not: but here, Jim," said he, to his boy, who was leaning against the doorpost, "drive over to Dominie Martin's, and tell him to come here at once."

Within an hour, the dominie came, and a message from the justice informed me that all was right. In a little time we were at the justice's office. He proceeded at once to read the charge of conspiracy against the two worthies, and stated that, in addition to the letter, Douglas was in waiting on the road to carry out his views. Douglas gazed for a moment on the trembling, terror-stricken wife, and muttering "True, by Heaven!" fell to the floor in a fit.

Within an hour, DEATH granted the Bill of Divorce!

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

THE IRISH DAUGHTER.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"AND so you *won't* go with us, Jamie?"

"Hush, darling—you know I cannot leave my ould mother, lone widow that she is, even for love and you, Mary; but if you'll not forget me, in the far country you're going to, when God wills, I'll follow you!"

"Oh, Jamie, Jamie, this parting is quite breaking my heart—but don't ask me to stay again—God bless you, and keep you thrue."

James Burke was the only child of a poor widow, living in the northern part of Ireland. Mary Conway was the youngest daughter of an intelligent and respectable family, neighbors of the Burkes. James and Mary had been lovers from childhood, and at the time when they are introduced to our reader, all who knew them were smiling approvingly upon their fitting betrothal.

James was just one's ideal of a warm-hearted, high-spirited, frank, and handsome Irishman. Mary was a fair, blue-eyed girl of eighteen, with much more of delicate fragility of figure than often belongs to her countrywomen.

Some four years previous to the period of the parting scene, with which we commenced this sketch, Mary's

only brother, Willie Conway, went out to America, to "seek his fortune," where he succeeded so well in business, that he became anxious to be joined by his family. This consisted only of his parents, Mary, and the orphan-boy of an elder sister, a fine little fellow of eight or nine years. The noble young man sent home nearly all his earnings to defray the expenses of the voyage, and promised his friends a snug and happy home, on their arrival in the stranger-land. From their age and many infirmities, his parents were long averse to going, but finally yielded to his earnest solicitations.

Poor Mary ! the same sense of filial duty which bade her go with her parents, forbade her urging her lover to accompany her, for old Mrs. Burke could not risk the voyage, having been an invalid for many years ; and so they parted, and the emigrants took ship for Quebec.

For the first week of the voyage all was fair above and calm below ; but then came on squally and tempestuous weather, and the mad waves tossed about the stout ship like a toy, and the fierce winds drove her wildly on her way. Our poor emigrants had much to endure ; Mary, ill herself, was yet unceasing in her attendance on her aged parents, who became so wasted and enfeebled by sea-sickness, as at last to be hardly able to rise from their berths. One night, when they had been about four weeks at sea, Mary, after watching till her dear ones slept, laid her aching head on its uneasy pillow, for a brief rest. The tempest which had raged throughout the day had somewhat abated, but a heavy fog lay on the deep, like a white robe on the stormy bosom of a Medea. The ship still rolled, and

plunged, and groaned, like some huge monster in the death-agony, and for once, in her life of simple piety, sweet Mary knelt not in her orisons. But, to use the expression of one of her countrywomen, she "went on the knees of her *heart*," and from the berth where she lay, fervently arose the prayer of a subdued and trusting spirit. She fell asleep with a tear on her cheek, and her heart with love and old Ireland.

She was awakened by a rush of feet on deck, and the cry of "Let go the anchors!" succeeded by the rattle of chains—a heavy plunge—another—a silence as of death, and then a joyful shout, "She holds! she holds!"—then a wild cry of "*She drifts!*" and then the ship seemed lifted out of the water, with a fearful crash, and a shock like that of an earthquake! *She had struck!* Then followed shoutings, and hurrying to and fro, the cries of terror, the clear, quick tones of command, and the sharp crack of breaking timbers.

The vessel had been driven upon a large rock, and was parting in the middle, the stern being highest out of the water. Word was given for all to seek that part of the ship, as the only hope of safety; but before this object could be accomplished, many poor creatures perished, from missing their way in the darkness, or from that sudden insanity which danger often engenders. But Mary Conway, with matchless coolness and courage, conducted her parents and nephew, bewildered age and terrified childhood, safely up to the crowded stern, and saw them, one by one, let down by ropes to the rock beneath. Morning was just breaking as she herself descended, and she lifted her blue eyes to heaven,

with an involuntary ejaculation of thankfulness. Alas ! she had seen but the beginning of sorrow. It was intensely cold, and she found her feeble parents shivering and trembling in their thin garments. Morning advanced, but the weather grew no milder, and the sea-winds yet blew bitter chill. "I am dying with cold," said the poor old father, as he sat, shrinking and bending under the keen gusts, his long white locks saturated with spray. Mary turned suddenly toward the rocking ship.

"Where are you going?" said the mother, faintly.

"Back, to get some covering for father and you."

"Young woman," said a seaman standing by, "it may be death to do that—the ship may part any minute."

But she gave no heed to remonstrances, though they came fast and clamorous ; she seized on the rope, which still hung from the ship, and by a superhuman effort, climbed to the deck, and went forward to the steerage. In a few moments she reappeared, threw over on to the rock a bundle of clothing, and again slid swiftly down the rope. She had brought her father's cloak, from the berth where he had left it, and a blanket, which she wrapped around her mother, saying:—

"You see I have come safely back, for God was with me, mother dear."

Before a half-hour had passed, a loud crash was heard, and a mountain wave swept away the whole of the forward part of the vessel !

As the day wore on, and the fog lifted, the shipwrecked beheld despairingly the hopelessness of their

situation. They were cast upon a perfectly barren rock, separated from the land by many rods of foaming surf, in which no boat could live an instant; at sea, no sail was in sight, and on the shore no signs of human life. They were on the coast of Newfoundland.

But the mother and daughter were absorbed in a fearful affliction which was coming fast upon them.

On that desolate spot, the husband and father was dying. He bade them good-by, with a failing voice—he gazed on them with the thrilling tenderness of the last, last look—the breath ceased on his lips—his white face grew rigid, and his spirit dwelt where “there is no more sea,” nor hunger, nor cold, nor death.

When the first wild burst of grief was o’er, Mary left the lifeless form with her mother, and searched around until she found a wide fissure in the rock, somewhat sheltered by an overhanging ledge. She then gently took the body from her mother’s convulsive embraces, and with the assistance of a kind sailor, bore it and laid it there. She kissed once again her father’s lips, chill more with the tempest than the recent touch of death; smoothed the thin hair upon his brow, and wrapping his cloak more closely around him, turned and left him forever. She herself was trembling with cold, but she thought not once of robbing her poor dead father of his winding-sheet.

Rest thou, old saint, with thy cross upon thy breast! Though thou liest not deep in the dear bosom of thy native land, but where billows dash around, and the wet sand drifts over thee—though thy loved ones may not come to weep above thee, though no living thing be

near thee but the wild sea-bird, dipping her white wing in the surf—God's angel has marked the spot, and when earth's graves are opening, and the sea gives up its dead, thou shalt arise from thy cold, hard couch, on the wave-lashed rock.

Soon after Mary returned to her mother, a shout from their companions told them that the despaired-of help was at hand. On looking to the shore, she beheld four or five men, pointing three huge Newfoundland dogs to the rock. As soon as the noble creatures caught sight of the sufferers, they sprang eagerly into the surf. How sturdily they breasted the waves—how gloriously they leaped forward to the rescue!

One after another, the shipwrecked were lashed to these gallant deliverers and carried safely to the shore. To the kind inquiries of an aged sailor, who, at each return of the noble dogs, had said, "Now, daughter," Mary simply answered, "Not yet," and remained holding on her lap the almost inanimate form of her mother. At length the mother seemed to rouse herself, and opening her faded blue eyes, those eyes into which Mary had so often looked for hope and encouragement, she said: "I will *thry*, darling—for my child's sake, the good God may give me strength to pass through the troubled waters."

Mary assisted to lash her carefully to one of those mute deliverers, and with arms clasped about and partly supporting her, she accompanied her far out into the surf, and committed her to the angry deep. And there stood Mary Conway—around her the wild sea—her black hair on the wind, her lips parted, and her clasped

hands outstretched before her—yet all unheeding sea and wind, for her heart was with her eye, and her eye was with her mother. She saw those aged limbs float out on the wave, and that gray hair tossing like seaweed in the surf. She saw the cruel wave pass over her—she saw for a moment her white, calm face, as she was borne up on the succeeding billow, turned full upon her—she saw her dimmed eyes open, and, oh, God! amid the sea and the storm, a daughter caught the last look of affectionate recognition from a dying mother! But Mary knew it not; still stood she, statue-like, watching with wild intensity the receding form of her last parent; the only change of attitude and expression was the swelling and falling of the chest, and the gleaming and fading of the eye, as her mother's form appeared and disappeared in the trembling waters. Nearer, still nearer the firm earth—the white surf covers her—a rush of stalwart men—they are bearing her up the beach! “She is safe!—she is safe!” and with eyes thrown heavenward, Mary falls, fainting. But the old sailor was by her side—she felt not the rushing of the waters as she too was borne to the shore, and when she next awoke to consciousness, she was stretched beneath a sheltering cliff, and beside, oh, joy, her *mother*!—oh, despair, her *dead* mother!

Not a wail, not a tear, not a sigh, betrayed the agony of that broken-hearted girl, as vainly and still hopelessly she strove to recall that departed spirit. They came around her, the kind-hearted strangers, yet she saw them not; and the mute saviors, yet she heeded not their caressings; but with her mother's head against

her breast, she sat amid the sands, buried in her deep, deep wo.

At length, when with tears streaming down their weather-beaten cheeks, those friendly strangers would take her from her lifeless mother, Mary seemed to arouse. They told her that she must go with them many miles, to find a shelter—that night and a fiercer tempest were coming on, and that she must leave her dead *unburied*. She pressed her hands around her throbbing brow, and while her sad blue eyes rested for a moment in gratitude upon them, she gently waved them to depart, saying, calmly, “I will follow.” And they left her—a kind fisherman bearing her little nephew in his arms—and she was alone, alone with her dead.

Impressing one long kiss upon that icy brow, Mary Conway rose up quietly, and going yet further from the sea, dug, with her own hands, a grave for her mother in the sand. She then bore thither, in her arms, as though it were a sleeping infant, the emaciated form, and laid it down to its last slumber—took the kerchief from her own breast, spread it over the beloved face, and then carefully replaced the sand. She knelt above that shallow grave, and with her crucifix pressed to her lips, murmured a brief prayer for the soul of the departed—there, on the wild desert shore, with ocean’s voice for a dirge, and the tempest for a requiem. Then, in that utter desolation of spirit which has no outward manifestation—that great agony, fearful in its tearless stillness—she turned, and meekly followed the foot-prints in the sand, which told where her shipwrecked companions had gone before her.

Oh, pale young mourner, sitting in thy darkened chamber, giving way to thy sorrow with passionate abandonment, listen. The angels have called hence thy mother, and thou hast indeed known the grief of griefs ; but if still unreconciled to Him who willed thy bereavement, bethink thee of one whose own hands laid to rest her best beloved ones, shroudless and coffinless — one who literally buried father and mother, and *had no time for weeping.*

The unfortunates met sympathy and kindness in the fisherman's house, which they reached at last, and the next day Mary Conway and her nephew proceeded to the nearest town, where she sought and found employment for them both, intending to seek her brother, as soon as she had earned sufficient to defray her travelling expenses. All her money and papers had been lost at the time of the wreck, and most unfortunately, the shock of that disaster, and her succeeding afflictions, had driven from her mind all recollection of her brother's place of residence. She but remembered that it was somewhere in the state of New York, and she finally resolved to go at once to the *city* of New York, where she hoped to hear of the place she wished to find. At last, she reached that great metropolis, still accompanied by her young nephew, for her widowed sister, when dying, had given him to her, and she was ever faithful to the holy trust. She soon procured a situation for herself and little charge, in a boarding-house, where she remained about a month, still unable to recall the name of the village to which her brother had directed her. But one day, a stranger arrived, and on his trunk being brought

into the hall, upon the card affixed to it, she recognised with a cry of delight, that lost, that blessed word !

The next morning saw her and little Alick on the deck of one of the Hudson steamers, waving adieu to the few friends who had followed them to the wharf. At Albany, Mary took passage on a canal-boat, and travelled many hundred miles westward ; and always and everywhere, though attractive in appearance and so unskilled in the ways of the world, and utterly defenceless, she met but kindness and friendliness. There was about her the sacredness of sorrow—the impress of suffering on her brow, and the tearfulness of her downcast eye, were eloquent though mute appeals to the generous American heart.

She reached S—— at last, and was clasped, half-fainting, in her brother's arms. Oh, who could measure his joy ! He had heard of the wreck of the vessel, and supposed that *all* he held dear on earth had gone down with her.

Mary found a neat and comfortable home awaiting her, and soon life seemed not so cold around her—a few sunbeams fell upon her path, and the crushed flower, happiness, took root in her heart again.

She wrote to, and heard from her lover in Ireland ; his mother was still living, but very feeble, requiring his constant care.

'Twas on her second summer in America, that sorrow came once again to poor Mary Conway ; came at the season when mourning and sadness seem most unnatural—in gorgeous June, the festal month of all the year—came before the first flush of rose-time was past !

Her pride, her dependance, her noble, devoted brother, came home, one noon, from his work, with a heavy eye, and the fevered blood rushing through his veins like lava, flung himself upon his bed, and never rose again.

One evening, as Mary sat by his side, watching him earnestly, for she knew that "the hour was at hand," he said, faintly, "Pray, my sister;" and the stricken girl knelt, and lifting up her voice clearly and calmly, in a prayer all faith and fervency and submission, commended the passing spirit to its Creator. When she rose up, she looked upon the face of the dead.

On the day of the burial, little Alick was taken ill, with a milder form of the same disease, and there was none of kindred save his broken-hearted sister, to follow Willie Conway to the grave. She saw him laid to his rest, with an intense yearning to lie down beside him, and share his cold pillow; and she turned toward her desolate home, with a depth of anguish in her soul, which only God could sound.

But the strength which had been hers at the deathbed scene, and at that awful moment when the first earth fell upon the coffin, now that all was over, forsook her utterly. She grew faint, reeled painfully, and would have fallen, but that one, who at that moment entered the graveyard, sprang forward and supported her. "Mary, dear Mary!" said a familiar voice, "oh, don't you know me? and is it so we meet at last!"

She looked up—it was Jamie, her Jamie from over the sea.

* * * * *

My dear reader, I have not been playing upon your sympathies by fables. I have not been beguiling you with a fiction. I myself have heard the simple story which I have related, from the lips of *Mary Burke*. And would to Heaven a life so exalted by the grandeur of woman's love-prompted heroism, and made so serenely beautiful by filial piety and Christian resignation, might have some better chronicler, some more enduring memorial !

PENNSYLVANIA, June, 1847.

THE EQUALITY OF DEATH.

FLEET are the fleecy moments ! fly they must ;
Not to be stayed by mask or midnight roar ;
Nor shall a pulse among the mouldering dust
Beat wanton at the smiles of Beauty more.

Can the deep statesman, skilled in great design,
Protract, but for a day, precarious breath ?
Or the tuned follower of the sacred Nine
Sooth with his melody insatiate Death ?

No — though the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around,
Unerring and unseen, the shaft of Fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground.

What then avails Ambition's wide-stretched wing,
The schoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom ?
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-robed king,
Levelled, lie mixed promiscuous in the tomb.

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

PAL.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP NOT SELFISH.

TO ONE who observes life only in its public costume, there appears but little to interest the heart, or to call forth any of the finer feelings and sensibilities of our nature.

The whole world appears upon parade, exhibiting only those movements which draw the public gaze and excite the public attention. Man meets his fellow in the public mart, and the talk is all of markets and money, of gains and losses! Wealth rolls along in its gilded equipage; Pride lifts its haughty head; Fashion flutters in its gay dress; and we mark only the glitter that attends their track. Poverty passes us in its squalid dress and pallid features, and unless it lifts to us its imploring eyes, or stretches out to us its supplicating hands, we heed it not.

There is the public promenade, the fashionable assembly, the theatre, the ball, thronged with the gay votaries of pleasure, while the thousand haunts of vice display their marked insignia, or throw out their alluring baits to tempt anew the half-repentant prodigal, or draw the unsuspecting novice within their demon-haunted walls. Then, there is the hurry and bustle of business, bringing to its aid all the elements of nature; while the political strife, and the din of war, fill the air with the

angry combat of opposing minds, and the deafening roar of contending armies. In all this, man sees but little to love, and he who looks no further might turn with disgust from a scene in which none but the baser passions are portrayed:—but there beats a heart beneath this outer dress, whose pulses vibrate to diviner sounds, whose life-blood courses many a stream of life, spreading beauty and verdure in its track, and ripening fruit for immortal life.

One might think that the thousand sails that whiten our seas bear only the traffic of commerce, or the adventurer for gain or pleasure—but how many, charged with the message of eternal life and love to perishing millions, have been borne on their self-sacrificing errand; and, amid the darkness of heathenism, and the haunts of idolatry, have shed a light whose brightness shall illumine the records of eternity; and have wakened songs, whose music has raised new joy in heaven, and shall ever swell in richer numbers, through unending ages! You might see above the waging battle, the white-winged dove, hovering with the olive-branch in its mouth, ready to plant it upon the bloody soil. You might witness amid the angry combat of political warfare, the throbbing of many a heart, burning with the pure love of country; and amid the vast crowds who throng the marts of business and pleasure, you might see humble Piety lifting its earnest prayer to Heaven, and its blessed fruits ripening in many a heart; you might see pure earnest Love, clasping its loved object, and shielding it from the rude winds of life; you might see eternal Hope, resting upon its

heaven-cast anchor ; and living Faith, reposing upon the sure promise of God. You might see Charity, shielding with its broad mantle the destitute and the orphan ; and Benevolence, with mild eye and full hand, moving amid the haunts of vice, and the homes of poverty ; by the bed of sickness and suffering, dispensing its free gifts with a liberal hand, and healing with the balm of loving words the stricken weeping heart :—while the principle of Association is extending its healthful influence over the world, enlarging the narrow band which confined the heart to its own bosom, and extending it around the whole human family ; acknowledging the fraternal relations, and claims of mankind, and extending to them the common rights of brotherhood.

One of the most beautiful and effective systems of association is Odd-Fellowship ; and when I see its noble principles illustrated in the constant and effective exertions of those who have taken upon them its vows, I cannot help feeling that the dawn of a new and better era is breaking upon the world, when man shall no more wrap himself up in his own selfish good, and look with indifference upon the sufferings and necessities of others, but when Truth shall find a dwelling in every breast ; and Love bind all hearts in its enduring bond.

Constantly and rapidly is its influence increasing. Prejudice is fast vanishing before the lofty principles which it inculcates, and men are binding to their hearts its sweet lessons of love, and reciting them in eloquent tones in the home of poverty, in the ear of the widow and orphan ; by the couch of suffering, and in the chamber of death.

It has been said by those who oppose Odd-Fellowship, and are ignorant of its principles, that it is selfish in its sympathy and relief, and extends them only to those within the pale of its own institution. This belief has, perhaps, in a measure, arisen from the unostentatious manner in which its deeds of love and charity are performed ; for while the members of the Order have, of course, the first claim to its privileges, yet no true Odd-Fellow will ever allow known suffering to pass unalleviated, whether it be among his own brethren or strangers. Silent and unobtrusive that assistance may be rendered, so that none but the giver and recipient may know whence it comes ; and this is the way in which true benevolence is most beautifully manifested ; not in the loud-heralded bequest, not in the magnificent charity proclaimed by the public journal ; but in the kind and ready relief, the earnest and heartfelt sympathy which falls so gently upon the stricken heart. Its own works are its best herald, and the full heart and speaking eye of the recipient, its best reward.

The principles and lessons of Odd-Fellowship must have the natural tendency to enlarge the benevolent feelings of the heart. Suffering ever speaks to the heart of an Odd-Fellow, nor speaks in vain ; he cannot withstand the look of distress, or close his ears to the cry of the hungry and destitute : it would be treason to his own acknowledged principles, and a denial of his sacred obligations, which gives no prescribed limits to his charity, and no bounds to his generosity. The command is, "Visit the sick ; relieve the distressed ; bury the dead ; and protect the orphan." And wherever sickness has

found an entrance, suffering an existence, and death a victim, there is the home of Odd-Fellowship, and the theatre of its acknowledged claims; and many an act of kindness unspoken to the world, is engraven upon hearts whose earnest prayers enter daily the ear of Heaven for blessings upon those who thus turn the prayer for help into one of thankfulness, who change the tear to a smile; the sigh and the groan into the cry of joy and gladness. But these gentle sympathies, though they shun the blazon of notoriety, cannot, if they would, remain quite unknown. The unseen flower will scent the air with its sweet perfume; and the hidden spring betrays its course by the verdure which marks its track; so the grateful heart will utter its full feelings, and involuntarily speak the praise of those who have kindly and generously administered to its necessities.

One of the most touching incidents illustrative of the disinterested benevolence of Odd-Fellowship, and the exemplification of its pure principles, where there existed no claim to its privileges, save the universal claim of suffering upon sympathy, occurred in this state, within the last two years.

As one of the thousands of boats which constantly run between the eastern and western sections of our state, was making its way to its destination, it stopped at a flourishing village in its course, and the captain went on shore, and desired one of the bystanders to call a physician for a man on board his boat, who had been suddenly taken ill, and who, he was afraid, was unable to proceed any further. The appeal was incidentally made

to an Odd-Fellow, who immediately called a brother-physician, who, after examining the case of the patient, pronounced him unable to proceed on his journey. He was an old man, and his dress and appearance betokened extreme poverty; and when told that he was unable to pursue his journey, and that he must be removed on shore, he betrayed the utmost anxiety, and told the physician that he was poor, and destitute of money, except what was barely sufficient to carry him to his journey's end.

The physician kindly begged him to give himself no uneasiness; assured him that he should be provided for, and kindly nursed, and he hoped would soon be able to resume his journey: he then had him carefully conveyed to a public house, a large and comfortable apartment assigned him, and every thing which could conduce to his comfort freely provided.

He was an old grayhaired man, of more than seventy years; and he told his story with such a simple and honest frankness and sincerity, as drew tears from all the listeners. He said he had come from the eastern part of the state, which had always been his home, and was going to Ohio, where he had a son whom he had not seen for more than twenty years; his wife had been dead many years: he had had a large family of children, but they had all died except two sons, who now lived many hundred miles apart. They were both poor, he said, but honest, and he was poor, and dependent upon them for a support. He had lived with one of them many years, and he had now gathered together the little money he could get, and was going to spend the re-

mainder of his days with his son in Ohio;—"but I fear I shall never reach there," added the old man, "and I shall have to be buried among strangers."

For several weeks, the poor man lay struggling between life and death, during which time he was kindly and constantly watched by the Odd-Fellows, and every thing provided which could add to his ease and comfort. But now the silver cord which seemed stretched to its utmost tension, gained new strength; and the wheel which could scarce turn itself at the cistern, began to revolve with renewed power; and Death, as if repentant of his first decree, passed on, and spared yet longer his intended victim.

The old man seemed unable to comprehend the meaning of the kindness and attention constantly shown him, and he would often gaze with earnest looks upon those who seemed to him like ministering spirits, and his eyes would fill with tears, and he would, with clasped hands, murmur a prayer of thankfulness to God, for providing him with such kind friends, and invoke his richest blessings upon them.

"I feel well enough to travel again, now," said the old man, one day, "but I know not where to go, or what to do; my little fund of money I know will not half defray the expenses of my sickness, and I am as unable to return to my old home, as to pursue my journey to my new one." No words can express his emotions, when he was told that the expenses of his sickness had been all paid, that a new and warm suit of clothes had been provided for him, and enough had been added to his little fund to enable him to pursue

his journey with ease and comfort. Raising his eyes to heaven, and clasping his hands, he exclaimed, "Oh God! I am unworthy of this;" then looking upon those who were with him, he said, "Tell me, I beseech you, who you are, and why you have shown such kindness to a poor stranger?"—"We have done only what was the duty of every one to perform," replied one, "and have only obeyed the golden rule we have taken for our guide, to 'do to others as we would that others should do to us.' We are Odd-Fellows."

At these last words, the old man looked at them for a moment in mute astonishment, and then exclaimed, while the tears rolled down his cheeks: "I have heard of the Odd-Fellows, and their kindness to each other; but I did not suppose they extended it to strangers."

In a few days, the old man resumed his journey, and the grateful thanks which burst from his full heart, and the consciousness of duty performed, were a sufficient recompense to those who had thus nobly fulfilled the law of kindness.

Another incident occurred in a flourishing city in the central part of this state. A poor man had become a victim to that insidious disease, which in our climate lays so much strength and beauty in the dust, thus depriving his wife, and an infirm mother, of their only means of support. For nearly a year his wife had, by the efforts of her needle, together with the little assistance the feeble mother could render, contrived to obtain the necessaries of life, and what little comforts she could, for her sick husband; but the winter was coming on, which brought new wants, and the poor man was

failing day by day, thus requiring more constant attention, and diminishing thereby the time heretofore devoted to the absolute maintenance of life.

At this crisis, the story of their situation came to the ears of a warmhearted Odd-Fellow, who immediately hastened to their house, to ascertain their true situation. He kindly and delicately inquired into their circumstances, and found them almost entirely destitute of the absolute necessities of life, while the poor man was every day growing weaker, and the uncomplaining wife was reduced almost to a shadow, by constant watching and exertion. No one seemed to have known their situation, no one had assisted them. It was then almost night, and the Odd-Fellow left them, promising to call again in the morning. That night he laid before his Lodge an account of their destitution, "and," said he, in relating the circumstances to a friend, "there was scarce a dry eye in the room, and not one brother who did not freely and generously contribute to their relief." The next morning, the Odd-Fellow hastened on his errand of love, "and," said he, "I wish that every one who condemns Odd-Fellowship could have witnessed that scene. As I poured into the lap of the wife the money as I had taken it the evening before, bills, and silver pieces large and small, telling her it was the gift of a few friends, she spoke not a word—she could not speak—but raising her swimming eyes to mine, she grasped my hand, and burst into a flood of tears: the poor old mother dropped her work, and clasping her withered hands together, murmured an impressive prayer; while the sick man could only raise his

large dilated eyes to heaven, and exclaim, 'I thank thee, O my God !' " From that time, every necessary comfort was provided for the family. The poor man did not live long, and when he died, they bore him to his grave, and performed for him the last sad rites of sepulture.

These are but simple incidents, selected from hundreds of similar ones of actual occurrence. They are told in a simple unvarnished manner ; for it needs not the aid of fiction to portray the beautiful realities of Odd-Fellowship, which, though unpublished to the ear of the world, are chronicled in the heart's history in many an humble home, and deep graven in many a grateful heart, whose pulses have been quickened into newer life and strength by the healing balm of kind words and ready relief : and methinks if those who are so ready to accuse Odd-Fellowship of selfishness, were themselves to perform faithfully their own duties, they might meet with many incidents in their walks of charity, which would most eloquently refute their unfounded assertions.

C. M. S.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 22, 1847.

DIABOLISM AND WITCHCRAFT.

BY REV. I. D. WILLIAMSON.

MY native town was settled, mostly, by emigrants from Massachusetts and Connecticut, who brought along with them, to their new home in the Green Mountain state, a good share of the superstitions of their fathers, and a large fund of the marvellous stories of the olden times. As books were few, and the people, in that new country, were cut off from intercourse with the world, these superstitions and tales of wonder formed the staple topic of conversation, whenever the neighbors were gathered in social life. Among the most prominent of the venders of these wares, were, an old lady, whom, in accordance with the custom of the day in which she lived, we shall designate "Goody F——," and an elderly man, whom we shall call "Goodman Bijah," by the same rule. Both these were undoubting and unhesitating believers in all sorts of ghosts, goblins, and witches. Goody F—— was a lineal descendant of those who acted in the famous scenes that occurred at Salem in the days of witchcraft. She had received, from her grandmother direct, many facts and circumstances relating to the mysteries of

those times, which, though unpublished in any history of the affair, she averred, on the veracity of the grandmother aforesaid, to be veritable and authentic legends of the times. The old lady was some eighty years of age, small in stature, lean, and sallow of complexion, her hair white with age, her form bent nearly double, and able to walk slowly with the aid of a long staff, which she grasped firmly in both her trembling hands. She was kind of heart, and remarkably fond of children. We passed her cottage every morning, on our way to school, and were sure to call, with some present for Goody F——; and in return we received a flower from her little garden, in summer, or, in the cold of winter, were permitted to warm by a blazing fire, which the kind-hearted creature never failed to have upon the hearth when we were expected to pass. She was not overstocked with wood; and “many a time and oft” has she sat shivering during the livelong day, in order that she might save her fuel to treat us with a good fire as we dropped in on our return. She was a great favorite with us all, in the *daytime*; but at night, when darkness had shrouded the earth, and the time of ghosts and witches was at hand, we fairly dreaded the sight of her; for she was sure to people the night, and make it hideous to the imagination of children. Occasionally the old lady would totter to our cottage upon her staff, for a visit of a week. There would she sit, from morning to night, and, till a late hour, her shrill trembling voice was incessantly to be heard; her theme invariably the same, her fund of marvellous stories absolutely inexhaustible, and her disquisitions on the nature and

habits of invisible powers evincing a knowledge of those matters rarely equalled. She was perfectly familiar with all the "wiles of the devil." She knew all the shapes and forms he had ever assumed, from Adam to

" * * * That day when in a bizz,
Wi' reeket duds and reestit gizz,
He did present his smoutie phizz
'Mang better folk,
An' sklent on the man of Uzz
His spitefu' joke ;"

and from that time she could follow him, in all his windings and transformations, down to the day of his wonderful performances at Salem aforesaid. The former part of this history might have been a little apocryphal, but the things that happened at Salem she could vouch for as undoubted facts, which she received from the mouth of her grandmother, who was a Christian woman, and acquainted with the renowned Cotton Mather himself. Who could doubt on matters thus authenticated? not the children, surely. In daylight we could endure it tolerably well; but in the long winter evenings of that latitude, when the huge fire sent out its flickering light, and the shadows flitted like spirits upon the wall, and the cold wind howled without, the house seemed, to our terrified imaginations, filled with witches and goblins, ready to devour us. Then did the urchins gather in a close circle around the hearthstone, and gaze, and listen to the tales of horror, until each hair stood erect upon their heads, ever and anon stealing a glance backward with a shudder, in order to assure themselves that there was not a ghost or witch crouching behind them.

If any of us happened to be a few inches in the rear, a smart twitch of the chair would bring him full into the line, "lest Bogles catch him unawares." Thus, as the tales became more and more marvellous, the circle would gradually contract, until the addition of more fuel to the fire compelled us to retreat; yet still we kept within the line, for not one of us would for his life have been caught alone in a chair a foot without the circle.

It sometimes happened that Goodman Bijah would meet the old lady on these occasions. And then was there a rare trial of skill in the sciences of diabolism and witchcraft. Goodman Bijah was an old bachelor, of some sixty years, and a cripple from his youth. He was not a whit behind Goody F—— in his implicit faith in all the mysteries of the above sciences; but he was her junior by some twenty years, had not the honor of a lineal descent from the Salemites, and of course was much inferior to her in depth and profundity of knowledge in those matters. But he was a man of too much nerve to yield the palm without a trial of skill. Horror of horrors! how then did the twain "call up spirits from the vasty deep!" First from one, and then from the other, came tales of blood and murder,—fearful sights and mysterious disappearances,—haunted houses and walking skeletons,—dead men's visits and Satan's leagues, increasing in the awful at every turn, until, fairly silenced, Goodman Bijah would yield, being himself too much frightened to pursue the contest further. Were it a dark night, we must find him a bed, for not for his life would he walk half a mile in the dark, after such proof of the power of witches and

ghosts. But if it were a bright, starlight night, he might venture out, and wend his way home, singing a psalm to the tune of Old Hundred, at the top of his voice, never pausing for a moment until his foot was upon the threshold of his own door, well assured that no witch, ghost, or goblin, would ever molest a Christian man, while singing the praises of God. Kind, simple, well-meaning people were they, the last of the believers in witchcraft in those parts. They meant no evil, and yet I can hardly forgive them, for they robbed me of half the joys of my childhood, by the horrid tales with which they filled my ears.

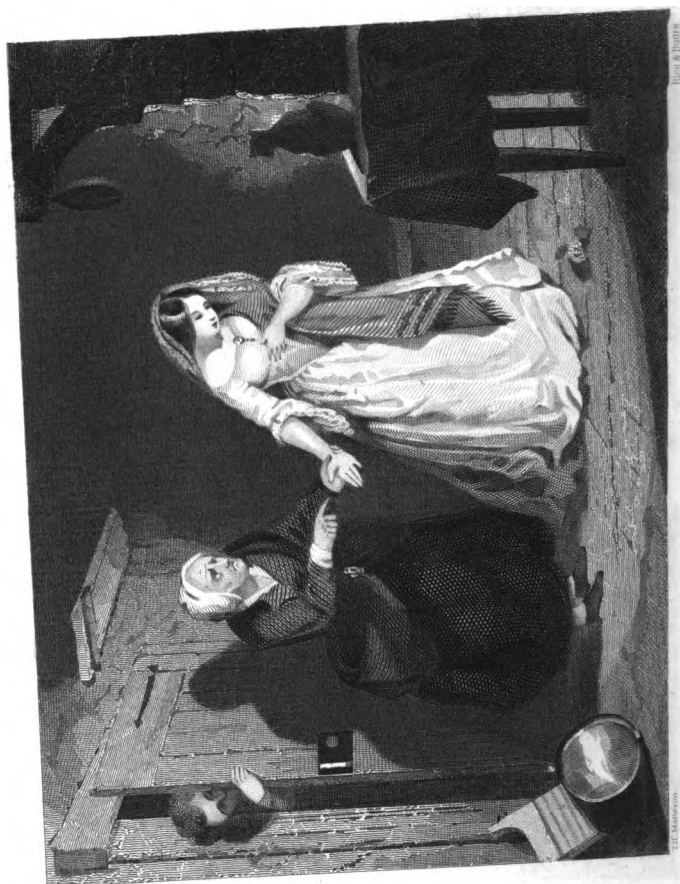
But the time arrived at length when these sublime sciences were to be tested by actual experiment. A stranger arrived in the neighborhood, and purchased a farm and house which had for some time been unoccupied. Soon afterward the alarm was raised that the house was haunted. The family were annoyed and alarmed by strange noises, and fearful groans and sighs, which were repeated at short intervals, both day and night. The neighbors were called in, and they too heard the unearthly sounds, for which no cause could be given. The whisper went abroad, that the newcomer had been guilty of some great crime, for which an invisible spirit was following and haunting him; and an eye of deep and dark suspicion was already turned upon that family. Goody F——, the oracle in these matters, was consulted, and her decision was, that ghosts did not follow people from place to place, but lingered around the spot where the crime was committed. It was therefore manifest that there had been

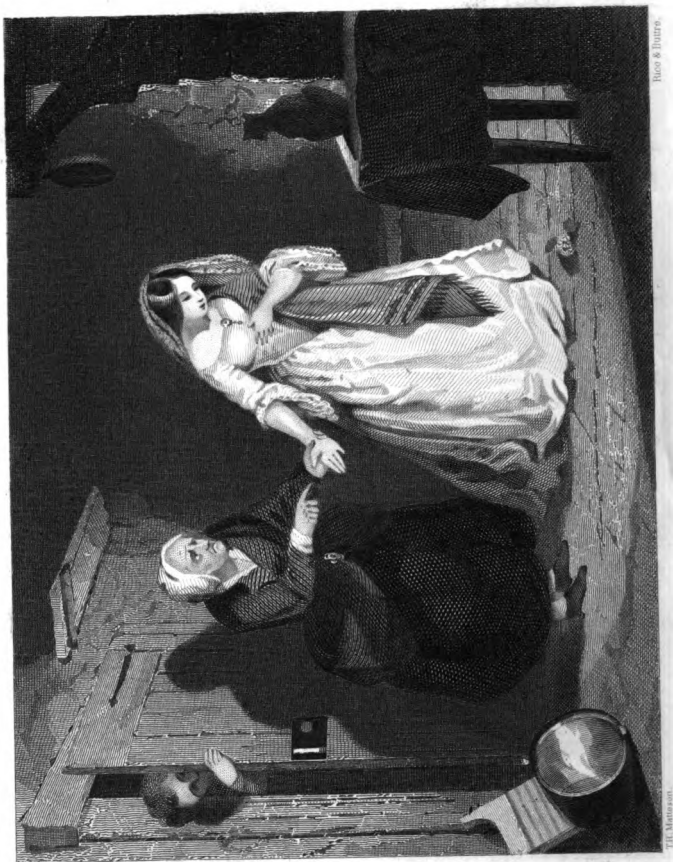
foul play in that house, and that, so soon as it was tenanted, the ghost had appeared. Probably some one had been murdered there, and the spirit was anxious to reveal the dreadful secret. If some one would speak to it, and, in the name of the Lord, demand what was wanted, an answer would be returned, and afterward the troubled spirit would rest. But who would dare speak to a spirit from another world? The parson and the deacon had been there, and sought by prayer to lay the ghost; but it "would not down" at their bidding. In this extremity a messenger was despatched for Mr. A——, a gentleman who was reputed to be a man of courage, not having the fear of Satan before his eyes. The people waited, pale and trembling, for his arrival. The same fearful sounds were heard at intervals, and skepticism as to their reality was at an end. In due time Mr. A—— arrived; but, instead of speaking to the ghost, he ascended resolutely and alone to the chamber—for none dared accompany him; and on removing a few boards, recently laid upon the floor, he discovered—O horrible!—not a ghost, but a **HALF-STARVED CAT!!** Poor puss! she had accidentally been shut in between the ceiling and the floor, and for some four days had cried piteously for relief. The fears of the people had transformed her into a ghost, and no one would go to her relief. The mystery was explained; and from that time tales of ghosts and witches were at a heavy discount in that neighborhood.

MORAL. Let those who would frighten children with fearful tales remember Mr. D.'s cat.

MOBILE, ALABAMA, June, 1847.

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THE WITCH.

BY T. H. MATTESON.

LATE in the afternoon of a sultry day in the latter part of August, 18—, a middle-aged man, weary and dusty with travel, paused at the door of a farmhouse in the suburbs of the little village of S. Over his shoulder, suspended by a staff, he bore a bundle of extraordinary capacity, and led by the hand a child, a sweet blue-eyed, golden-haired, serious-looking girl, of some six or seven years. A fresh matronly woman was standing in the door, when they made their appearance, and as their footsteps seemed bent toward her threshold, she smiled upon them as if in welcome. Emboldened by this evidence of cordiality, the man ventured to ask her, in modest phrase, for a cup of water, "would she be so kind?"

Of course she would, and ran with alacrity to bring it. After offering it to the little girl, who drank sparingly, the man placed the cup to his lips, and imbibed a long, deep draught. His thirst was evidently intense, for he never paused from the moment he raised the cup till he had drained it of its refreshing contents; and when he set it down, big drops of sweat, like great glass beads, stood upon his brow.

“ Could he be permitted to rest a moment at the door, himself and his little girl ?”

“ Of course ! he and she were welcome to all the hospitalities of the house ;” and with a cheerful smile she entreated them to enter, and repose themselves as long as they liked.

The man, who had been seated upon the doorstone, rose to avail himself of the proffered kindness, when he was observed to falter and turn pale. The kind mistress of the cottage stepped forward, took him by the arm, and led him gently forward, followed by the child. When they had entered the house he grew paler still ; and leaned more heavily still upon the arm by which he was supported. He made an effort to speak—extended his hands as if he were groping for something in the dark—the next moment he fell upon the floor. He was dead.

The poor child was too young to comprehend the appalling nature of the calamity, but an indefinable dread stole into her heart, and she shuddered and wrung her hands in affright.

The husband of the hospitable mistress of the mansion soon after came in, examined the man as he still lay on the floor—for the poor woman was so amazed at the suddenness of the event that she had not stirred from the moment of the fall—and started at once in search of a physician. He came, but, of course, his visit was fruitless. In due time a coroner’s jury was summoned, who rendered a verdict of “ Death by drinking cold water.” Two days after, the man was followed to his grave by a few kind-hearted villagers, and the

young child as the only mourner. She looked down into the grave, as the coffin was lowered to its place, then wistfully into the faces of those around her, and clung affrightedly to the kind woman who had been the innocent cause of her orphanage. "Dust to dust!" and the earth rattled dolefully upon the coffin-lid—shutting out, forever, the last token of the last friend the child had on earth—except those whom God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, had already provided for her.

She was adopted into the family of the good man upon whose threshold her father had passed out of life into eternity. Did Providence guide his footsteps thither? There is no impiety in believing that Providence does sometimes lead the unfortunate, by inscrutable means, when they are abroad upon the dangerous paths of life.

The name of the deceased, it was found, on examination of the contents of his bundle, was Manchester, and the child said her name was Mary. Letters were found upon his person, but little to throw light upon his history—and one package carefully sealed, and addressed "To my daughter Mary, to be opened when she shall have attained her eighteenth year." This might have solved the mystery, but in the eyes of the friends into whose hands the child had fallen, it was deemed sacred, and placed where it would be securely preserved. All that could be learned from the child was, that they had travelled a long way, sometimes by water, sometimes by stage, and sometimes, though rarely, on foot. They gathered from her that the reason of their being on foot

this time was that her father wanted to change their route ; and there was no public conveyance across from one to the other. The distance being not more than five or six miles, doubtless he thought it best to walk it ; and what with the heat of the day, and the fatigue of carrying the child the greater part of the distance in his arms, his strength was exhausted. The child gave evidence of an active intellect, mild temper, and, for one so young, nice cultivation. She had no recollection of a mother. As far back as her recollection went, she had lived alone with her father. Whenever she mentioned his name, now that she began to understand that she would see him no more, she wept bitterly. Lonely orphan ! how happy was thy lot, compared with that of thousands that throng our streets daily ! * * * *

It is now twelve years since our little friend Mary was left an orphan. Twelve years in youth change the complexion of one's life marvellously. Time has dealt kindly with her. She is now eighteen—almost a woman—and *such* a woman ! She has just entered her little chamber, and seated herself by the window, where the moonlight falls full upon her noble brow, and *graduates*, in painter's phrase, over her beautifully-modelled neck and shoulders. The warm brown color of her falling hair contrasts finely with the cold moonlight, and blends the picture into a delicious harmony. For a moment she leans her cheek pensively upon her hand—then, as if a new thought had occurred to her, she starts hastily up, and approaches a little cherry bureau, opens the drawer, and takes out a sealed packet ; she is agitated, and trembles violently. It contains the story of

her origin. For a moment she gazes earnestly upon it, something bright upon her eyelids glitters in the moonlight—slowly, slowly it wanders on her cheek, and drops silently upon the packet. Now she raises the packet reverently to her lips, and with trembling fingers breaks the seal. With what eagerness she strives, by the feeble light, to decipher its contents! All she can make out is, “My darling child;” when she is blinded by her tears. It is a luxury she seldom enjoys, for her kind friends have been too chary of her happiness to furnish her the “motive and the cue.” Tears are sometimes a luxury, but only with the young. When the middle-aged and the old weep, be sure the fountain is opened by deep misery, and the waters are bitter.

A cool night-breeze, blowing aside her luxuriant tresses and rustling the leaves of the packet, recalls her to herself. She closes the window, procures a light, and seats herself by her little table. Here is the substance of what she reads:—

“My darling child: The uncertainty of life and the possibility that you may, perhaps at no distant day, be left alone in the world, with no knowledge of the history of your parents, have prompted me to place at your future disposal the following brief narrative. I have delayed the period of your being made acquainted with the circumstances, until you shall have reached your eighteenth year, in order that you may be better qualified to judge of the motives by which I have been actuated, and the long train of suffering which has impelled me, at length, to become an alien to the home of my birth.”

Here follow his family history, the date of his birth, and other circumstances, of no interest to the general reader. We resume the narrative at a late point.

"At the age of twenty-five, I married your mother. Young, beautiful, and of good family; I fondly dreamed that she was every way qualified to render my life happy. Too late I discovered my mistake! She was an only child, and, of course, had ever been an idol to her friends. Her life had been a smooth, unbroken current, her every wish gratified as soon as uttered, and nothing was ever suffered to cross her humor. Borne thus evenly upon the current of life, she was wholly unfitted for any storms that might overtake her; and though you may not now understand it, you will in time, that a woman thus nurtured is altogether unsuited to the cares of more mature life.

" 'Adversity, like the toad, though ugly and venomous,
Still bears within its head a priceless jewel.'

My own employments were of such a character as to engross the greater share of my time and attention. In addition to this I had involved myself in embarrassments, by becoming security for a near friend, and my ingenuity and industry were largely taxed to prevent absolute ruin. For all these manifold perplexities your mother had no sympathy, and could not understand why they should prey upon my mind, or why they should in any way interrupt the comparatively idle and pleasurable mode of life in which we had formerly indulged. She was discontented and restless, under the partial restraint I was compelled to exercise in my expenditures, and the amount

of time I was obliged to devote to affairs of business—on account of which she was left to seek her own sources of amusement. Content and happiness had no existence for her, except in the bustle and excitement of society. Her home was anywhere but at home. I do not urge this as a fault in her alone; it was the result of the system by which she had been educated.

“At the time of your birth, I fondly trusted that she would no longer look beyond her own domestic circle for enjoyment; that she now possessed an object calculated to engage all her sympathies, and a tie that would bind her to the more active and permanent duties of life. For a time my anticipations were realized. It was but for a time, for soon the novelty wore away, and she regarded you only in the light of a bar to the liberal enjoyment of the frippery pleasures of life, in the midst of which she had been reared. It pains me to be obliged to write thus to you of your mother, but it is only by placing before you a plain statement of facts, that I can ever hope to exculpate myself from my seeming brutality, in taking you from under her charge. I have not yet placed before you the worst, or anything like the most criminal course of conduct by which I was impelled to that dreadful alternative. Alas, no! would that I could blot from my memory what I am about to write! Day or night it haunts me like a goblin. Sleeping or waking, the fearful drama is acted over in my fevered imagination, and will one day drive me mad. But I am swerving from the rule I had imposed upon myself, in compiling this narrative, which was, to avoid all dis-

play of feeling, leaving you to judge what I must have endured under the trials imposed upon me.

“Once, and once again, was I charged with neglect and alienation of affection; not only by her, but by her friends, to whom she freely related her grievances. I need not say that I was annoyed by these charges, at the same time that I was resolved to persevere in my determination to look well, and constantly, to the real welfare of those beings—my wife and little daughter—who comprised the sum of my being. I was not understood—that I knew—nevertheless, consciousness of right motives, and unceasing diligence in the pursuit of my object—a release from all dependence upon others—kept me from despair. In a little time, my object would have been accomplished—when fate drew a circle around our home, and it was accursed.

“The poet says :—

“‘There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.’

There is also another tide, upon which, if man once gets afloat, no human exertion can save him. If once within the eddies of misfortune, by little and more they gain upon him—he becomes perplexed—makes an effort to push out of their influence, but in the attempt, involves himself in fresh and more overwhelming difficulties; every moment the whirl of waters becomes more apparent—he grows giddy and bewildered in the maze—and finally yields passively to what he cannot control. The circle narrows, and the velocity of his motion increases, till one tumultuous flood swallows him up forever.

"Among my creditors was one who was in the constant habit of visiting our house, and his frank, easy manners, cheerful temper, and attractive person, made him an especial favorite with your mother. He was emphatically a man of leisure, since his whole time was squandered in frivolous amusements, and he was particularly devoted in his attention to females. I was satisfied to know that your mother had found means of entertainment and appeared happy, without ever considering the consequences of such an intimacy. This may seem strange to others, but I have already given you the key to my blindness to what was going on around me—namely, the determination to save my little family from beggary. They were in the habit of walking, riding, and singing together; but my blind confidence in the uprightness of your mother's integrity, discovered nothing in those circumstances but a disposition on the part of habitually idle people to kill time. *My daughter! avoid idleness as you would the old serpent who tempted Eve. It is the primary cause of nearly all the evils with which mankind are cursed.* This intimacy grew daily more and more apparent. I was no longer teased to neglect my business for amusements. This circumstance I regarded as a great concession on the part of my wife, and I felt grateful accordingly. Had my ears been open to the scandal afloat in the neighborhood, which has since come to my knowledge, I should have taken the alarm. Alas! for my happiness, 'the winks and finger-ends' had no significance to me; and I remark with shame and self-condemnation, that I have often connived at my own disgrace; for I have repeat-

edly invited ——, when he came to visit us, to drive your mother out in his carriage. Matters were in this state, when your mother received a pressing invitation to visit a near relative in New York. She accepted the invitation, and as chance would have it, our friend —— was about to visit New York on business, and with apparent kindness offered to take her under his charge. This arrangement was agreed upon—you were then three years old. I could not consent that you should go with her, for you were then the only consolation to me in my hours of relaxation. Your artless prattle soothed the fever in my brain, and it required no effort on my part to draw it out. They departed—and I never saw them more.

“I had requested your mother to write to me immediately on her arrival in New York. I waited many days beyond the time in which I might reasonably anticipate the letter—thinking that her time and attention had been so much occupied as to prevent her from writing. At length I became uneasy and wrote to her, directing the letter to the care of one of her friends, where I presumed she might be staying—the letter was not answered. Now seriously alarmed, I wrote again to a friend, to inquire if your mother were ill, or why I had not heard from her. I received, for answer, that, on diligent inquiry among all our friends, she was nowhere to be found, and no one had any knowledge of her having been recently in the city. Blind, miserable dolt that I was! even yet, no suspicion of the real truth had occurred to me. It is true, the mystery perplexed and alarmed me; some accident had occurred, I reasoned!

I resolved to go at once to New York myself, and clear up the mystery. My journey was fruitless. I could gain no definite tidings of the fugitives; for such I was at length forced to regard them. I will not attempt to describe to you my emotions, my dear child, when this painful suspicion had grown into a certainty. My mind was a chaos—I have not a clear recollection of what transpired for several weeks—I only remember that I saw nothing around me but gloom—the waters were closing around me—I was giddy—mad! and I groaned aloud in the language of Job: ‘Why died I not from the womb? For now should I have lain still and been quiet; I should have slept: then had I been at rest! Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?’

“All I could learn concerning them, was that two persons answering their description arrived at one of the principal hotels under the name of Marshall, and departed next morning, in a hackney-coach, whither, no one could inform me. It was too plain that I was betrayed; and when once the conviction was settled in my mind, I resolved to leave your mother to her destiny, and the justice of a Power higher and more terrible than any I could wield. The woman who betrays her husband is not worthy of his vengeance.

“I returned home—a home to us no longer,—every object upon which my eyes rested seemed only to remind me that I had been deserted by one upon whose faith I would have staked my life. True, she was thoughtless and imprudent—these things I knew; but that she was wanton or unfaithful, I would never have

believed without the overwhelming evidence which had now been furnished. I arranged my business affairs as speedily as possible, and, with you, left the neighborhood privately, without informing a soul of my intended departure, or the route I designed to take. After travelling many days, by the most unfrequented routes, we paused in the retired village of —, which I fancied was so remote from any of the large cities or great thoroughfares, that the vigilance of any who might think it worth their while to pursue us, would be at fault: there we remained for the past three years. Within a few days past, I have been startled by the appearance of one of my old comrades, who, it seems, is concerned in some speculation in the neighborhood, and intends making this his residence. We must be gone, for I cannot endure the sight of one who has witnessed my degradation.”

Here the manuscript breaks off. I have omitted much of it, only deeming it necessary to insert such parts as bear directly upon the story. Then follows a journal, written out from day to day, up to the day of the writer's death—from which it would appear that he was haunted by the spectre of some one in pursuit, probably growing out of the circumstance that some person whose face was familiar was pursuing the same route in company with himself and daughter. It is very evident from the character of the writing in the journal, that the writer was laboring under partial alienation of mind. The last note in the journal reads thus:—

“August —. I can endure this heartless scrutiny of our fellow-passenger no longer. To-morrow morning

I shall alter the course of our travels, and something whispers me that this, when once rid of it, will be the last annoyance to which I shall be subjected."

By comparing the date of this entry with that of his death, we find that it was written only the night previous.

The daughter paused not one moment, from the time she began to read this painful development of her mother's infatuation and disgrace, till she had reached the last word. The tears would sometimes swell in her eyes, but she brushed them hastily away, and continued. When she had finished the reading, she dropped her head between her hands, and wept and sobbed bitterly. Let the reader himself define her feelings. At length, the hour of midnight was tolled from the village church steeple, and she raised her head to look forth into the moonlight. A cold shudder ran through her frame, and a faint scream escaped her lips, for, fronting the window, in the full glare of the moon, appeared a face, haggard and withered as if with premature age. She caught but one uncertain glimpse of the apparition, for a mist passed before her, and when it cleared away, the appalling figure had vanished. "The witch," she faintly articulated, and buried her face in her pillow. Presently she uttered a scream, as she felt a touch upon her shoulder. A smile, however, dimpled her pretty cheeks and shone in her lustrous eyes, as she recognised the new intruder.

He was a youth of some twenty-five years, straight as a sapling, and lithe as a willow; with a fine, frank face, and an eye like an eagle's. "Pardon me, Mary, for thus abruptly intruding upon your privacy," he be-

gan, "but I heard a scream, and knowing you had not retired"—

"How did you know that?" interrupted Mary.

"By the simplest means in the world; and without the exercise of any impertinence, as you suspect. I had been into the fields to look after some horses that had broken loose from the enclosure, and in descending the hill overlooking the house, on my return, I discovered that your curtains were undrawn. I saw that you were reading, and apparently disturbed in mind. I was going to my own chamber when I heard you scream."

"O, Harry," cried the girl, "let me intrust you with a secret, which, considering the relation in which we stand, is worth your knowing—indeed, one which you *must* know, for it concerns your honor, and may change our relation."

"Ah!" exclaimed the youth, turning pale; "what then was the meaning of the scream which I heard before coming in?"

"It had no connection with the subject of our present conference, as you shall hear. It was caused by girlish fright, on seeing, just then, the face of Mother Foote, whom they call the witch, at the window. What can she want here? She can gain nothing by frightening a poor girl like me."

"Mother Foote!" repeated the young man, pausing for a moment in thought; "she has an object beyond that, if we could fathom it. Has she ever appeared to you in this manner before?"

"Never!"

"Strange! but what is this matter of such moment?"

"You know, Harry," she responded, "that I am an orphan—that your kind, noble aunt and uncle, with whom I have been reared through the past ten years, are only my adopted parents?"

"I do, of course. Whither does this tend?"

"Listen! not only your uncle and aunt, my father and mother, as I have always loved to call them, have been in profound ignorance of my birth and parentage, but even myself, until this evening."

"This night? and how then at length have you been able to unravel the mystery?"

"You see that package," she replied, pointing to the one with which we have seen her occupied. "The story is there: you forget that it was left by my father to be opened by me, on my eighteenth birthday. This is the appointed time, and I have performed the duty—you must do the same, for it behooves you to know the contents."

"How can it possibly concern me?" inquired the youth, tenderly; "you forget that your father could not possibly have known anything of me: and I have not yet the right to be admitted to your family secrets: wait till Tuesday week; then, indeed, I shall have a husband's privilege to be made acquainted with the contents of this manuscript."

"You must be made so acquainted at once; perchance you may conclude never to exercise that right: but read first—I will explain afterward."

Thus urged, the youth took up the package and hurriedly made himself acquainted with its contents. The young girl riveted her eyes upon his face as he pro-

ceeded, in order, if possible, to define his thoughts—but it was of no avail, for he gave no sign. At times his lip was observed to tremble, and his eye to flash or fill with tears, but he uttered no exclamations, and when he had finished the reading, he laid the packet down, and sat some moments in profound silence. The girl drew timidly toward him, and rested her hand upon his shoulder, while she said in subdued accents: “Now, Harry, you know all, even to my mother’s disgrace. You know too, how much I love you,” she added, dropping her cheek upon his shoulder, and pausing for a moment in the excess of conflicting emotions: “you know too that on Tuesday week we were to be wedded. I have your troth for that. When I accepted your generous offer, neither of us knew what has just come to our knowledge. I release you from all your promises. You are free to make your choice anew.”

“Mary!” he exclaimed, in a tone of reproach.

“Nay, Harry,” she replied, be patient with me, for my brain is fevered to night. Think well on what you are about to do. You are about to take to your confidence, to your heart, the child of—oh! how I shame to think of what I cannot utter—the child of such as you now know my mother to have been. Can you have confidence in me? Can you overlook this family taint, and persist in consummating this sacrifice?”

“Mary, desist! I will not listen to you. When I am persuaded that the child is responsible for the misdeeds of the parents, when I am satisfied that the bad conduct of one member of a family can with justice be punished in another—any more than one member

of the human family should be made to suffer for the misconduct of his neighbor—then, perhaps, your reasons might have some weight: but, Mary, it is you I am to wed, not the memory of your mother, whose errors must be atoned in the way Providence shall direct—so now let me hear no more of this. I grieve with you for the loss of a mother's honor, if it be lost, for of that I am not so fully satisfied as was your father; and please Heaven I shall unravel this mystery in time, and, may be, sooner than you think. Let us drop that subject for the present. You say you have never before seen Mother Foote, whom they call the witch?"

"Yes! I have seen her sometimes, wandering about the fields, but never before face to face. Do you know her history?"

"In part, and if you will attend to me, I will relate all I know of her."

The maiden signified that nothing would gratify her more, and he began:—

"It is now about six years since Mother Foote came into this neighborhood, unattended and unknown. She was first seen wandering among the shops in the village, purchasing some simple articles of furniture in one place, and food in another. This course she pursued for many days, obtaining small quantities at a time, and conveying them with her own hands, always in one direction, but whither it tended, for a long time, no one knew. There was something so unusual in her deportment, and so quaint in her general appearance, that she attracted an uncommon share of observation. Even the children came at length, and gathered together in little groups,

whenever she made her appearance, and some among them had the temerity to follow her, on one or two occasions, as she left the village, but they never went beyond a certain point. You remember the little path, on the height above the village, which winds through a little grove of pines and hemlocks, toward the head of the rapids? It was just at the entrance to this path that she always paused, and beckoned them back, with such an air and such a look as almost frightened them out of their senses; when they ran home as if the evil one were in pursuit. On these occasions the youngsters always had marvellous tales to relate to their credulous mamas, about the fire that flashed from her eyes, and how the figure arose to an enormous height, when she raised her hand to admonish them to come no farther.

"You have often visited the falls, so picturesquely situated in the centre of the grove to which I have alluded, and, of course, remember the wildness of the scene, which it was finally discovered she had chosen for her home. You have often seen the hut which clings, or hangs, as it were, like a bird's-nest, against the side of the rock, just above where the water, after worming its way through the tangled ravine, tumbles in a silver sheet over the precipice into the basin below?"

"Yes!" answered Mary, while a glow of enthusiasm warmed the rich carnation in her cheeks. "Oh, yes! I remember it well. It has always been one of my favorite girlish rambles, particularly in the spring, when the fragrance of the wild honeysuckles, crowning the heights, is so delicious, and the young wintergreens and the strawberries are so fine in flavor. You can tell me

nothing new about that spot, for I dare say I have rambled over nearly every inch of it— Well ?”

“ Well ! there, as you know, she has lived for the last six years, her only living companion during all that time being a huge cat, that, by a strange freak, one day followed her home from the village. The owner of the cat never cared to reclaim it, because he was fully satisfied, in his own mind—and he found enough to confirm him in the belief—that it was bewitched. From that time Mother Foote has inspired the villagers with a feeling of superstition amounting to awe. Old women and children throw sidelong, timorous glances, and point with their fingers at her, as they mutter, “ the witch.” It is said that during the day she is seldom seen about her dwelling, but keeps herself carefully secluded, except when storms arise, when she crosses the shallow stream at the head of the rapids, and, ascending the high rock overlooking the frightful chasm below, she seats herself with her hands clasped upon her knees, and sways her body to and fro as if in the act of muttering her charms, or under the influence of intense bodily or mental suffering. When the huge thunder-heads go tumbling through the air, and the brisk lightning darts its fiery tongues athwart their crests, she only sways her withered body the more rapidly, or wags her head, and laughs, and snaps her fingers, as if it were a pastime. At such times, too, it is said, her cat picks its way daintily across the stream, and with a spring alights upon the rock, sometimes perching itself upon her back, or twisting itself round and round after its tail ; and when the old woman strokes its back, particularly by a waning

light, sparks of fire are emitted—conclusive evidence that its mistress is on intimate terms with the father of lies. Every mishap in the neighborhood is attributed to Mother Foote.

“About six months since, I heard a rumor that some of the young men in the village had formed a party to go, after nightfall, to the dwelling of the unhappy woman, level it with the ground, and rid the neighborhood of her presence. It was a piece of systematic, cold-blooded cruelty, which I did not feel inclined to recognise. On the contrary, I determined, if possible, to resist it, alone, if necessary. After some persuasion, I procured a companion, and in company we placed ourselves in ambush, near the appointed time and place of the contemplated attack. The time—midnight—arrived, and with it the rioters. It was sometime before they could summon resolution enough to commence the attack; not one among them having the courage to take the initiatory. At length, a movement was apparent toward the dwelling—which, you will remember, is approached by a winding-path, down a steep acclivity. On the borders of this path, my companion and myself had stationed ourselves; and as they descended we stepped promptly in before them, and stopped their way. Aghast at our sudden appearance, they started back a few paces; but by the light of the moon, which was shining bright at the time, one of the party recognised myself and companion.

“‘Aha!’ said he, ‘a rescue or a reinforcement?’

“‘Neither!’ was my reply; ‘but a negotiator. Boys! this is a wicked deed. You are about to drive

from the only home she has on earth, one who, doubtless, is already weighed down by heavy sorrows, one who has never done you or yours any injury, and for what? Because, forsooth, you suspect her of witchcraft.' More I said, prompted by the excitement of the moment, which it is not worth while to repeat. Presently they began to waver in their purpose, and finally agreed, one and all, to abandon it. Just at this point of time, the figure of Mother Foote appeared, relieved against the moonlight upon the pinnacle of the rock, where she is said to play her strange antics, and with singular energy ejaculated: 'Bravely spoken, young man, and nobly advised. May you never know sorrow. But as for you, ye cravens, cowards, midnight marauders! do your worst! I defy you! I have drunk from the cup of sorrow when it was full to the brim; now it is drained, what care I for the dregs? do your worst! I say! raze my humble dwelling to the ground, burn the ruins, and lay your murderous hands upon this old ruined form, and tear it in pieces. You would do well! for I am not fit to live!' Here she gazed about her, and tossed her arms wildly in the air, as she continued, after a pause, 'Nor yet to die!—nor yet to die! but do your worst, I defy you!'

"After the first moment of astonishment at what they conceived to be the supernatural appearance of the witch, the party took to their heels, and never looked behind them, until they had reached their several homes. Even my companion partook of the panic, and fled with them. I own that my first impulse was to fly also; but something indefinable restrained me. After uttering her de-

fiance, the woman seated herself in the attitude I have before described, and began swinging her body to and fro, muttering something, which, owing to the noise of the water rushing on the rocks, I was unable to distinguish. At length I ventured to cross the stream and approach her.

“‘Back! back!’ she exclaimed, waving her hand vehemently as I came near. Suddenly she paused, and shading her ghastly eyes with her withered hand, looked earnestly in my face. ‘Ah! you are the youth who would have done me a kindness—I have no quarrel with you.’ Here a tremor was apparent in her voice, and presently a tear stole over her haggard cheek. She brushed it away, muttering, ‘I thought I had done with tears, but kindness will melt the heart when grief fails. You have shown me the only act of kindness I have known for years. Come within, I must make a confidant of you. I have much to tell you, which, though it does not concern you, is worth your patience.’ I went with her as she desired, when she related to me the story of her life. It is too long for to-night—besides, I could never relate it faithfully. And now, Mary, as it is growing late, promise me that when we are married you will go with me to visit her. If I am not mistaken, her story will interest you. I have acquainted her with my intention to bring you with me. Do you promise?”

“‘Willingly!’” was the answer, “and let it be on the night of our wedding, if you will.” With this understanding they parted for the night.

The day appointed for the wedding came, and they were married. The party was small, and the guests

departed at an early hour. "Come, Mary," said Harry to his blushing bride, when they were all gone, "the night is charming, and we must not forget our little appointment."—"I have not forgotten it, Harry!" was the answer, "for this intended visit to the witch has dwelt almost constantly in my mind since the evening on which we spoke of it;" saying which, she threw a thick muslin veil over her luxuriant tresses, and a shawl on her shoulders, when she signified her readiness to go.

The night was indeed charming. A cool breeze sighed through the shrubbery, wafting the odor of innumerable flowers, kissing the grain-fields as it rustled through their bearded spires, and whispered its evening song among the leaves of the forest, as they fluttered in the moonlight. Incipient dew-drops glittered upon the blades of grass, fire-flies sparkled in the low grounds, and the plaintive chirrup of the cricket fell upon the ear like fairy music. They took the path leading over the brow of the hill, and were soon winding down the wild pathway, through the grove of evergreens. In a few moments they were standing upon a prominence, overlooking the hut of Mother Foote. A wreath of smoke was climbing from its little chimney, and curling fantastically among the overhanging branches of the surrounding shrubbery, while a feeble light was visible through the window. For one moment, they paused in that position, for the double purpose of gaining breath after their tiresome descent of the stony path, and to admire the picturesque wildness of the scene.

"Beautiful! is it not?" exclaimed the happy bridegroom.

"Indeed it is," was the ready response; "but Harry, I half repent my resolution to visit this strange woman. The place awes me, in spite of its beauty. What a splendid natural cathedral—look! In that deep amphitheatre far down there, we may imagine the detached boulders and huge logs of driftwood the silent congregation. Above here, is the gallery, and yonder rock, towering above all, might answer for the pulpit. As I live, Harry, there is the priest! look! just mounting the pulpit." Harry's eye followed the motion of the bride's finger to the spot indicated, and, true enough, upon the very summit of the "pulpit rock," as it was familiarly known, stood a dark figure, scarcely discernible except by a white cap relieved against the sombre background of evergreens.

"It is the witch!" exclaimed Harry, slightly recoiling with superstitious dread; then resuming his courage and raising his voice, he called to her. The murmuring of the waters over their rocky channel drowned his voice, and he had to repeat the call, in a louder tone, before the woman was made aware of their presence.

Starting suddenly from her abstracted position, she leaned forward, and peered through the partial gloom in the direction where they were standing.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, in a voice trembling with excitement, which was just intelligible above the rush of waters—"Ah! Harry Cheever, is it you? You are true to your word, and I will keep mine. Descend to my dwelling, and I will be with you in a trice."

"Now, Mary, be firm! you will need all your courage and equanimity to endure this interview," whispered

Harry, as the two threaded the remainder of the tortuous path. When they reached the door of the hut, the woman had already entered, and stood ready to receive them. The interior of this sylvan dwelling was as wild and picturesque as its outward appearance. A bright light, from blazing pine torches, shone from the mouth of a huge chimney, casting dark shadows from every object upon which it rested. The place was scantily furnished, the only seat being a rude bench, standing against the wall; a brass kettle and a washboard leaned in a corner, and against the chimney stood a table with a plain cover, upon which was perched a huge black cat, looking like one of the familiar spirits of the fabled sorcerers of old. The woman's form, though somewhat stout, was withered and bent; and though the face bore few wrinkles, there was in it an appearance of age and misery. When the two entered, she came forward, and taking the bride by the hand, motioned to Harry to remain without. He complied, but without entirely closing the door, in order that he might keep the parties under his eye. He had no sooner withdrawn, than the woman raised the hand of the maiden to the light, and brought it so near that a red strawberry mark was visible on its back, near the wrist. A gleam of satisfaction shot from the eyes of the witch, which the next moment gave place to an expression of sadness; then turning the hand she held in her own, and pointing to the palm with her finger, she asked: "Mary Manchester, shall I read your history?"

Mary was agitated, embarrassed, and at a loss what to reply. The woman's strange conduct and evident ex-

citement, however, had raised her curiosity, and she invited her to proceed.

The woman made an effort at calmness, and fixed her attention upon the lines traced upon the fair palm of the maiden. At length she began :—

“It is now fourteen years since you left the home of your birth, and wandered away in company with your father. His history, his untimely and sudden death, you know. Of the history of your mother you know nothing.”

“Madam !” interrupted the bride, “I must not listen to you—I would be gone—I came to listen to your history, not my mother’s :” and, pained beyond measure, Mary made a motion to depart, but the woman detained her, saying : “Nay, you go not now ! I have a duty to perform—a duty to you, to myself, and others ; and you *must* listen to me, patiently if you will, forcibly if you must !”

Seeing no help for it, Mary resigned herself to her lot, and the woman continued :—

“Of your mother, you know nothing but what you have gathered from a paper, left you by your father. That paper is true in some things, false in others—false, not by design, but through misapprehension. Whatever may have been your mother’s faults, she was never guilty of actual crime.”

At this point of the conference, Mary conceiving, she knew not why, that what she heard was true, dropped upon her knees, and clasping her hands, exclaimed with fervor, “God, I thank thee ! now I can be happy.” A flood of tears composed her excited mind, and she

begged the woman to proceed, for she was no longer an unwilling listener.

“Your father,” continued the woman, “was suspicious and hasty in his temper. Your mother saw his peculiarities, but did not know how to appreciate, or govern her conduct in accordance with them. When his mind was engrossed with the cares of unsuccessful business, she was disappointed of her pleasures, and blamed him for the disappointment; but all that, you know. You know, too, that your mother left home in the company of one who had been a constant visiter in the family, and with whom she had been on terms of imprudent intimacy. But, in spite of appearances, your mother never harbored one unchaste thought, or indulged in any course of conduct with the intention of wronging your father. She only saw in this species of amusement an innocent mode of indulging her idle and exciting habits. Not so the man who had been the cause of the calamity that befell your family. He was a villain! a cold, calculating villain; with the cunning of the devil himself, he laid his plans for your mother’s ruin. He thought he discovered in the levity of his victim an acquiescence in his schemes, and regarded the confidence she reposed in him, as a man of honor, as an evidence of illicit love. When they reached New York, instead of conveying her to her friends, he took her to an hotel. There, he revealed himself. Your mother was distracted. The revelation of that man’s villany overcame her, and she fell into a fever. He guarded cautiously against her making her presence known to her friends, and when the delirium of her fever was raging, had her

conveyed privately to a place where she lay insensible for days. At length, she recovered her reason, and begged to be taken home: she was told that it would not be safe; she was even denied the privilege of informing her friends of her location. All this time, she was persecuted with the attentions of the man whom she had learned to hate—and, oh! how bitterly did she now repent her thoughtlessness! At length, driven again almost to madness, she found means to escape, and returned to her home. It was deserted; and none could inform her whither her husband and daughter had fled. She found herself maligned and despised among her old neighbors, and she too fled. For months, she wandered in search of her kindred. She could hear no tidings of them, until one evening, about two weeks since, she saw a young girl—she was struck with something familiar about her—she followed her to her home—for more than an hour she watched outside the dwelling for her reappearance; at the end of that time, a light appeared at a window, and the girl entered: your mother climbed the lattice-work outside, and took her station where she could observe the daughter's movements; presently she saw her take a package out of a bureau, and begin to read. She recognised the handwriting even at that distance—the daughter looked up and saw”—

“Her mother!” exclaimed Mary, wildly throwing herself into the arms of “the witch.”

“It was, indeed, your mother, my poor girl,” said the woman, after they had freely mingled their sobs and tears. “It was, indeed, your mother; happy, most

happy! to be again restored to her orphan daughter. I should have mentioned to you, that your father left his business in an unsettled state. After his departure, affairs took a favorable turn, and I received, from the hands of one of his friends, these papers, which he said your father had directed him to deliver to me in case I returned. I found myself mistress of property amounting to ten thousand dollars. Take the papers; I have never made any use of them; they are yours."

Harry advanced into the room with a smile, and asked Mary, with a kiss, if she regretted her visit.

"Harry!" she replied, "you knew she was my mother?"

"I did, but only within the past few days."

"There will be time for further explanation hereafter," said the mother; "now that you have adopted the name of your husband, you have no need of your true family name, which is neither Manchester nor Foote. My children! *always avoid even the seeming of infidelity to each other; and may you be happy!*"

Harry built him a lovely cottage, and Mary managed to make him happy and contented, even in the presence of his mother-in-law. Which of the twain, reader, think you was the witch, the mother or the daughter?

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

POOR AND RICH.

BY F. J. OTTERSON.

COME out from among your busy brethren, O hard-handed, dust-begrimed, son of toil! Wipe from your brow the sweaty title of existence, and stand up in your honest dignity. I would compare thee with thy brother, here, whom I found reclining on downy cushions, in a pavilion glowing in the gorgeousness of gold and gems; at his feet splashed the fountain's liquid coolness—harps, touched by fair fingers, dropped melody for his ears—perfumes exhaled sweet odors for his nostrils, and cowering slaves, like ghosts, not breaking silence, appeared and vanished at his nod.

Look not thus scornfully upon your brother, wealthy lordling, for he *is your brother*, and it is *you* who are honored by the fact. Who created him? GOD ALMIGHTY, in the proudest moment of his eternal existence; in his own image the great Creator made him, and pronounced the work "good," while "the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy." JEHOVAH made him a *man*—*man*, the master-piece and crowning perfection of creation, beyond which creative power did not, perhaps could not go. Tell me, now,

wherein is he less a man than you? He is compounded of bones, sinews, and blood: are you not thus formed? True, his features are swarthy, his raiment coarse, his hand hard, his aspect hopeless and unkind. But all this and more he endures to support you in the pomp and prodigality of vast wealth;—patiently, painfully, he endures; but beware lest your arrogance or ingratitude provoke that patience beyond endurance, and it break out and consume you utterly, as the fire, so genial and comforting in its place, becomes a remorseless destroyer when carelessly used. Answer me, now, of what avail would be your well-filled coffers if the host of producers, fellow-workmen with your brother here, should refuse to sell for your gold the corn and the oil forced from the earth by their strong arms? If the poor and toiling myriads should say, with one great voice: “We will produce no more than we may consume; Mother Earth is bountiful to all; the privileged few, who have so long luxuriated in idleness, may now eat their gold if they can; we will sell no more henceforth;” what then would you do for meat and drink, heir of Mammon? Why, you would denude that delicate hand of its perfumed silk glove, you would throw off the useless trappings of idleness, and, in serviceable habiliments, betake you to the field, and ply the spade and hold the plough, to keep grim Death at arm’s length: for when the hollow eyes of Famine glared at you from their fleshless sockets, your pride, your fancied superiority, your affected contempt of toil, would vanish, and you would thank God for the noble resource of labor in this last extremity.

I do not mean to reproach you *because you are rich;*

but simply to open your eyes, sometimes ignorantly and often wilfully closed, to the fact that the laborer, in whatever craft or in whatever country, is deserving of your highest regard, of your kindest sympathy, and your heartfelt gratitude. He who labors for your aggrandizement, confers a favor upon you beyond the value of gold. If he does for you that which you *cannot* do for yourself, you certainly owe him gratitude; if he does for you what you *can* but *will not* do, your gratitude may be less; but, as he aids in keeping your false dignity in its towering place, you will at least be "very much obliged" to him.

In a world of Selfishness, like this, it is almost vain to hope that Pride will ever be dethroned. This potent monarch—with that efficient minister, Envy—has set all mankind by the ears, and life is little else than a snap-dragon scramble for small pieces of yellow metal; to gain which, every moral principle, every high and holy feeling, is often sacrificed, and man, the boasted image of God, is debased below the brutes—for brutes never accumulate beyond Nature's requirements. Poor and rich are alike guilty of the unheavenly desire of vast possessions; and it is wonderful with what stoicism the unsuccessful scrambler bears the sneers and the oppressions of his more fortunate fellow: and herein consists the superior virtue of the poor,—for instead of rising, which, from their far greater numbers, they might easily do, and forcing from the successful their enormous gains, they toil on painfully, enviously if you will, but still clinging to the hope that by some rare stroke of Fortune, they may, in a future day, get up into the atmo-

sphere of exclusiveness, peacefully, as did those already there.

The chief fault of the age is that money is in a great measure the standard of respectability—Heaven forgive the expression of the ridiculous idea! But as it is one of the glaring *facts* of the time, we cannot shuffle it off, or evade it, however so disposed we may be. It is unfashionable, and, therefore, not respectable, to labor; but as labor must be done, as the condition of existence, and as the love of life is a powerful principle, *somebody* must do the labor—must sow and reap; and as a few can contrive to live without labor upon the surplus product of the mass, this few have, with all the effrontery of ignorance and pride, proclaimed that they are above the producers, better and more holy than the very men from whose hands they receive their daily rations! Can Pride go beyond this in barefaced audacity?

Yet let me not be understood as saying that all the rich think and act thus. Far from it. There are thousands among them who acknowledge the Nobility of Labor. Many of them, in their younger days bred to toil, duly appreciate the important position of labor in the moral and social systems. And such men are invariably benevolent and kind-hearted; such men are beloved by the poor, in proportion as the other class is hated. Such men are not ashamed to let the world know that they sprung from the low class—for they know that Society is formed like the pyramid; on its apex shines and trembles a king, beneath him, ranging downward and spreading outward, are princes, lords, nobles, and wealthy citizens, while the base consists of

the strong-armed and broad-shouldered millions of the low class, or laborers. What if the king should fall? Is the structure injured? Certainly not. But suppose the base is swayed like a swelling ocean? King, princes, lords, and nobles, are buried in universal destruction. Would you build the edifice again? You must begin once more at the base. You cannot build from the king downward, but must go from the low to the high. Thus, as the base is to the pyramid, so is the mass, the low class, or whatever name it bears, to the great fabric of Human Society.

Contrasting, then, the antagonist conditions of Wealth and Poverty, and getting our eyes open to the fact that labor is the only real wealth, we cannot but admire the character and conduct of the poor, as a class. I mean not petty trivialities of individual action, but the great and universal bearing of Poverty toward Opulence. If you meet a lion in a forest, a lion famishing with hunger, and he, instead of eating you, walks by with an abject and cowering look, you will certainly give the beast credit for good behavior, and even unparalleled forbearance. Now, thank Heaven! there are no such extreme cases in our country, but in the old world they are appallingly frequent; and truly the starving myriads are forbearing in a wonderful degree.

What is the duty of the rich in their intercourse with their poor brethren? It is very plain. The first great duty of every man to his kind, is to remember that one individual of the human family is *just as good, and not a whit better* than another; that noble paternity, or patrician blood, or hereditary honors, are empty baubles,

of no account whatever ; that the illegitimate offspring of crime is as much a human being, and just as important in the eye of God, as the heir to a crown. Here, where all meet on a perfect level, is the centre from which judgment may go forth and follow in the track of time, noting the *acts* of the individual and judging from them *only*. Admitting and practising this duty, renders all others comparatively easy. The recognition of Independence of Mind is another cardinal duty of every member of a social system ; and nothing need be said to urge this ; for the growing of knowledge and enlightenment, of which we have so great a share, is but the *effect* of which freedom of mind is the *cause*. That minds are unequal in their abilities is as notorious as that bodies are diverse in physical development ; and should argue in favor of freedom of thought—for, if some intellects are so towering that they acknowledge, and, in fact, have no controller, how much more does the mind of meaner pretensions require full freedom ?

The first of these duties recognised and performed, places man's *body* upon the primitive and natural ground of Equality : the second emancipates his *soul* from the hateful thralldom of Bigotry, and leaves him, as his Maker placed him, a free moral agent.

Few auxiliaries are needed, if these two duties are performed, to bring about that reciprocity of feeling and action between the two great classes of society, so much desired by true philanthropists, and so surely productive of one universal brotherhood of man. Let the rich man come down from his station in the social pyramid, now and then, and mingle with the laboring throng ; let him

hear their grievances in persuasive words, lest one day he hears them in tones of vengeance; let him break down that spirit of foolish pride which would prompt him to distrust and scorn the poor; let him bestow his alms in person upon their wretched wives and children, and not, for the sake of being seen of men, give a fortune to some already wealthy corporation; let him teach his children that the servants who wait upon them are really human beings, and have souls worth caring for, and minds capable of cultivation. Let him do this, and he will have such reward as few receive, and fewer merit: he will be surrounded by the good wishes and prayers of grateful thousands; he will experience gratitude pure from the relieved heart of suffering humanity. And more, he will induce that reciprocal interchange of good actions which will elevate the performer to his proper station; he will find that his example is contagious, that even the down-trodden poor have hearts full of love for man, and ardently desiring his elevation.

But how is this state of things to be brought about? How are the rich to be induced to break the bonds of a system so long established as that of moneyed aristocracy? Not by force; for good never results from involuntary coercion. All this must, and will be accomplished, by moral suasion. There is a spirit now pervading the great heart of humanity directly tending to this result. The rapid increase of knowledge in the humbler class has opened their eyes to their social and moral position, and the factitious issues which have so long perverted judgment, are vanishing like morning mist. The evils of our social system can no longer be

disguised : reform is inevitable : and the proudest triumph of Principle in our days is found in the fact that the very men who have suffered most from this perverted system, who should naturally be the most exasperated, are the first in the rank of forbearing, persuading, and peace-loving reformers. Their entire success may be reasonably anticipated in our days, for their movement is in direct accordance with the desires of all humanity. God speed them in their noble efforts ; and may we all live to see the now dawning twilight of the social millennium expand into the full sunburst of unclouded day !

July, 1847.

WHAT IS LIFE ?

ALAS ! what is it ? thou wert here
But yesterday, fair child ;
Thy step was light upon the ground,
As fawn's upon the wild.

Bright, beautiful as morning,
Thy form before us rose ;
Thy golden locks were like the rays
The sun's effulgence throws.

Bright as the sparkling waters
When Sol ascends the skies,
Thy face, with radiance glowing, shone —
Like diamonds bright, thine eyes.

Oh ! hushed is now thy prattle,
Mute now that lisping tongue,
And cold the form of loveliness
To which we fondly clung.

E. C. H.

NEW YORK, June, 1847.

SONNET.—THE LAST OF THE RACE.

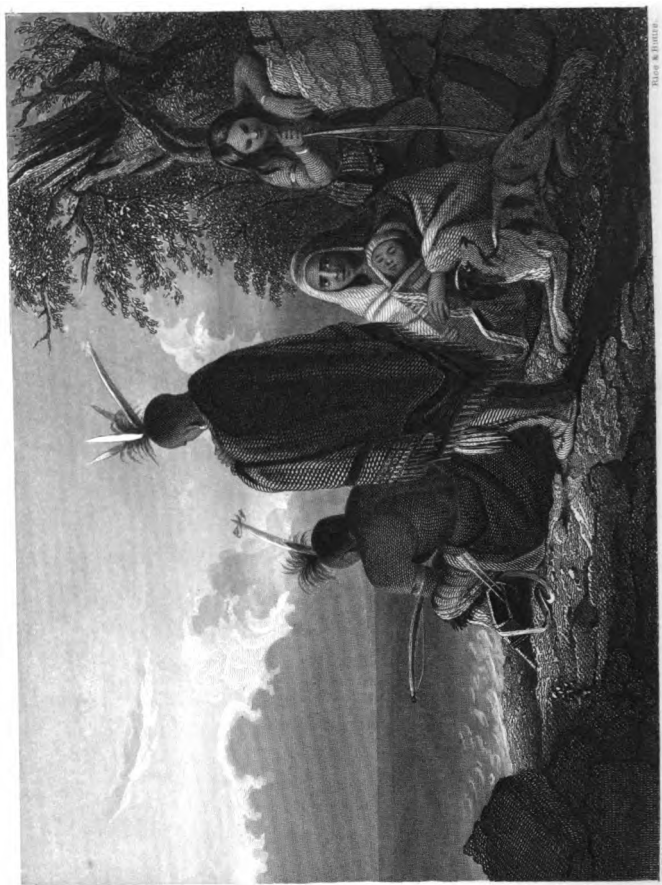
BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

Nor thus the Hebrew leader from the height
Gazed on the promised land that stretched below,
When, going up to meet the morning light,
In the far east, he saw its fresh rays glow
With glorious increase, like his People's might !
Child of the Setting Sun ! from yon lone steep
Thou seest the orb, that cheered thy course thus far,
Desert thee for some unknown realm of night ;
Awhile for thee — for thee no Bethlehem star
Rays out, to guide thee o'er the untried deep,
Where, now, no Blesséd Islands of Delight,
Believed in fondly, greet thine aching sight —
No spirit-voices from the waters sweep
To tell where rest thy race, and where thou too mayst sleep.

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

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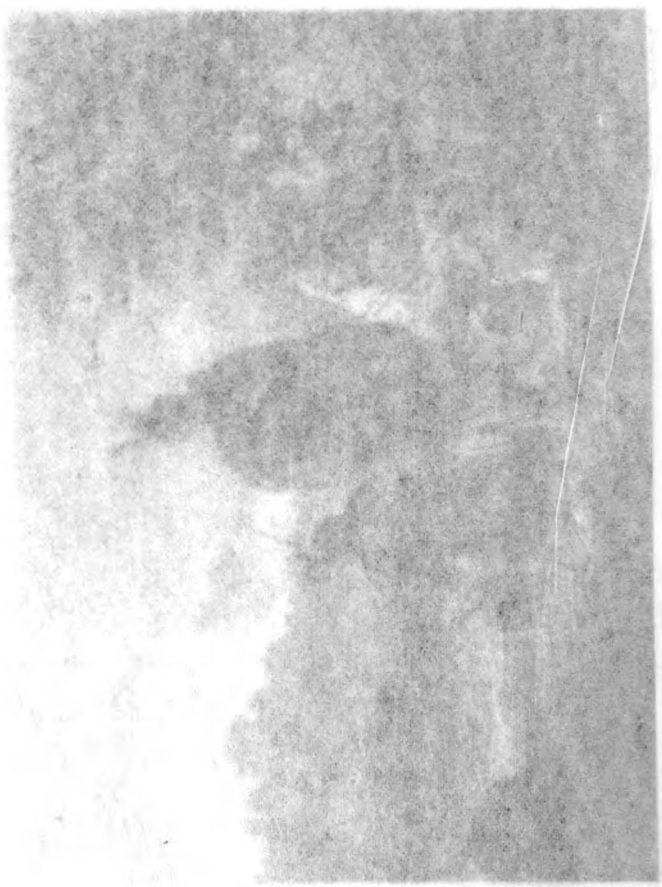
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THE LAST OF THEIR RACE.

BY F. J. OTTERSON.

ON bleak Alaska's farthest land —
'Twas thus my fancy run —
I saw a group of mourners stand,
And gaze upon the sun,
As down the west his chariot went,
And Asia hailed his face ;
In reverence the mourners bent —
The last of all their race !

Dark was the sky, and cloud on cloud
Shut out the moon's mild gleam ;
Around them was the stormwind loud,
Above, the night-bird's scream ;
Hoarsely along the rocky shore
The tide resounding rolled ;
And closer, round the babe she bore,
The mother drew the fold !

As if their destiny to mock,
There stood a blasted tree —
An oak, rent by the lightning shock,
And mildewed by the sea :
All spoke of elemental war,
The place, the tree, the sky,
The group of strangers, come so far,
In such a place to die.

"Great Spirit!" thus the chieftain spoke,
"Behold thy children here!
Their hearts and bows alike are broke,
With sorrow — not with fear.

"Six thousand moons have waxed and waned,
Since our destroyer came;
Since his unholy foot profaned
The Temple of the Flame.

"'Tis vain to curse! no curse of ours
Can pierce the pale-face mail,
And yet it seems the higher powers
Should make the robber quail:

"For every step of his hath been
Above the red man's grave;
In vain we armed our valiant men,
To stem the fiery wave —

"In vain we followed with the sun,
And yielded league on league;
Wolfish, he tracks us where we run,
With force, or foul intrigue.

"Where Montezuma reigned in pride,
And on the Inca's throne;
From India to Ontaria's tide,
From Maine to Oregon —

"One fearful doom has swept away
All vestige of our race,
Save here and there a heap of clay,
The Indian's burial-place;

"Save names that ne'er shall be forgot,
Till rivers cease to flow;
Save many a battle-blasted spot,
And legendary woe.

"Here on the utmost western verge
Of half the world we stand,
To chant the Redman's final dirge
This side the Spirit Land.

"Farewell ! remembrance of the Past
Is bitterer than death,
And curses, impotent to blast,
Are waste of precious breath !

"Farewell ! 'tis not a man that dies,
Nor yet a nation falls —
Such scenes are old to Heaven's eyes —
A greater now appals :

"A race, once like the Autumn leaves,
So numerous were they,
By reaper Death, bound up in sheaves,
Is turning into clay !

"Well may the boding owllet scream
Above the blasted tree !
Well may the lurid lightning gleam
Along the ebon sea !

"Well may the fitful breezes wild
Arouse the roaring surge —
That Nature o'er her dying child
May chant a fitting dirge !

"Perchance that dirge shall faintly tell,
In accents fearful small,
To those who in our kingdoms dwell,
They, too, may one day fall :

"That years of prosperous peace shall bring
The canker of decay,
And they, as few as us, shall sing
The dirge we sing to-day :

“ Shall stand on Plymouth Rock, as we
On this our pilgrim place —
Before, the cold un pitying sea —
Behind, a stranger race !

“ Here — where Alaska’s barren soil
Once reached the Eastern world,
Till in a fearful tempest’s moil
’T was all in ruin hurled —

“ Here, on the path our fathers trod
Three thousand years ago,
We yield at last our race to God —
We end our mortal woe !”

Thus said the Chief ; his quiver loosed,
And cast it in the wave ;
And down the rocks, where ocean oozed,
He hunted for a grave ;
Around him ranged the little group —
The mother and the bride —
Upon their knees their heads they droop,
And wait the flowing tide.

The tempest roared and shrieked around ;
A demon rode the air ;
The low death-wail was rudely drowned —
The owl was screaming there ;
The old tree quivered overhead,
And bowed its trunk full low —
As if to greet the coming dead,
And mock their final woe !

One howling blast, as if the wind
Would empty ocean’s bed —
One flash of light, where all was blind,
Disclosed the Indian dead :
That flash had seized their failing breath —
And then a moonbeam stole
All trembling to the scene of death,
To guide away the soul !

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AS IT IS.

BY JAMES L. RIDGELY.

THE cycle of eight-and-twenty years since Odd-Fellowship was instituted in this country, has closed: the grain of seed which was cast upon the furrow has grown to be a stately tree, whose branches now cover the entire surface of North America. From but a small, very small beginning, and in a comparatively very short period of time, thousands have gathered under its broad and protecting ægis: from the little Spartan band of five, accidentally assembled at Baltimore in 1819, the Order has progressed to greatness in moral worth and excellence. In view of its rapid and diffusive growth, the inquiry naturally occurs, What is this Odd-Fellowship which has thus gained upon the affections of men? what the touchstone of its extraordinary success as a scheme of human benefaction? and is its real character understood and appreciated?

Odd-Fellowship, correctly speaking, embodies in itself two leading aspects. First, it is a simple beneficiary, and, secondly, it is a lever, of great moral power, by which men are effectually moved to a just conception of their true relations toward each other, and their proper destiny. The latter aspect of Odd-Fellowship,

by far its more commendable feature, has been imparted to it, in all its comeliness, since its original institution, and may be said to reflect its chiefest virtue.

The great idea of Odd-Fellowship, which pervades its whole system, is *Charity*, enlarged and comprehensive Charity, as opposed to the contracted Selfishness which debases human nature ; I mean practical charity : charity, from brother toward brother ; charity to all mankind ; that charity of which Love is the source, the life, the being. The immortal Scotch fictionist has written, that "the race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other." The truthfulness of this sentiment our Order recognises, and by all its energies seeks to arrest the proclivity of a corrupted nature. Every kind office, every degree of beneficence tendered with a pure heart, every offering, however humble and simple, upon the altar of an enlarged humanity, is an illustration of Odd-Fellowship, because these partake of that spirit which is so beautifully and powerfully written in its comprehensive motto—Friendship, Love, Truth. But how often is this ennobling characteristic of Odd-Fellowship merged comparatively in its beneficiary aspect, and hence is the Order not unfrequently exposed to successful assault, when vindicated as a mere mutual assurance compact.

Selfishness is the great vice and passion of mankind. This evil Odd-Fellowship assails earnestly and eloquently, and bids the children of misfortune, the world over, welcome to its copious fountains, ever flowing with healing for the wounded and trodden-down of earth. If this be the comprehensive and elementary idea of the

Order, it is a great error, and a great injustice to the institution, to strip it of attributes of character, which not only relieve it from all imputations of selfishness, but illustrate its practical ministrations as in truthful and in active conformity with its theory. To consider the beneficiary aspect of Odd-Fellowship as its paramount good, is but to hold it up as a limited agent of beneficence within the circle of its favored household, a mere worldling, with no higher aim or end. But such is not Odd-Fellowship ; it is true that it is a beneficiary, and as such protects and cherishes its own household, as a good parent protects and cherishes his offspring, but it has other, higher and holier energies to exert ; it inspires other and stronger obligations upon its votaries. To relieve each other, to warn and counsel each other, to love and uphold each other in the right and the true way of life, although among the many imperative duties enjoined upon its members, do not comprehend by any means the offices of Odd-Fellowship ; above and beyond these injunctions its hallowed spirit, reaching far away upon the vast ocean of being, regarding all men as brethren of one common origin, it seeks to promote a larger humanity, essays to overturn the false distinctions of society, and the influences which arise from them, mingling men into one fellowship, as embodying alike an immortal spirit and tending to the same destiny. Its chief aim is to lead man back to a just appreciation of his primitive character, to superinduce purer and holier affections among the children of men, and a closer and more fraternal intercourse. Odd-Fellowship sets up no pretension as a teacher of religion. Nor does it offer

presumptuously a substitute, under color of morals, for the Christian code. While it reveres Religion, it forbears to inculcate other than general and abstract truths, which all men may concede, amid the ten thousand conflicts of opinion which divide the Christian world. A system of morals or of philosophy, or of Odd-Fellowship, call it by what name men may please, which practically enforces and exemplifies proper human relations and duties, is worth a thousand theories, however consecrated by time, or devoted in authority, and whether uttered by priest or by people. Thus if the command to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to visit the sick, to relieve the distressed, and to educate the orphan, be sublime and superhuman in its conception and authority as a precept, how far more touchingly and beautifully effective is the lesson when illustrated in the daily ministrations of man to man ! In this spirit Odd-Fellowship moves, lives, and has its entire being, and is ever acting in vindication of an enlarged humanity ; not that it claims to have struck out any new principle, but that a long-neglected and often-diverted attribute of mankind is being by its agency agitated anew into life, by quickening the impulses of the human heart for the good of the common race.

This is Odd-Fellowship as it is, however otherwise it may be esteemed.

BALTIMORE, Md., July, 1847.

WILLIE.

BY PASCHAL DONALDSON.

"THEY are coming! — I hear them near! — The drums are beating — hark! — where are they, dear mother?" Thus spoke a child, who entered the west gate of the park, as the soldiers were marching to the lively tune of "The Polka." His tone and manner were so full of joy that they attracted my attention. I looked round upon him — he was blind!

The woman who accompanied him — his mother — observed my gaze, and, evidently expecting a rebuke or harsh word from me, drew the boy quickly away. Alas! was she then accustomed to reproaches? Did men speak rudely to her when they heard the voice of her blind child?

She was a woman of about thirty years of age: her garments were coarse; her face was pale, and her frame emaciated. The child, too, was meager in both form and feature; and though his countenance was now lit up with joy, his was a sad face — one to which any joyful emotion seemed a stranger.

I followed them to the spot where the soldiers were passing. A crowd, rushing impetuously forward, did

not heed them; the blind boy was thrown to the ground, and trampled upon by the excited throng. No one paused in his hurried movement—many cursed the child, who was struggling to rise—some even kicked him in their fury—a few laughed—and one cried out, “Pitch the young ’un to the devil! why is he stopping up the way?” The mother was nowhere to be seen; the multitude had swept her away, and her helpless boy was bereft of his only friend.

I was about to urge myself through the heartless mob, and attempt to rescue the lad, when a scream startled me; and the next moment I saw the mother, her garments rent, her hair dishevelled, rushing wildly forward. Terror gave her extraordinary strength; and even the crowd gave way and suffered her to pass. She reached the spot where the child lay; she clasped him in her arms; she covered his bleeding face with kisses; “Willie, dear Willie!” she cried, “they have killed thee—they have killed thee!” She raised him from the ground; he smiled as he heard her wellknown voice; he placed his little arms around her neck; “I am not well, dear mother,” he said; “let us go home.”

The throng had passed on—I advanced, and addressed the woman with a kindly voice; she listened to my words. “Are you hurt, my child?” I asked, placing my hand tenderly upon the blind boy’s arm.

“No, not hurt,” he replied; “let us go, mother; I shall be well soon.”

But he *was* hurt. His head had been severely cut, and the blood was running down his pale cheeks; his clothes were rent from his limbs, his body was bruised,

and the flesh cruelly torn, in several places, upon his breast and side.

"Yes, we will go, darling," the mother said; then, turning to me, she continued, in a low tone, "he is badly hurt, sir—I see how it is—he won't acknowledge it, for fear of alarming me."

Generous, noble-hearted boy! dost thou then, while suffering pain that might cause even a strong man to tremble, endure it without a murmur, that thy mother may be spared! Where shall we find purer, holier, truer love?—Such were my thoughts, as I replied:

"We must lose no time; he is ill; indeed, you can not take him home until his wounds shall have been dressed. Willie, go with your mother to the doctor; you will be better then."

The blind boy did not speak; he could not; he had, as I concluded my sentence, fallen back, fainting, in the arms that bore him.

"Oh God! he's dead!—Willie, dear Willie, do not leave me thus!" cried the frantic mother, clasping the lifeless child to her heart.

There was not a moment to spare: I ran for a physician; and, luckily, found one near. Such assistance as the circumstances permitted was rendered, and the child was removed to his mother's dwelling, accompanied by myself and the doctor.

Two weeks had elapsed since the blind boy was hurt. He had lain in his rude cot, in an humble apartment, during that time, suffering much pain. No mur-

mur escaped him — he knew his mother's anxiety, and would not give utterance to his own distress ! I was sitting by his side, his little hand clasped in mine.

“Willie, you are not so well as you were yesterday.”

“O ! yes — I am quite smart this morning ; don't I look better, mother ? See how I can raise myself in the bed !” As he spoke, he attempted to sit upright, but his strength was unequal to the task ; he sank back, exhausted by the effort. His mother rose and left the room, to conceal from him the tears she could not restrain.

“My poor Willie,” said I, “your whole thought is of *her* ; God bless you !”

“Oh, sir, how can we comfort her ?” he exclaimed : “do not think of me ; — dear mother ! — if *she* were only happy ! She tries to make me think that she is so ; but last night, when she thought me asleep, I felt her tears fall on my cheeks as she kissed me. O won't you comfort her, sir ? Do not think of me, but of her ; I shall soon be well !”

He paused : he had spoken truly ; — he *would* “soon be well !”

After a few moments, he again spoke : — “In my sleep to-day,” he said, “I seemed to be in a place filled with great multitudes of people — they did not rush upon me, and trample me under their feet — I could *see* them ; their faces were so full of joy that I clapped my hands and shouted with ecstasy on beholding them. And mother was there, too ; I could gaze upon her beloved form and face ; it seemed as if I loved her better than ever ! Oh, if all this had been real ! — if

we thus might be always together — always thus happy — I should be willing to leave the world to-day ; ay, this moment !”

“ Willie, you *shall* dwell there forever—you and your mother !” I said, emphatically.

With an energy that surprised me, he clasped his hands, and his countenance was radiant with unspeakable delight.

“ You have been good to me—you have never deceived me—I believe you now—O joy ! joy !” he exclaimed.

The excitement and exertion were more than he could bear ; his head fell back upon the pillow : I saw that he was indeed not far from that delightful home which had been exhibited to him in his dream !

At this moment his mother, re-entering the apartment, rushed to the bedside, exclaiming,

“ He is dying ! he is dying ! Willie ! dear Willie !”

The blind boy feebly stretched out his arms, while the woman placed her lips to his cheek and wept as though her heart were breaking. At length he put his arm round her neck and spoke, in a whisper I could scarcely hear.

“ Dear mother,” he said, “ I shall soon see your face ; we shall be—O how happy ! See ! they are beckoning us away ! There are the multitudes of joyful people ; do you not behold them, mother ? O how beautiful is the light ! Ah, this is what they have called heaven ! Come—come—sweet mother—no more hunger—no more tears—no more sorrow !—Not the blind boy now, mother ! for I gaze on you by

this bright and glorious light — come ! — come ! — O
blessed sight !”

* * * “His eyelids closed,
Calmly, as to a night’s repose,
Like flowers at set of sun ;”

and his pure spirit, no longer confined within its miserable prison-house, soared to a home of rest, such as the world that had trampled upon him in his helplessness could “neither give nor take away.”

* * * * *

I shall not attempt to describe the mother’s grief. . . . She followed her blind boy in a few weeks. . . . Their bodies lie buried in the same grave ; — their souls, so indissolubly linked in each other here on earth, are united for ever, in a higher, holier, more enduring, inseparable union !

O ye heartless throng, that crushed the defenceless blind boy in the dust, ye did not know the value of that holy nature ! It was emphatically GOD’S IMAGE ; — ay, “God’s image in its babyhood.” Think, O heedless crowd, on what ye did ! think of the poor child whose body you mangled and destroyed — but who forgave you with his latest sigh — and invoke Heaven’s forgiveness of your crime ; for you trampled upon one, the “hairs of whose head were all numbered,” and whom God regarded, even as he regards “the fall of a sparrow !”

NEW YORK, July 22, 1847.

FRIENDSHIP.

THE little estimation in which friendship is held, appears to be one of the principal signs which mark the degeneracy of the present age. There is no name more used than that of a friend, yet nothing seems less understood, and, I may add, less practised than true friendship. Should we inquire whence false friendship proceeds, we would find much of it owing to the manner in which connexions of this nature are formed.

It is impossible that friendship can long subsist between minds whose dispositions are widely different from each other. When we see an avaricious and sordid man enter into friendship with another of an open and generous disposition, we justly suspect that the former will prove a time-serving friend, and repay the generous offices of the other, by deserting him when he most needs his assistance. A youth at his first entrance on the great stage of life, if his temper is free and the natural bias of his mind good, surveys mankind with a better opinion of the world, than those who have lived long enough to experience its deceit, and thereby form a truer, though too melancholy judgment. A youth of this description hastily forms a connexion, which is called friendship, with those whose habits of mind can never agree with his; if he should ask assist-

ance from any of these friends, he is shocked to see how soon they throw off the mask, and disclaim, not only the name of friends, but even deny any acquaintance with him ; his virtuous mind turns with disgust and amazement from men, of whom, by his own disposition, he had formed the most favorable opinion.

Persons at first meeting each other, by a secret sympathy of soul, have sometimes contracted the most elevated friendship human frailty will admit : these examples do not often occur, since none but those whose minds are expanded by the most liberal ideas and noble sentiments of the human soul, can sustain a friendship of this nature. Where true friendship exists, there must be a congeniality of minds ; they must be persons of integrity and virtue, whose minds are uncontaminated by the deceit which too much abounds among mankind ; who can place entire confidence in each other, and treat with disdain the slanders that little and envious minds take a pleasure in spreading. The true friendships we meet with, are those not formed by the impulse of a moment, but exist between persons who, after long acquaintance with each other's virtues and dispositions, have bound themselves in the sacred ties of friendship. Such characters as these, seldom fail to maintain inviolable one of the most sublime connexions that can interest the human heart.

Friendship was highly honored by the ancients, and the breach of it reckoned as a crime of the first magnitude ; but with a great part of the modern world, it serves for a mask to cover villany and deceit. A man on the least acquaintance, will insult you with the name of

friend, when, perhaps, he scarcely understands the meaning of the word. Let any one complain of the baseness of a supposed friend: the reply would most probably be, that he ought to have expected it: for every one knew friendship was but a farce, and that to desert a friend in distress was now quite the fashion. To such a degraded state are the virtues of modern times sunk.

We profess to admire the patriotism, heroism, courage, and friendship of the Greeks and Romans; if so, let us endeavor to imitate them. A true friend is an inestimable treasure; he shares our griefs and sympathizes in all our afflictions, thereby lessening that portion of wo, which is inevitably the lot of human nature; and, in prosperity, our joys are doubled by his participating in them.

Friendship, viewed in its true colors, has something at once so lovely and endearing, that it cannot fail to engage the affections of all good men. And let him, who takes upon himself the sacred office of a friend, ever remember, such a character faithfully acquitted, is one of the brightest laurels that can adorn the brow of man; and that he who can injure his friend, incurs a stigma which language does not furnish words to express.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June, 1847.

D. R.

SCENES FROM A GERMAN DRAMA.

BY P. G. DANIEL ADDE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RUDOLPH, lord of Arnfeldt.

ETHELBERT, his younger brother.

ARNFELDT, their father, and baron of Arnfeldt.

MARGARET, his wife by a second marriage, and mother of ETHELBERT.

EDITH, her handmaiden.

ARNULF, the faithful servitor of the baron of Arnfeldt, who was possessed of all their family secrets.

ETHELWOLF, the sworn enemy of the house of Arnfeldt.

WARRIORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Baron ARNFELDT and MARGARET surveying the progress of the battle from one of the turrets of the castle.

Arnfeldt. Tell me, Margaret, how goes the battle? My eyes are getting dim. Oh, that I could once more wield my trusty blade and punish the presumptuous Ethelwolf for his audacious insults! My soul pants for battle, while my poor feeble frame can scarce sustain itself.

Lady Margaret. Calm these transports, my noble lord. The battle wages fiercely, but Rudolph bears himself bravely through the midst of it all. Now may the holy virgin protect us! he is in the very midst of our enemies, and engaged hand to hand with Ethelwolf,—

they close! oh, mercy—my brain is on fire—help!
(*she faints.*)

Arnfeldt. Margaret! What ho! help! (*rings the bell violently. EDITH enters.*) Edith, your lady has fainted. (*EDITH catches Lady MARGARET in her arms, and pours some water in her face. She slowly revives.*)

Lady Margaret. Where am I? What horrid vision is this? Is it you, Edith? and you, my lord, pardon my weakness—I am better now. Edith, look from the lattice, and tell us how the battle progresses—I dare not look again.

Edith (goes to the casement). Heaven be praised! Ethelwolf is retreating—he is sorely pressed by Rudolph—now he flies—and Rudolph disappears in pursuit.

SCENE II.

The battle-field—ETHELWOLF in full retreat—RUDOLPH in pursuit.

Rudolph (to his followers). Call off our men. Ethelwolf has taken to flight, and we must attend to our wounded; full many a worthy follower of our house has fallen, and though we are victorious, yet our loss is heavy. Have any of you seen Ethelbert during the fight?

First Warrior. Yea, my lord. He hath won many laurels this day that much older warriors might be proud to wear. I saw him but a moment since.

Second Warrior. He is returning to the castle, whither he has been called by a signal from the lady Margaret.

Rudolph. 'Tis well—and now let us attend to the wounded. Who have we here? As I live, 'tis our faithful Arnulf, and much I fear he is already dead. (*Stoops and places his hand upon ARNULF's heart.*) He is still alive—haste to the castle, and bring a litter—we may yet save him.

Warriors. We obey. (*Exit.*)

Rudolph. My trusty Arnulf! speak! how farest thou? taste of this wine, it may perchance revive you—it was placed in my pouch this morning by the lady Margaret. (*Pours some into ARNULF's mouth: he slowly revives.*)

Arnulf. The lady Margaret! The lady Margaret, said you? Oh! my Lord, forgive me ere I die. Nay, look not on me thus, I beseech you. Rudolph, I have that to tell you which will make you curse the hour in which I was born. The blood of the innocent is upon my hands and is dragging me down to hell!

Rudolph. Nay, compose yourself, good Arnulf. Your wounds have turned your brain. We shall soon convey you in safety to the castle, where you can be better cared for, and you may yet recover.

Arnulf. Talk not to me of recovery. I feel that my hours are numbered, and are nearly run, but I cannot die without your forgiveness, deeply as I have wronged you.

Rudolph. Nay, nay, good Arnulf, you have never wronged me.

Arnulf. Listen, for I have not long to live, and it is needful that I confess while I may.

Rudolph. If you have aught to confess, confess it not to me, I beseech you.

Arnulf. 'Tis to you only that I can confess it. Sooner than confess it to any other, I would pluck my tongue from its roots, and cast it far from me. Rudolph, you have heard that your mother, the excellent lady Mary, died in giving you birth. 'Twas all a lie. She would have recovered but for the lady Margaret, who secretly loved your father, and who with my assistance strangled your mother, while the domestics were engaged in caring for you. At their return they found her dead, and supposed she had expired in their absence. Your father was inconsolable for his loss, but finally yielded to the importunities of his friends, and married the lady Margaret, to provide a mother for you.

Rudolph. Wretch! 'tis false! Unsay those horrid words! Thou art wandering! Thy wounds have crazed thee! 'Tis not so! Tell me, good Arnulf, 'tis not so!

Arnulf. Alas! my lord, would that I had died ere I had told thee this: but I could not, for twenty-five years has the wretched secret been pent up in my guilty bosom, and for that whole period I have known no rest. (*Trumpets sound. Enter ETHELWOLF, with his followers.*)

Ethelwolf. Ha! fortune has favored us at length. Here is Lord Rudolph with but one attendant, and that one wounded. To secure them will well repay us for all we have this day lost. Charge! upon them at once! Rudolph! I have thee now!

Rudolph. I defy thee, Ethelwolf! Arnfeldt, to the battle! (*They engage in fight, and while fighting ARNULF is borne away. RUDOLPH is pressed backward until he descries ETHELBERT with his warriors, coming*

to his rescue. *As they approach, ETHELWOLF and his party retire. Enter ETHELBERT.*)

Ethelbert. My lord, are you wounded?

Rudolph. Yes;—no! Would to Heaven I had been killed at once!

Ethelbert. What ails my brother? and where is Arnulf? We come at the bidding of Lady Margaret, to bring him to the castle, for we heard he had been wounded; and to invite you to the repast of which you must sadly stand in need.

Rudolph (starting). Arnulf! Good Heavens! he is made a prisoner, and is in the hands of Ethelwolf! Comrades! I will give a thousand crowns to him who brings Arnulf back to me ere to-morrow's sun! Bring him to me, dead or alive, and the reward is yours.

Warriors. We will! We will! (*Exit in pursuit of ETHELWOLF. A bugle sounds in a peculiar note.*)

Rudolph (clasping his hands in despair). Alas! 'tis too late! we are lost!

Ethelbert. What means my lord? and why does he attach so much importance to the loss of Arnulf? He is old, and can scarce survive his wounds.

Rudolph. God grant he may not! But leave me, my brother—seek the castle, and guard the failing steps of our father. He has many enemies that he wots not of, and will need all your care. I will seek the forest, where I have an appointment.

Ethelbert. What appointment can my brother have which Ethelbert cannot share? I cannot return to the castle without you. The baron and the lady Margaret are both waiting anxiously to thank you for the gallant

defence you have just made. And why seek the forest alone? Even now, but for my arrival, you had been overcome by the serfs of Ethelwolf. Ha! I have it. You are a member of the dreaded Secret Order!

Rudolph. Alas! you have guessed the fatal secret; and now learn the penalty. Either you must join our ranks, or I must insure your silence with your life.

Ethelbert (pauses). I must then join your order, to save my brother so great a crime; and now let's to the castle.

Rudolph. Hold! I will give you the password and token. Do you swear eternal secrecy? and to comply with the laws?

Ethelbert. I swear!

Rudolph. Then know that Arnulf is possessed of secrets fatal to our house, should he divulge them to Ethelwolf, who has him prisoner, and whose signal you have just heard, calling an immediate meeting of the secret council. I fear Arnulf has divulged all.

Ethelbert. What can he divulge?

Rudolph. It matters not. Take this ring, and make all speed to the count of Nuremburg, who is Grand Master, but in whose absence Ethelwolf presides in the council. This token and ring will procure you ready admittance to him. Tell him that Arnfeldt is in danger, and that the council meets this night at twelve. He will know the rest. God speed you, my brother!

Ethelbert. And you?

Rudolph. I! Yes! I will to the castle and take some refreshment. Farewell.

Ethelbert. Farewell. (*Exit in different directions.*)

SCENE III.

ETHELWOLF and his followers retreating from the field of battle.

Ethelwolf. Curses upon Arnfeldt! Curses upon you all! Why did you not slay Rudolph when he was in our power? But why do I ask? It was because the fates are against us. What became of Rudolph's follower?

First Soldier. We made him prisoner, my lord, and he is now on his way to our strong-holds. He is wounded almost unto death.

Ethelwolf. Who is he?

First Soldier. I gathered from some words that he let fall that he was Arnulf, the oldest servitor in the house of Arnfeldt.

Ethelwolf. The dog! We will hew him limb from limb! Sound a halt, and order him before us. (*Soldier sounds a trumpet. Enter soldiers, with ARNULF between them.*)

Arnulf. Forgive me, my lord, before I die; for the sake of the blessed saint who is now in heaven, oh, forgive me! It was not I that planned the deed. It was the lady Margaret. I only yielded through fear, as she threatened, if I did not assist her in the murder of your mother, that she would denounce me to the baron as having conspired to poison her. Pity! oh, my lord, pity!

Ethelwolf (in a whisper). Is all this true?

Arnulf. It is as true as heaven!

Ethelwolf (exultingly). Then, thank my stars, Fortune once more smiles upon me. Now, Rudolph, I have

thee ! this time at least thou canst not escape me ; this rewards me for all I have suffered. Now shall the proud house of Arnfeldt be humbled in the dust !

Arnulf (struggling to rise). What voice is that ? Rudolph ! my master, where art thou ?

Ethelwolf. Where my vengeance will soon overtake him. Soldiers, guard well your prisoner ; you shall answer for him with your lives. Bear him as rapidly as his wounds will allow, to our most secure fastnesses, but do not harm a hair of his head. (*Exit soldiers, with ARNULF between them.*) I will now call the council for a meeting this very night. (*Sounds his bugle.*) Haste, ye laggard hours, I am eager for my vengeance !

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A room in the castle of Arnfeldt. Enter Lady MARGARET and RUDOLPH.

Lady Margaret. Our deliverer and preserver, why art thou so sad ? and whither has Ethelbert gone ?

Rudolph. He has gone to seek the count of Nuremberg, by my special request. Arnulf was wounded almost unto death, and believing himself dying, made certain disclosures, which I fear will much disturb our peace !

Lady Margaret. Rudolph—wounded—confessed ! Wo ! wo is me. I am lost ! lost ! lost !

Rudolph. Incarnate fiend ! then his words were true ?

Lady Margaret. Alas ! my son ! my son ! have mercy upon me ! (*kneels.*) I was young, and loved your

noble father with my whole soul; that love swallowed up all other feelings in my heart. I became transformed from a timid, shrinking girl, to a scheming, infatuated woman, nay, fiend, if you will, and, in an unfortunate hour, was left alone with your mother at your birth. The temptation was too strong to be resisted. I fell—but your murdered mother has been amply avenged. From that day to the present I have never known rest. For the sake of your father, do not expose me; do with me as you will, but spare him and my innocent son!

Rudolph. 'Tis too late to avert the storm. Arnulf is a prisoner in the hands of Ethelwolf. The tempest gathers; prepare to meet it as best you may. Are these things known to any others?

Lady Margaret. To none but Arnulf.

Rudolph. If we can recover him all may yet be saved. I will away to secure his silence. Farewell! (*Exit.*)

Lady Margaret. Oh, mysterious Providence! who can escape thy justice? I feel that my troubles are nearly at an end. It is for this that I have passed so many long and restless nights. For myself I could welcome death, but why must my noble husband and son suffer too? Ha! what is that? (*starting from her seat in terror as a letter from some invisible source is dropped before her. She picks it up and reads.*) "To-night, at twelve o'clock, repair to the ruined chapel to hear your doom—seek not to escape, or you will bring a worse fate upon yourself and those you love." It bears no signature, but yet its words are as letters of fire to my heart. Be it so. I will spend the hours until then in prayer.

SCENE II.

The council-chamber in the midst of the forest. Present twelve masked figures in flowing robes. ETHELWOLF occupies the chair of state.

Ethelwolf. Guards, are the portals guarded?

Guards. They are.

Ethelwolf. Examine the council-chamber, and report if any are present who belong not to our order.

Guards (after an examination). They are all members.

Ethelwolf (striking quickly upon a small gong at his right). Rise and repeat with me our creed. (*All rise and join.*) I here, in the presence of this assembled order, pledge myself that if any wrong should at any time, by any means whatever, become known to me, to report the same at the first meeting thereafter, and to assist in bringing the offender to justice, be the same whom it may; and I further pledge myself that if I know of any member of this council who has failed to perform this or any other obligation that he has ever taken, I will report him at the first meeting thereafter. In witness whereof I call the Supreme Ruler to register this vow. Amen. (*At a signal from the speaker they all resume their seats.*) Does any one know of a wrong that has been committed and never reported to this order? (*A deep silence ensues.*)

First Councillor (rising). A member of the council has violated his oath—he has known of deep and damning wrong, and has not reported the same: what shall be his punishment?

All. The rope and the axe!

Ethelwolf. Where is the member—who the accuser?

First Councillor. He is here—I am the member and I am the accuser.

Ethelwolf. Upon thy head fall the penalty, then. Guards, remove the first councillor—place him in chains, and prepare the rope and axe! (*The GUARDS remove him, and another enters and takes his seat.*)

Ethelwolf. Councillors, have you any further charges? (*There being no answer, at a sign from ETHELWOLF the GUARDS bring in two prisoners.*) I have most grave and serious charges to prefer against these two prisoners; 'tis no less than that they have been guilty of murder, and have concealed their crime for twenty-five years. I discovered it but to-day. Behold the baron of Arnfeldt and his wife, Lady Margaret!

Lady Margaret. 'Tis false! the baron of Arnfeldt is innocent. I alone am guilty. Who is his accuser?

Ethelwolf. Thou shalt see. (*At a sign the GUARDS bring in a litter upon which reclines ARNULF.*)

Lady Margaret. Thou, Arnulf! hast thou added perjury to treachery? Speak, dost thou accuse my husband?

Arnulf (*speaking with difficulty*). I do not accuse any one. Only myself and Lady Margaret are guilty.

Ethelwolf. The witness prevaricates! They are all guilty—councillors, what shall be their sentence?—I will pronounce it for you—Guards, remove them, and prepare the tortures, after which hang them upon the nearest tree.

The Councillor who had taken the place of the First Councillor (*rising*). Hold! Guards, arrest Ethelwolf!

All the Council in surprise. The count of Nuremberg! All hail!

Count of Nuremberg (taking the president's seat). Guards release the baron of Arnfeldt and convey him to his castle. Let the Lady Margaret and Arnulf be brought in.

Guard (goes out and returns). They are both dead.

Count. 'Tis well, let them be interred; bring in the first councillor. (*Guard retires and returns with the FIRST COUNCILLOR loaded with irons.*)

Count. Release him. Remove his fetters. Lord Rudolph, I restore you to full fellowship with us. Resume your seat as first councillor. (*RUDOLPH resumes his seat.*) Guards, bring in Ethelwolf. (*Guards retire and return with ETHELWOLF bound. The COUNT OF NUREMBURG continues:.*) Ethelwolf: you stand convicted of having violated the solemn oath you took upon assuming your office—you have used the authority temporarily delegated to you, for the furtherance and gratification of your own unhallowed revenge upon your fellow-councillor. The forfeiture of your life would be too light a punishment for the crimes of which you stand convicted. Your estates are hereby confiscated, and you are forbidden, under penalty of death, ever to revisit this province. Guards, strip him of his insignia—brand him with the felon's mark, and convey him to the confines of Siberia. (*The GUARDS retire, leading off ETHELWOLF between them.*) Fellow-councillors: I have punished the traitor, Ethelwolf, thus severely, because of many high crimes that have been proved to me by the clearest evidence, which he

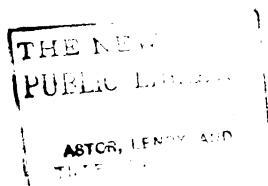
was on the point of consummating by using the power I had delegated to him in the council, for the accomplishment of his private revenge—thus striking our order a blow from which, had he been successful, it could never have recovered in this province. We are convened in our dread tribunal for the purpose of punishing vice and crime, but not for the gratification of private animosities; and he who would seek to wield the authority of the council for such purposes, may take warning by the fate of Ethelwolf. The Lady Margaret and Arnulf had in a measure expiated their offence by the years they had passed of remorse and fear, but the blood of murdered innocence still cried aloud for redress. They have received their punishment. Rudolph, lord of Arnfeldt, though failing in one particular, has proved still faithful to the fraternity by refusing to use its power to avenge a personal wrong, even when he could freely have done so. Rather than do this, he has even chosen to forfeit his own life. In reward for this proof of his devotion, I have pardoned his first offence, and restored him to his rank of first councillor. I now farther assign to him the post vacated by the expulsion of Ethelwolf. Councillors! are you satisfied?

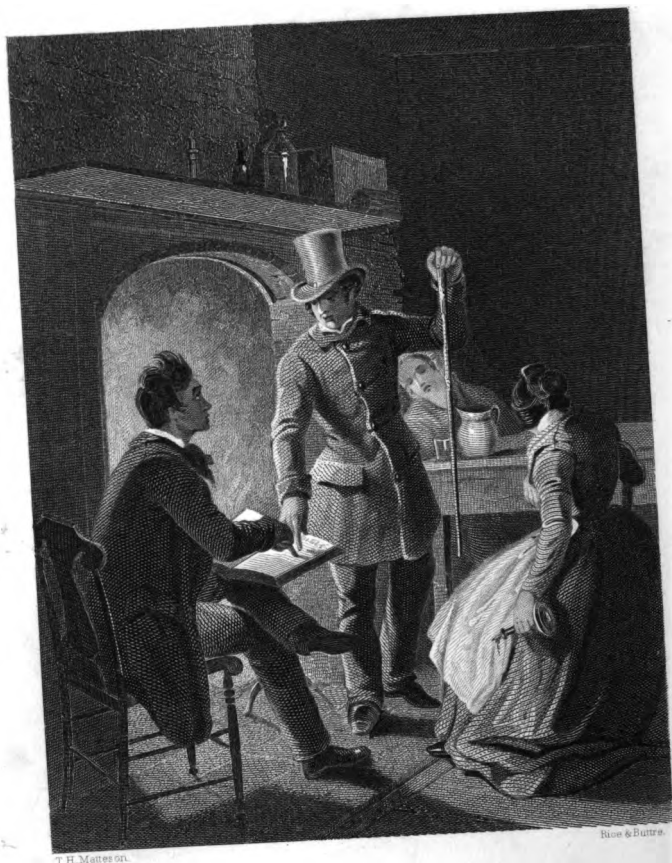
All. We are!

Count. I then declare the council closed. Councillors! to your homes; and when again you meet, let it be for a more holy purpose than that for which you were this night convened. The council is adjourned.

Exeunt.

NEW YORK, July, 1847.





T.H. Mather del.

Rice & Butler.

The Prince of the Paganiotti

E. Walker, New York.

1. *U. luteolus* (L.)

... ..

10. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 277, 1996, 1000-1001.

Journal of Management Education 30(6)

observed along the river.

1. *bel* and *chagay* are not

1. *Procedural* – the way in which the research was conducted

1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl *a*)

• **claypenny** *clay-pen-ee* *n* (pl *-ies*) a small coin, especially one of the small coins used in the past in the United States

... ..

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1025-1028.

1. $\frac{1}{2}$ 2. $\frac{1}{2}$ 3. $\frac{1}{2}$ 4. $\frac{1}{2}$ 5. $\frac{1}{2}$ 6. $\frac{1}{2}$ 7. $\frac{1}{2}$ 8. $\frac{1}{2}$ 9. $\frac{1}{2}$ 10. $\frac{1}{2}$

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1. *Journal of Management Studies*, 1991, 28, 1, 1-14.

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1001-1005.

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THE POINT OF DOCTRINE: OR, LOVE AND LOGIC.

BY J. HAGEN.

Who is there did not know Ralph Rattle?
Renowned for many a famous battle —
Not on that field where foemen fell
Cut throats, for what they cannot tell —
But in that intellectual strife,
Where tongue supplies the place of knife,
And strength of lungs astound us more
Than clash of swords, or cannon's roar.
Ralph was a mighty politician,
And always in the right position.
For though it may not be denied,
He changed about from side to side,
Yet he could change about at will,
And prove that he was standing still.
But not in subtilty alone
Did Ralph confide; to him was known
That loftier kind of eloquence,
Where, substituting sound for sense,
And calling up a fearful frown,
We *roar* our adversaries down.
In politics we styled Ralph great —
But dare we venture to relate
What in theology his skill,
These verses would whole volumes fill.
Therefore we simply say in short,
Here was his hobby, here his forte.

He could divide the nicest point,
As skilful carver would a joint ;
And every mystery make as clear
As the unclouded atmosphere.

One so invincible as he,
In politics, theology,
And eloquence, 'twas thought would prove
No less so in affairs of love.

The trial came, for strange to tell,
Ralph, who had fortified so well
His wondrous head, with all his art
Had never thought to shield his heart !

The lady, who of course was fair,
As all unmarried ladies are,
Together with an only brother,
Lived snugly with a widowed mother.
How Ralph commenced his first advances,
What luck attended, what mischances
His progress thwarted as a lover,
We vainly labored to discover.
But the result we know full well,
And briefly now proceed to tell.

'Twas on a clear December night,
Ralph and the moon were both so bright,
You scarce could tell which gave the light
That made night's passing loveliness —
Such brilliancy did both possess —
When Ralph, his passion to declare,
Had early sought his lady fair,
To walk beneath the glitt'ring sky,
Where no intruders might be nigh :
To pour in her delighted ear
What most he deemed she longed to hear,
Was his intent ; but while he sat
In social and promiscuous chat,
The brother a remark let fall —
Some luckless words, which marred it all ;—
Some question in theology,

With which Ralph never could agree.
This glaring error to confute,
Ralph enters now in hot dispute,
Forgets the lady and her mother,
In wordy warfare with the brother.

How skilfully he played his part,
With how much cunning, how much art,
'Twere all uncalled for here to tell,
To those who know our hero well.
But should you ask — "What progress made he?" —
He gained his point, but lost the lady !

As we remarked, what he designed
This visit for, escaped his mind,
And when he rose to say good-night
(Though by the by 'twas morning quite),
To his astonishment, he found
The ladies both in sleep profound !
Tis true he strove amends to make,
For this unloverlike mistake,
And often to the house would come ;
But Clara never was at home !

MORAL.

Let those who would with Love succeed,
How they forget themselves take heed :
No favor by that god is shown,
Save when we bow to him alone.

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

FRIENDSHIP.

TRUE Friendship ! O, how blessed her name,
How pure her charms, how sweet her breath !
She is the bright, undying flame
That beams in life, and shines in death.
Though mountains rise, and seas divide
Her lovers far, on distant shores,
She stands an angel by their side,
And in their bosoms comfort pours.
In dark affliction's stormy night,
Her lambent beams abroad she throws,
And shines more lustrous to the sight
'Mid dreariest scenes of human woes.
When sickness, pain, and ill, invade,
And scarce one star of hope appears,
Friendship stands ready with her aid,
To wipe away the falling tears.
With mystic bands she binds the soul
In ties that change can never break ;
And when the waves of trouble roll,
Her children she will ne'er forsake.
She watches o'er the sleepless bed,
In sweetest accents whispers peace —
Holds up the sick and fainting head,
Until the trembling pulses cease.
She hears the weeping widow's groan,
And lists the hapless orphan's sigh —
Relieves their want, soothes every moan,
And points them to a brighter sky.

M. L. GARDINER.

SAG HARBOR, L. I., July, 1847.

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

BY P. G. JOHN G. CLAYTON.

WHAT a foolish, restless, discontented, animal is man! Place him as you will; heap the blessings of life upon him; ruddy health with all its attendant comforts; troops of friends; loving father and mother, and brothers and sisters; wealth in store; and yet he is not contented. The ancient cynic, with lighted lantern, sought at mid-day for an honest man. Tradition telleth not whether the quest were successful, but I would wager all China to a China orange, that he might have substituted the Drummond light on the top of the Museum for his farthing rushlight, and searched the world from his own day down to the present, without stumbling upon either a man, woman, or child, who was perfectly contented.

My own experience has satisfactorily demonstrated that I form no exception to the general axiom. No sooner had I become master of my own actions, and independent of control, than I hastened to sever all the endearing associations by which I was surrounded, to sacrifice prospects at least as bright as those of most of my young friends who were entering with me as com-

petitors in the arena of life, and to chase the phantom fortune in scenes far distant from the home of my childhood.

All my earlier years had been passed in a city. With the usual tendency to fly from one extreme to another, so strangely characteristic of humanity, the place selected for my future residence was a small village in the heart of a district which man had done little thus far to reclaim from the hand of nature. Tall primitive forests yet covered the face of the land. The lofty hemlock and the pine, the spruce and the cedar, with their dark green foliage, contrasted picturesquely with the silvery tints of the beech, and the roseate-hued leaves of the sugar-maple, as I rode through those grand old woods, on my first visit in the early fall. There was music in the wind as it sighed through the boughs, and the leaves rustled in cadences more beautiful than Beethoven ever dreamed of, or than fitted past Weber's ear, when the conception of the "wild huntsman" was maturing in his mind. And then the water! the gentle gurgling of the brook, as it meandered gracefully on its way, turning meekly from its course, to avoid the obstacle presented by the roots of a gnarled oak, giving no token, in this, its incipient state, of the mighty river which it erst should be, bearing fleets upon its expansive bosom, ere it should mingle its waters with the ocean. Then there was the distant sound of the ever-falling waters of the woodland cataract, dwelling gracefully upon the ear, like the echo of evening bells wafted on the breeze, and made more mellow and musical from the distance at which it was heard. Truth to say, there was so much

of enchantment in the scene, that even looking back from the platform of more mature manhood, when romance has long since given place to reality, it is no matter of astonishment that my youthful fancy was so completely carried captive.

But a truce to description. It is not my present purpose to furnish a history of my early infatuation, or to tell how bravely I got over it, when I had leisure to view the picture in all its lights and shadows. Other people also have "seen the elephant," and they may fancy the denouement full as accurately as I can portray it. As for those who have not inspected "the animal," it is of no use to say a word to them. Personal experience in that matter is necessary once at least in a lifetime. Without it the prophets might come from the dead in vain—nobody would believe them.

In the vicinity of my woodland residence, some fifteen or twenty miles distant, in the midst of a forest wilderness, was a small lake, a beautiful sheet of water, abounding with the delicious salmon trout, so eagerly sought after by every true disciple of old Izaak Walton. Though difficult of access, no road other than an intricate footpath through the woods leading to it, it was a favorite resort of all the lovers of piscatorial sport in the neighborhood. A small log-hut had been erected on its shore, and furnished with a few articles of rough furniture, and utensils necessary for cooking, and two or three "dug-outs," or canoes of Indian construction, placed on the water, for the accommodation of the parties who were frequent visitors during the fishing and hunting seasons.

It was a beautiful moonlight morning late in October, when I met by appointment with seven others, to pay my first visit to this paradise of anglers. Twenty miles is not much to travel by railroad, but it is no trifle to accomplish on foot through the seldom-travelled paths of an American forest ; now sinking half way to the top of your boots in a swampy morass ; anon having to use the hatchet to clear a way through the thick underwood, and again exercising your patience and tearing your clothes, the more your good luck if not your flesh also, by clambering over the prostrate trees, which some wind-fall has scattered directly in your path. We had, therefore, mustered at two o'clock, and our calculation was to reach our destination a little after noon, and to remain on the fishing-grounds for two or three days. The services of two stout woodmen had been obtained, who carried a small stock of provisions, bread, salt, and other necessities for the expedition, and, if truth must be told, for those were not the days of tee-total societies, a very trifling supply of choice old Otard. These were packed in capacious knapsacks, and strapped on the backs of our guides. Each of the company was equipped with a sufficient supply of fishing-tackle, a good shot-gun, a game-bag, and as much ammunition as he supposed would be necessary for the expedition. The woodmen carried rifles, to be used in case of meeting with any customer with which it might be dangerous to trust to a fowling-piece to cope with.

The woods we were about to traverse abounded with small game, particularly partridges, who love to build and to breed in the beech-groves so abundant in that

section of the country. It is not usual with such a party as ours was to hunt them with dogs, in the regular sportsmanlike style, but to shoot them as they rise in the path, or to follow them by the sound of their drumming, as they sit on the stumps and flap their wings, making a noise which I can compare to nothing else than that produced by snow falling from a roof, when heard at some distance.

Our little party was soon under way, and long before daybreak we had cleared the open country, and were advanced some distance into the wood, guided in the direction we sought to take by the compass, the unfailing accompaniment of such an expedition. The sun rose brightly and beautiful, with all the mild radiance of mid-autumn, dissipating the thin vapor, which hung like a misty canopy over the tree-tops, and painting with gorgeous coloring the light clouds which floated through the sky. And we had music, too, as the wood-robin with its blithe caroling welcomed in the god of day. There is little time in forest-life, however, for romance, and neither the blushing beauties of early dawn, nor the gushing melody of feathered warblers, could make us oblivious of the fact that a long march through the gray of the morning is a stimulant to the appetite, of no little power. We therefore spread our camp utensils on the trunk of a fallen tree, which answered the purpose of a table very well, and partook of such a meal as would have made a party of an equal number of city dyspeptics die on the spot, through fear of an indigestion.

This important matter safely despatched, fun commenced. It appeared as if the partridges had sent a dele-

gation forward on purpose to meet us. They did not, to be sure, like the pigs in a certain city of which I have read, run about, ready roasted, with knives and forks in their sides, crying out, "Come and eat us!" but it did seem by their actions as if they were particularly anxious to try the quality of our powder and shot. To me, who had heretofore been used to no such sport as this, albeit fond of the dog and the gun, the excitement was intense. I had already bagged quite a respectable number of birds, in my desire to accommodate customers, which appeared to be quite as anxious to be shot as I was to shoot them, and was beginning to weary somewhat of the sport, when I started an old bird, evidently as wary as the others were unsuspecting. Full half a dozen times I raised my trusty double-barrelled to the shoulder, but ere I could get a sight, my gentleman had hopped on one side, and hid himself among the dry leaves, giving no token of his presence other than a rustle too gentle to reveal his exact locality. After a long chase, I fixed him at last, however, just as he was eying me with a saucy expression, which seemed to say, "No you don't, old fellow." I bagged him with a feeling of considerable more elation than had attended the same ceremony with any of his immediate predecessors, but about the same time I began to comprehend that I was in a fair way to be bagged myself.

I looked at my watch, and found to my surprise that it was nearly noon. I listened attentively to catch the sound of some of my companions' guns, and thus to form a judgment of their whereabouts. Naught was to be heard but the chirrup of the tree-toad, or the distant

whistle of some solitary bird. I hallooed aloud, but the only answer was the reverberating echo repeating the words, as if in melancholy mockery. Here was a fix! I was evidently separated from my company; and a pretty fellow I was, to be turned adrift on my own resources, in such an emergency. I, fresh from the great city, who had never before trod a piece of woodland more extensive than that on Bergen hill, or the Harlem road: and already in a complete mystification as to which was north or south, or east or west, and of glorious uncertainty as to what direction I had been travelling, or whither I would bend my steps. The fact could not be disguised—I was lost! All the quaint legends I had read or heard of during my lifetime came dancing through my brain in admirable confusion: the children in the wood; how they wandered hand in hand, and ate berries, till at last they sank down exhausted, and died, and the birds sang their funeral dirge, and covered their little anatomies with the dry leaves!—the man who lost his way in the mountain ridge in Connecticut, as he was hastening from Hartford to spend the thanksgiving with his family in his old homestead, which he never reached, but his fate was known by his name carved on the trees and the soft sandstone rock, with the word “Lamentation” under it, and in memory of whom the ridge is called “Lamentation Mountain,” to this day;—these stories, and sundry others like them, flitted through my head with terrible distinctness, so that as each passed the mirror of my mind, it appeared as if I myself was identified with each individual hero of the tale.

Oh! what a long afternoon was that! How pro-

tracted were the hours, and yet how dreaded was the moment when the sun should sink behind the western sky, and I be left alone and in darkness in that desolate wilderness! Pale, haggard, and worn-out with the weariness of fifteen hours' wandering through the woods, I threw myself on the ground, and thought bitterly of the chance that my bones would bleach beneath that forest shade, far from the home of my youth—from the friends whom I loved even all the better for having been separated from them for a season. Life was just opening, too, with all its fair prospects; a future all brightness and joy! Oh! it was indeed bitter to think of even the possibility of dying thus.

Yet would you believe it, reader, even in the extremity of my misery, the sensation of hunger began to manifest itself so strongly, that it appeared as if I should almost die contented, could I only do so with a full stomach. As I have said before, my game-bag was well lined with partridges, but I had neither bread, salt, nor any other usual accompaniment to make a meal palatable. Neither had my skill in cookery heretofore extended beyond the accomplishment of boiling eggs and roasting quahaugs. Necessity, however, is a stern teacher, and hunger an excellent substitute for the most savory condiments and spices. A few dry branches and leaves collected, a light struck—those were not the days of locofoco matches—and it was not long before I had a warm fire, which felt anything but uncomfortable in the chill of the evening. But oh! shades of Ude, of Glass, and of Kitchener, if the spirits of the departed are allowed to mingle with things of earth, to

wander in much-loved haunts, and to take an interest in things in which they once delighted, what pangs of agony must it have cost you to see the foul murder which was perpetrated that night in the way of cookery, upon as plump and noble a bird as ever made the heart of a gourmand palpitate with delight! The feathers half picked, half scorched from the flesh, an ignoble skewer, stuck lengthwise through the body and resting on two crotched supporters, did the office of a spit. Yet when "'twas done, it was well done." My simple meal, when served up, was partridge *au natural*, sans bread, sans sauce, sans everything. Yet do I doubt whether ever mortal feasted so luxuriously before: not Isaac on the savory seethed kid which won for Jacob the first-born's blessing; not Esau on the mess of pottage for which he sold his birthright. No, none but the storm-tossed mariner, relieved from the wreck in which starvation stared him in the face, ever before made so glorious a meal. I have feasted since on all the luxuries which modern art has invented to please the most fastidious palate, and moistened the savory viands with wines of the choicest vintage and rarest brands, but never have I partaken such a meal as that spread on that night, under the primitive shade of the greenwood-tree, with naught to wash it down but the clear cold water of the gurgling brook.

The last faint tint of sunset had disappeared, and the stars one by one lit up their lamps and twinkled and shone with all the clearness and beauty of a northern sky. Scarce a breath of air disturbed the foliage of the thickly-studded trees, and the universal silence was

broken only by the faint note of some wandering insect, or the distant plaint of the moaning screech-owl. This was indeed solitude. Solitude which made my heart sick within me. Oh! what would not I have given that night for the companionship of even the one whom I held in the least estimation on earth!

But this could not be, and I must pass the night in the woods alone. Alone! it is a word of sad, of solemn import! With what melancholy cadence does it fall upon the ear of one for whom death has just severed some endearing tie, "The loved one's gone, and I am left alone!" But should I be permitted to spend the night alone? That was the question. The country was of the newest, and the reputation of those woods was none of the best. Occasionally a bear was shot within the borders; the premium on wolf-scalps now and then claimed as a portion of the hunter's perquisites; and I had heard of more than one "painter" hunt being held in the vicinity. I had made up my mind to a couch of hemlock boughs and dried leaves, but as these thoughts recurred, my determination changed, and I resolved to pass the night in a more elevated situation, and, if possible, keep awake until daylight. I selected a tree which branched not very far from the ground, and ascending to the crotch, which was rather capacious, seated myself as comfortably as I could, and buckling a long hunting-belt around one of the limbs and my own body, soon forgot my watchfulness, and was in a sound slumber. But I could not rest. I was too tired to watch, yet I could not sleep in such a constrained position, and my eyes were scarcely closed in forgetful-

ness, ere I would awake with a sudden start, and fancy that I was about to drop from my airy bedchamber. Weariness at last conquered fear ; I unstrapped myself, descended, stretched myself at the foot of a tree, and remembered no more, till the bright sun, shining in my eyes, gave ocular demonstration that I had not been devoured by wild beasts during the night.

The history of the second day would be but a transcript of that of the first. The same listless wanderings, hopes and fears ; the like retrospections and bewilderments. Whether I was penetrating farther into the wilderness, or nearing the settled country, I could not determine. About noon, however, after another hearty meal on a roasted bird, I observed that the clouds floating in one quarter of the horizon had an appearance as if they reflected water. The thought at once occurred that these indicated the situation of the lake, and from that time Lover's Barney O'Reirdon, on his homeward voyage from the search for "Fingal," never stuck closer to his "Non-sit coorse," than did I to the bee-line toward that reflection. Across swamps, over fallen trees, through bushes and briers and thick underwood, still I perseveringly pushed my way, and before sundown I had the satisfaction of finding that I was not mistaken this time, for the little lake was in full view, and about a mile up from that part of the bank which I was approaching, were my companions of the day before, as intent upon their angling recreation as if no mischief had befallen me.

I was safe then ! and my heart beat high and exultingly in my bosom. Home and kindred and loved

ones I might once more hope to see. The revulsion was too much, and I sank weak, faint, and exhausted, upon the ground. Had life depended upon it, scarcely could I have dragged myself over the comparatively little plot which separated me from my friends. A tall slim sapling, however, was soon cut down, and a handkerchief mounted and waved by way of signal, and was not long in attracting attention. The boat was pulled to the spot where I was, and our little party in a few minutes was again complete.

But I was a wretched figure. A considerable portion of my afternoon journey had been through a thick underwood, plentifully interspersed with blackberry and thorn bushes, which had torn my clothes completely to tatters, and lacerated my flesh in so many places, that my under-garments had more the appearance of spotted calico than of the white habiliments in which I arrayed myself before setting out on the expedition; while the morasses that I had splashed through, left their traces in a thick coating of black mud, which did not add much to the respectability of my appearance. These minor inconveniences, however, were soon got over. A little water soon removed all stains whether of blood or of mire. One friend kindly loaned me a pair of drawers, another of overalls, a third a hunting-frock, and so on, till I was comfortably, if not very elegantly or fashionably equipped, and that being accomplished, there was leisure enough, over a delicious supper of broiled trout, to tell my story, and inquire why my companions had left me to wander "solitary and alone," in the forest wilderness. It appeared that I must have been separated

unbeknown to them, some hours during the shooting melee, for it was afternoon before the party had all but me assembled together, at a certain point which had been agreed upon as the dinner rendezvous, each one supposing I was safe with somebody else. When it was found that I was indeed missing, the usual means of reclamation were taken; guns were fired; the party separated, and made a large circuit, closing gradually in a centre, and after spending the better part of the afternoon in a vain search, they concluded that having become tired of the foot journey through the woods, I had stolen the march upon them, and returned homeward by the well-defined footpath, which marked the way into the woods nearly as far as the locality of our breakfasting. Fully impressed with the probability of this reasoning, and not dreaming that I could have wandered so far from them, they made the best of their way to the lake, but at so late an hour, that they also had to camp out for the night, and did not reach their destination till the next morning. "All's well that ends well," and I did not see that I enjoyed the fine sport of the remainder of the excursion less than the rest of my companions. On the return, however, I had a particular regard for the man who carried the compass, and took precious good care never to lose sight of him upon any emergency. Before I left the country I was participator in many another hunting excursion, but no vagrant partridge, or even bounding deer "with antlers spreading wide," could again tempt me into the danger of passing another solitary NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

NEW YORK, July, 1847.

TWILIGHT DREAMS.

BY REV. T. B. THAYER.

HERE again, at this old window,
While I watch the fading light,
Twilight's shadows fall around me,
Shaken from the wings of Night.

Olden memories now are streaming
Through the chambers of my soul,
Like the light of north Aurora
Flaming upward from the pole.

Early scenes rise up before me,
With the freshness of to-day ;
Hoary Age and Childhood meet me
With their welcome by the way.

Here they come and cluster round me,
And I know them all by name ;
And these dear, familiar faces —
Every look is still the same !

And the sound of pleasant voices,
That I loved so well to hear,
Falls again like sweetest music
On my glad and grateful ear.

But one cometh now to greet me,
With a calm, majestic mien ;
With a face of heavenly beauty,
Loving, holy, and serene —

Sainted Mother ! hast thou known, then,
All my dreams and yearnings wild ?
Hast thou heard my often praying,
And come back to bless thy child ?

Here, then, kneeling down beside thee,
As thou at my childhood's bed,
O, once more with prayer and blessing,
Lay thy hand upon my head.

Hush, my heart — that I may listen
To those tones so full of love,
Like the soft, low strains of angels,
Breathing from their harps above.

Now, dear mother, God reward thee
For the blessing thou hast given,
For the precious promise left me,
That we meet again in heaven.

Onward, then, I still will struggle,
Howe'er dark the way may be ;
For it is enough, sweet mother,
That it leads at last to thee !

BROOKLYN, L. I., July, 1847.

SPEAK OF THE DEAD.

BY MARY ANNIE E. REESE.

SPEAK of the dead ! let their names be heard —
There is mournful magic in every word ;
A holy charm that thrills the heart,
Though the sigh will come, and the tear will start.
Ye may bear your dead to their lonely rest,
Rear massive marble upon each breast ;
Yet, how coldly the sculptured stone will tell,
Of the friends ye have known, and loved so well !

Speak of the dead ! let the mother joy
To tell of her prattling infant boy ;
How like a gem on her bosom he lay,
Till an angel passed by, and bore him away,
Through countless stars, and flowers above,
To shine on the bosom of purer Love —
Let a rapturous smile to each tone be given,
As she tells of her cherub one in heaven.

Speak of the dead ! — of the patriot son
Who died, when the battle was nobly won ; —
Oh, the sire may tremble in every limb,
His broad chest heave, and his eye grow dim ;

Yet the lightning-flash of his pride comes back,
And it dries the tear on its burning track,
And the old man's "heart leaps up" with joy,
At the gallant deeds of his soldier-boy.

Speak of the dead ! — the father smiled
When he heard the tones of his sweet-voiced child,
As she lisped of her mother in frolic glee —
How tender and gentle she used to be,
Ere she passed away to her home on high,
Far, far off, in the starry sky ! —
And the orphan turned her blue eyes above,
As to catch the light of that mother's love !

Speak of the dead ! Dear ones at home,
Will ye breathe *my* name when my change shall come,
And this feeble form shall be darkly laid
'Neath the willow's solemn and mournful shade ?
Will ye speak of me, in your happiest hours ?
Will ye read my books, and bedew my flowers ?
Will ye sing my songs, and ne'er forget
The absent — whose spirit is with you yet ?

BALTIMORE, MD., July, 1847.

THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

* * * * *

O, WELL do I remember new-year's day,
When, gathered round my own domestic hearth,
The little ones were eager to display
Their ample store of newly-gathered wealth!
With busy fingers and with sparkling eyes,
They told the numbers of their gaudy toys.
Each, too, had kept concealed some simple gift,
Which now they brought, and, archly smiling, laid
Upon the parent's knee — a gift of love.

All save one.— She, a beauteous, bright-haired thing,
Whose laughter-loving eyes had scarcely seen
For each as many new-year's days return,
Still dallied with her toys.

“ My daughter, come !
Hast thou no gift with which to greet our love ? ”
She turned, with saddened cheek and swimming eye,
And, spreading out her tiny infant arms,
Enclasped my neck, and with her quivering lips
Imprinted such a kiss upon my cheek
As stirred the life-springs of my rugged soul,
And brought its welling waters to the brim.

God bless thee, little one ! no gift like thine,
Of priceless excellence or pure intent —
Munificent in both — hath princely hand
Or famished heart e'er given or received.
Go dally with thy toys ;— God grant that thou,
On each returning new-year's day, mayst prove
Thyself as pure, as sweet, as that warm kiss —
Rich in thy poverty — all thou hadst to give.

WARREN, O., July, 1847.

S. D. HARRIS.

THE END.

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